THE WORKS OF
THOMAS OTWAY

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF

THOMAS OTWAY

Edited by

MONTAGUE SUMMERS

THE SECOND VOLUME *containing*

¶ FRIENDSHIP IN FASHION

¶ THE HISTORY AND FALL OF CAIUS MARIUS

¶ THE ORPHAN ¶ THE SOULDIERS FORTUNE

BLOOMSBURY

THE NONESUCH PRESS

16 *Great James Street, W.C.*

MCMXXVI

PR 3610
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v.2

This edition has been printed and made in England for the Nonesuch Press. It is limited to 1250 *sets on machine-made paper, &* 90 *sets on English hand-made paper.*

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Pur. Barnes and Noble, 7-26-62

SEP 21 1962

Source

THE plot of *Friendship in Fashion* would seem to be entirely original. It is an exact, and even a brilliant picture of social life in the heyday of King Charles' reign, and Lady Squeamish, in particular, we have with us always. Malagene, Caper, and Saunter are a sprightly trio, although there is something very malicious and ugly about the first, which the latter lack, being more vapid numskulls, more vacuous and vain. Caper with his mania for dancing and Saunter with his songs may be paralleled with Woodcock and Poet Ninny in *The Sullen Lovers; or, The Impertinents*, produced at Lincoln's Inn Fields, Saturday, 2 May, 1668, especially in the scene where Sir Positive At-all sings his coranto, Ninny beats false time, and Woodcock dances to it. But Ninny is a satire upon Edward Howard, and Shadwell's colours are far coarser than those Otway employs. Moreover, Woodcock is Lisandre (created by la Grange) in *Les Fâcheux*, I, v, who insists upon singing his coranto to Eraste; " Il chante, parle, et danse tout ensemble, et fait faire à Éraste les figures de la femme.

> Tiens, l'homme passe ainsi; puis la femme repasse:
> Ensemble; puis on quitte, et la femme vient là.
> Vois-tu ce petit trait de feinte que voilà ?
> Ce fleuret ? ces coupés courant après la belle ?
> Dos à dos, face à face, en se pressant sur elle.

The humours of Ninny are more or less repeated in Young Maggot with his song " Damon, see how charming Chloris " and his posies in *A True Widow*, acted at Dorset Garden in the spring of 1679.

It cannot escape remark that Sir Wilfull Witwoud in *The Way of the World* is most patently and heavily indebted to Sir Noble Clumsey. In the drinking scene, indeed, the strokes are precisely similar. Cave Underhill, the original Sir Noble Clumsey, one-and-twenty years later created Sir Wilfull Witwoud.

Davies, *Dramatic Miscellanies*, 1784, III, p. 328, when reviewing *Love for Love*, says: " If the reader will turn to Otway's *Friendship in Fashion* he will find Mrs. Foresight is only an improvement of Lady Squeamish." Personally I find no resemblance between the two characters.

Theatrical History

FRIENDSHIP in Fashion was originally produced at Dorset Garden early in April, 1678. It was seen by the King on 5 April, probably the first performance, and again upon the 25 of the month. The cast was superb, and the comedy proved a complete triumph. "This is a very diverting Play," says Langbaine, "and was acted with general applause."

Friendship in Fashion remained in the repertory of the theatre for the first quarter of the eighteenth century. At Drury Lane on 22 January, 1750, an important revival took place, when it was billed as "Not acted 30 years," a statement which must not be pressed too exactly. William Havard, "Not unaccomplish'd in the scenic art," acted Goodvile; Palmer, an excellent and elegant comedian, Truman; Usher, Valentine; Woodward, "who for various abilities to delight an audience in comic characters had scarcely an equal," Malagene; Winstone, who "was an actor of singular skill in two or three parts; he was as honest and aukward a county booby in John Moody in the Provoked Husband as the author designed him," Sir Noble Clumsey; Shuter, whom Garrick pronounced the greatest comic genius he had ever seen, Caper; King, then a mere lad of twenty, but already famed for his pert coxcombs and saucy valets, Saunter; Mrs. Pritchard, whose "comic vein had every charm to please," Mrs. Goodvile; the inimitable Kitty Clive, of whom Dr. Johnson roundly declared "What Clive did best she did better than Garrick," Lady Squeamish; Mrs. Bennet, Victoria; Mrs. Willoughby, Camilla; and Miss Pitt, Lettice. The acting must have been truly magnificent, and yet for some incomprehensible reason the audience was taken with a puritanical fit of the mulligrubs; Otway's caustic satire was disrelished; and the play, in fine, was not suffered to be finished. No further performance was attempted. As Genest tersely remarks, "It deserved a much better fate."

To the Right Honourable

CHARLES,

Earl of *DORSET* and *MIDDLESEX*,

Gentleman of His *MAJESTIES* Bed-Chamber, &c.

My LORD,

YOUR Lordſhip has ſo often and ſo highly obliged me, that I cannot but condemn my ſelf for giving you a trouble ſo Impertinent as this is: Conſidering how remiſs I have been in my Reſpects to your Lordſhip, in that I have not waited on you ſo frequently as the duty I owe your Lordſhip, and my own Inclinations required; But the Circumſtances of my Condition, whoſe daily buſineſs muſt be daily Bread, have not, nor will allow me that happineſs: Be pleaſed then, my Lord, to accept this humble Dedication as an Inſtance of his Gratitude, who in a high meaſure owes his well-being to you. I cannot doubt but your Lordſhip will protect it, for nothing ever flew to you for ſuccor unſucceſsfully, I am ſure I have reaſon to acknowledge it. As for the unlucky cenſures ſome have paſt on me for this Play, I hope your Lordſhip will believe I hardly deſerve 'em. For to my beſt remembrance, when firſt I was accuſed of the thing by ſome people of the World, who had perhaps as little reaſon to think I could be guilty of it, as to believe themſelves deſerved it, I made it my buſineſs to clear my ſelf to your Lordſhip, whoſe good opinion is dearer to me than any thing which my worſt Enemies can wrong me of elſe: I hope I convinc't your Lordſhip of my Innocence in the matter, which I would not have endeavoured had it not been Juſt. For I thank my Stars I know my ſelf better then (for all the Threats ſome have been pleaſed to beſtow upon me) to tell a lie to ſave my Throat. Forgive me my Lord this trouble, continue me in your Lordſhips favour and good opinion, and accept of the Prayers and well-wiſhes of

Your moſt Humble, and

moſt Obliged Servant,

Thomas Otway.

PROLOGUE

Spoken by Mr. *Smith.*

HOW hard a Task hath that poor Drudg of Stage,
That ſtrives to pleaſe in this Fantaſtick Age?
It is a thing ſo difficult to hit,
That he's a Fool that thinks to do't by Wit;
Therefore our Author bid me plainly ſay,
You muſt not look for any in his Play.
I'th' next Place, Ladies, there's no Bawdy in't,
No, not ſo much as one well-meaning hint;
Nay more, 'twas written every Word he ſays,
On ſtricteſt Vigils, and on Faſting Days,
When he his Fleſh to Pennance did enjoin,
Nay took ſuch care to work it chaſt and fine,
He diſſiplin'd himſelf at every Line.
Then Gentlemen no Libel he intends,
Tho ſome have ſtrove to wrong him with his Friends;
And Poets have ſo very few of thoſe,
They'd need take care whoſe favour 'tis they loſe.
Who'd be a Poet? Parents all beware,
Cheriſh and educate your Sons with care:
Breed 'em to wholeſome Law, or give 'em Trades,
Let 'em not follow th' Muſes, they are Jades:
How many very hopeful riſing Citts
Have we of late known ſpoil'd by turning Wits?
Poets by Critiques are worſe treated here,
Than on the Bank-ſide Butchers do a Bear.
Faith Sirs be kind, ſince now his time is come,
When he muſt ſtand or fall as you ſhall doom:
Give him Bear-Garden Law, that's fair play for't,
And he's content for one, to make you Sport.

The Actors Names.

Goodvile,	Mr. *Betterton*.
Truman,	Mr. *Smith*.
Valentine,	Mr. *Harris*.
Sir *Noble Clumſey*,	Mr. *Underhill*.
Malagene,	Mr. *Leigh*.
Caper,	Mr. *Jevon*.
Saunter,	Mr. *Bowman*.

WOMEN.

Mrs. *Goodvile*,	Mrs. *Barrey*.
Victoria,	Mrs. *Gibbs*.
Camilla,	Mrs. *Price*.
Lady *Squeamiſh*,	Mrs. *Guin*.
Lettice,	Mrs. *Seymour*.
Bridget,	Mrs. ———

FRIENDSHIP IN FASHION

ACT I. SCENE, The Mall.

Truman *reading a Billet, and Servant.*..

Trum. IN a vizor ſay you?

Serv. Yes, Sir, and as ſoon as ſhe had deliver'd it, without any thing more, gave the Word to the Coachman, drew up the Tin Lettice, and away ſhe hurry'd.

Trum. The meaning of a Billet of this Nature without a Name is a Riddle to me.—— [*Reads.*

You know me and ſee me often, I wiſh I may never ſee you more, except you know better where to place your Love, or I were abler to govern mine: As you are a Gentleman, burn this ſo ſoon as it comes to your Hands.—Adieu.

Well, this can be no other than ſome ſtanch Virtue of 35, that is juſt now fallen under the Temptation; or what is as bad, one of thoſe Cautious Dealers that never venture but in Maſquerade, where they are ſure to be wondrous kind, tho' they diſcover no more to the Lover then he has juſt Occaſion to make uſe of.

Enter Goodvile *and* Valentine.

Val. Truman, Good-morrow; juſt out of your Lodgings? but that I know thee better, I ſhould ſwear thou hadſt reſolv'd to ſpend this Day in Humiliation and Repentance for the Sins of the laſt.

Goodv. I beg your Pardon! Some Lady has taken up your Time. Thou canſt no more riſe in the Morning without a Wench, than thou canſt go to Bed at Night without a Bottle. *Truman*, wilt thou never leave whoring?

Trum. Peace, Matrimony, peace—ſpeak more reverently of your dearly beloved whoring. *Valentine*, he is the meer Spirit of Hypocriſie——h'ad hardly been marry'd ten Days, but he left his Wife to go home from the Play alone in her Coach, whilſt he debaucht me with two Vizors in a Hackney to Supper.

Val. Truly *Goodvile*, that was very civil, and may come to ſomething ——But, Gentlemen, it begins to grow late. Where ſhall we Dine?

Trum. Where you will, I am indifferent.

Goodv. And I,

Val. I had appointed to meet at *Chatolins*, but——

Trum. With whom?

Val. Why, your Couſin *Malagene Goodvile.*

Goodv. Valentine, thou art too much with that Fellow. 'Tis true indeed, he is ſome Relation to me, but 'tis ſuch a lying Varlet, there is no induring of him.

Val. But Rogues and Fools are ſo very plenty, 'tis hard always to eſcape 'em.

Trum. Beſides, he dares be no more a Friend than a Foe, he never ſpoke well of any Man behind his Back, nor ill before his Face: he is a general Diſperſer of nauſeous Scandal, tho' it be of his own Mother or Siſter; prithee let's avoid him, if we can to day.

Goodv. 'Twill be almoſt impoſſible, for he is as impudent as he is troubleſome: as there is no Company ſo ill but hee'l keep, ſo there's none ſo good but he'll pretend to. If he has ever ſeen you once, he'll be ſure of you: And if he knows where you are, he's no more to be kept out of your Room, than you can keep him out of your Debt.

Val. He came where I was laſt Night roaring drunk; ſwore Dam him, he had been with my Lord ſuch-a-one, and had ſwallow'd three Quarts of Champaigne for his Share; ſaid he had much ado to get away, but came then particularly to drink a Bottle with me: I was forc't to promiſe him I would meet him to Day, to get rid of him.

Goodv. Faith Gentlemen, let us all go dine at my houſe; I have ſnubb'd him of late, and he'l hardly venture that way ſo ſoon again: At Night I'le promiſe you good Company; my Wife (for I allow her for my own ſake what Freedom ſhe pleaſes) has ſent for the Fiddles to come.

Trum. Goodvile, if there be any ſuch thing as Eaſe in Matrimony, thou haſt it: But methinks, there's as it were a Mark upon married Men, that makes them as diſtinguiſhable from one of us, as your Jews are from the reſt of Mankind.

Goodv. Oh there are Pleaſures you dream not of; he is only confin'd by it that will be ſo: A Man may make his Condition as eaſy as he pleaſes. ——Mine is ſuch a fond wanton Ape, I never come home, but ſhe entertains me with freſh Kindneſs; and *Jack*, when I have been hunting for Game with you, and miſs'd of an Opportunity, ſhe ſtops a Gap well enough.

Trum. There's no Condition ſo wretched but has its Reſerve: Your Spaniel turn'd out of Doors, goes contentedly to his Kennel: Your Begger, when he can get no better Lodging, knows his old warm Buſh; and your marry'd Whore-maſter that miſſes of his Wench, goes honeſtly home, and there's Madam Wife.——But *Goodvile*, who are to be the Company at Night?

Goodv. In the firſt Place my Couſin *Victoria* your Idol, *Jack Truman;* then Mr. *Valentine*, there will be the charming *Camilla*, and another that never fails upon ſuch an Occaſion, the unimitable Lady *Squeamiſh.*

Trum. That indeed is a worthy Perſon, a great Critick forſooth; one that cenſures Plays, and takes it very ill ſhe has none dedicated to her yet; a conſtant frequenter of all Maſquerades and publick Meetings, a perfect Coquet, very affected, and ſomething old.

Val. Diſcourſes readily of all the Love-Intrigues of the Court and Town, a ſtrange Admirer of Accompliſhments and good Breeding, as ſhe calls it; a reſtleſs Dancer; one that by her good will would never be out of motion.

Trum. How *Valentine!* you were once a great Admirer there, have a care how you ſpeak too harſhly of your Miſtreſs, tho the buſineſs be over. You ſtand well with the Ladies yet, and are held a man of principles.

Goodv. That indeed is a fine Creature. Your old haraſs'd Stager has always ſome ſuch reſty Whore-maſter or another, whom ſhe makes the beſt of her deſpair withall; and after being forſaken by half the Town beſides, comforts her ſelf in her man of principles. But now I think on't, we delay too long. I'le go before and prepare: Gentlemen, you'll be ſure to follow?

Trum. Sir, we'll not fail to wait on you. [*Exit* Goodvile.

Boy! is the Coach ready? *Valentine!* I have had the oddeſt Adventure this Morning——ha——*Malagene!*

Enter Malagene.

How came he hither?

Malag. Jack Truman, Monſieur *Valentine*, *bon jour*—Was not that *Goodvile* I met coming in——Hah?

Val. Yes, he parted hence but now.

Malag. Faith, I'le tell you what Gentlemen, *Goodvile*'s a very honeſt Fellow as can be, but he and I are fallen out of late, though faith 'twas nothing of my ſeeking.

Trum. No, I'le be ſworn for thee, thou lov'ſt thy ſelf better.

Val. Pray, what was the matter, *Malagene?*

Malag. Why, I was adviſing him to look after things better at home: The Fellow has marry'd a young Wife, and there he lets her make Balls and give Entertainments. I was very free with him, and told him of it to the purpoſe: for faith I ſhould be ſorry to ſee any ill come on't, very ſorry.

Trum. But hark ye *Malagene*, *Goodvile*'s a ſort of ſurly Companion, and apt to have ſo good an Opinion of himſelf, that he is able to manage Affairs without your Advice: He might have been very ſevere with you upon this occaſion.

Malag. Severe with me! I thank you for that with all my heart; that

had been the way to have made a fine piece of Work on't indeed; hark ye, (under the Roſe) he's ſweetly fitted with my Couſin though.

Val. Pray, Sir, ſpeak with more reſpect: We are his friends, and not prepar'd to reliſh any of your Satyr at preſent.

Malag. O Lord, Sir, I beg your pardon; you are a new acquaintance there, I remember, and may deſign an Intereſt. Faith *Ned*, if thou doſt, I'le ne'r be thy hindrance, for all ſhe's my Kinſwoman.

Trum. The Raſcal, if he had an opportunity, would pimp for his Siſter, though but for the bare pleaſure of telling it himſelf.

Malag. Now when he comes home, ſhe will be hanging about his Neck, with, O Lord, Dear! where have you been this Morning? I can't abide you ſhould go abroad ſo ſoon, that I can't: You are never well but when you are with that wicked lewd *Truman*, and his debaucht Companion young *Valentine:* but that I know you are a good Dear, I ſhould be apt to be jealous of you, that I ſhould, hà, ha.

Trum. Sir, you are very bold with our Characters, methinks.

Malag. I, ſhaw! your Servant; Sure, we that know one another may be free: You may ſay as much of me, if you pleaſe. But no matter for that, did you hear nothing of my Buſineſs laſt Night?——hah?

Trum. Not a Word I aſſure you, Sir. Pray how was it? Prithee let him alone a little, *Valentine.*

Malag. Why, coming out of *Chatolins* laſt Night (where it had coſt me a Guinney Club, with a Right Honourable or two of this Kingdom, which ſhall be nameleſs) juſt as I was getting into a Coach, who ſhould come by but a bluſtering Fellow with a woman in his Hand, and ſwore, Dam him, the Coach was for him; we had ſome Words, and he drew; with that I put by his paſs, clos'd with him, and threw up his Heels, took away *Toledo*, gave him 2 or 3 good Cuts over the Face, ſeiz'd upon *Damozel*, carry'd her away with me to my Chamber, manag'd her all Night, and juſt now ſent her off.——Faith amongſt Friends ſhe was a perſon of quality, I'le tell you that.

Trum. What, a perſon of quality at that time o'th' Night, and on Foot too?

Malag. Ay, and one that you both know very well, but take no notice on't.

Val. Oh, Sir, you may be ſure we ſhall be very cautious of ſpreading any Secrets of yours of this nature——Lying Rakehel; the higheſt he ever arriv'd at was a Bawd, and ſhe too baniſh'd him at laſt, becauſe he boaſted of her Favours.

Malag. Nay, not that I care very much neither; you may tell it if you will; for I think it was no more than any one wou'd have done upon the ſame occaſion—ha——

Trum. Doubtleſs, Sir, you were much in the right. But, *Valentine*, we ſtay too long; 'tis time we were going.

Malag. What, to Dinner? I'le make a third Man——where ſhall it be?

Trum. Sir, I am ſorry, we muſt beg your Excuſe this Time, for we are both engag'd.

Malag. Whoo! prithee, that's all one, I am ſure I know the Company; I'le go along at a venture.

Val. No, but *Malagene*, to make ſhort of the Buſineſs, we are going into Company that are not very good Friends of yours, and will be very uneaſie if you be there.

Malag. What's that to the purpoſe?——I care as little for them as they do for me; tho' on my Word, Sparks, of honeſt Fellows, you keep the oddeſt Company ſometimes that ever I knew!

Trum. But, Sir, we are reſolv'd to reform it, and in order thereunto deſire you would leave us to our ſelves to day.

Malag. No——but I'le tell you, go along with me; I have diſcover'd a Treaſure of pale Wine——I'le aſſure you 'tis the ſame the King drinks of——What ſay you, *Jack?* I am but for one Bottle or two; for faith I have reſolv'd to live ſober for a week.

Trum. Prithee Tormenter, leave us; do not I know the Wine thou drink'ſt is as baſe as the Company thou keep'ſt. To be plain with you, we will not go with you, nor muſt you go with us.

Malag. Why, if one ſhould ask the Queſtion now, whither are you going? hah?

Val. How comes it, *Malagene*, you are not with your two Friends, *Caper* and *Saunter?*——you may be ſure of them; they'll eat and drink, and go all over the VVorld with you.

Malag. How canſt thou think that I would keep ſuch loathſom Company? a brace of ſilly, talking, dancing, ſinging Raſcals: 'Tis true, I contracted an acquaintance with 'em, I know not how; and now and then when I am out of humour, love to laugh at and abuſe 'em for an hour or two——but come what will on't, I am reſolv'd to go along with you to day.

Trum. Upon my word, Sir, you can't——Why ſhould you make ſo many difficulties with your friends?

Malag. Whoo! prithee leave fooling——You would ſhake me off now, would you? But I know better things.—The Sham won't paſs upon me, Sir, it won't, look you.

Trum. Death, we muſt uſe him ill, or there is no getting rid of him. Not paſs, Sir?

Malag. No, Sir.

Trum. Pray, Sir, leave us.

Malag. I ſhan't do't, Sir.

Trum. But you muſt, Sir.

Malag. May be not, Sir.

Trum. I am going this Way. [*Walking off.*

Malag. So am I.

Trum. But, Sir, I muſt ſtay here a little longer.

Malag. With all my Heart; 'tis the ſame thing, I am not in haſt.

Val. Have a care, *Malagene*, how you provoke *Truman*——you'll run the hazard of a ſcurvy Beating, my Friend, if you do.

Malag. Beating; I am ſorry, Sir, you know no better: Pox, I am uſed to ſerve him ſo, Man; let him alone, you ſhall ſee how I'le teaze him. Hark you, *Jack*.

Trum. Sir, you are an impudent troubleſom Coxcomb.

Malag. No matter for that, I ſhan't leave you.

Trum. Sir, I ſhall pull you by the Noſe then.

Malag. 'Tis all one to me, do your worſt.

Trum. Take that then, Sir——Now d'ye hear——

[*Tweaks him by the Noſe.*

Go about your buſineſs.

Malag. Nay, faith, *Jack*, now you drive the Jeſt too far; What a Pox I know you are not in earneſt; prithee let's go.

Trum. Death, Sir, you lye; not in earneſt!——let this convince you——

[*Kicks him.*

How like you the Jeſt now, Sir?

Malag. Hark you *Truman*, We ſhan't Dine together then, ſhall we?

Val. Faith, to tell you the Truth of the Matter, *Truman* had a Quarrel laſt Night, and we are juſt now going to make an end on't: 'Tis that makes him ſo ſurly. Nevertheleſs, now I think on't better, if you'l go, you ſhall; perhaps we may have occaſion for a third man.

Malag. No, no, if that be the Buſineſs I'le ſay no more; puh—I hate to preſs into any mans Company againſt his Inclination. *Truman*, upon my Reputation you are very uncivil now, that you are. But hark you, I ran to the Groom-Porter's laſt Night, and loſt my Money—Prithee lend me two Guinneys till next Time I ſee thee, Child.

Trum. With all my Heart, Sir. I was ſure 'twould come to this at laſt; 'Tis here, you may command what you pleaſe from your Servant. *Malagene*, good morrow.

Enter Caper *and* Saunter.

Malag. Dear *Jack Truman*, your humble.—— [*Ex.* Truman.

Val. Won't you go along with us then, *Malagene?*

Malag. No, here are two ſilly Fellows coming; I'le go and divert my ſelf a little with them at preſent.

Val. Why, thoſe are the very People you rail'd at ſo but now: You will not leave us for them, at a Time when you may be ſo ſerviceable.

Malag. Hang't, you'l have no Occaſion for me, Man; ſay no more on't, but take my Advice; be ſure you ſtand faſt, don't give Ground, d'ye hear, puſh briskly, and I'le warrant you do your Buſineſs.

Val. Sir, I thank you for your counſel, and am ſorry we can't have your company; but you are ingag'd.

Malag. Are you ſure though it will come to fighting? I have no mind to leave your company, methinks.

Val. Nay, nothing ſo certain as that we ſhall fight; I wiſh you would go, for I fancy there will be three in the Field.

Malag. A Pox on't, now I remember, I promis'd to meet theſe people here, and can't avoid them now; I'de go with you elſe with all my heart, Faith and Troth, but if you'd have me ſend a Guard, I'le do't.

Val. No, Sir,—there's no danger——Nothing but the Rogues cowardize could have rid us of him. [*Exit* Valentine.

Malag. How now Bullies, whither ſo faſt this Morning? I parted juſt now with *Jack Truman* and *Ned Valentine:* They would fain have had me to Dinner with them, but I was not in a humour of drinking, and to ſpeak the truth on't, you are better Company ten to one. They ingroſs ſtill all the diſcourſe to themſelves: And a man can never be free with them neither.

Caper. Oh Lord, *Malagene!* we met the Delicat'ſt Creature but now as we came round; I am a Raſcal, if I don't think her one of the fineſt Women in the world; I ſhan't get her out of my Mind this Month.

Saun. 'Twas *Victoria*, my Lady *Fairfield*'s Daughter, that came to Town laſt Summer when *Goodvile* was marri'd. He in Love with her, poor Soul! ——I ſhall beg his Pardon there, as I take it—— [*Sings.*

Malag. That's *Truman*'s blowing: She's always lingring after him here, and at the Play-houſe: She heats her ſelf here every Morning againſt the general Courſe at Night, where ſhe comes as conſtantly as my Lady *Squeamiſh* her ſelf.

Saun. I vow that's a fine Perſon; don't you think ſhe has abundance of Wit, *Malagene?* She and I did ſo rally *Caper* t'other Day.

Caper. Ay, it may be ſo.

Saun. But did you never hear her ſing? She made me ſit with her till Two a Clock t'other Morning to teach her an *Italian* Song.
I have, and I vow ſhe ſings it wonderfully.

Malag. Dam her, ſhe's the moſt affected amorous Jilt, and loves young Fellows more than an old Kite does young Chicken: There is not a Coxcomb of eighteen in Town can eſcape her, we ſhall have her draw one of you into Matrimony within this Fortnight.

Caper. Malagene, thou art the moſt Satyrical Thief breathing: I'd give any thing thou didſt but love dancing, that I might have thee on my ſide ſometimes.

Saun. Well *Malagene*, I hope to ſee thee ſo in love one day, as to leave off drinking, as I have done, and ſet up for a Shape and a Face: Or, what is all one, write amorous Sonnets, and fight Duels with all that do but look like Rivals. I would not be in Love for all the World, I vow and ſwear.

[*Walks up and down with an affected motion.*

Caper. Nor I.

——*Ah* Phillis, *if you wou'd not love*
The Shepherd, &c. [*Sings.*

But d'ye hear, *Malagene*, they ſay *Goodvile* gives a Ball to Night, is't true?

Malag. Yes, I intend to be there, if I do not go to Court.

Caper. I am glad of it with all my Heart——*Saunter*——There's my Lady, to be ſure ſhe'l not fail.

Saun. But will you go, *Malagene?* *Goodvile* and you are at a diſtance.

Malag. Whoo! pox that's nothing. I'le go for all that: But faith, I ſhould meet my Lord——at Court to Night. Beſides, I have not been in the Drawing-Room theſe three days; the Company will wonder what's become of me.

Enter Lady Squeamiſh.

She here! Nay then——

Caper. Madam, your Ladiſhip's moſt humble Servant.

[*Congees affectedly.*

L. *Squeam.* Mr. *Caper*, your moſt devoted.——Oh dear Mr. *Saunter!* a thouſand Thanks to you for my Song.

Saun. Your Ladiſhip does your Servant too much Honour.

[Sings, *As* Chloe *full of*, &c.

L. *Squeam.* Mr. *Caper*, you are a Stranger indeed, I have not ſeen you theſe two Days: Lord, where d'ye live?

Caper. I ſhould have waited on your Ladiſhip, but was ſo tired at the Maſquerade at my Lord *Flutter*'s t'other Night. [*Dances and capers.*

Saun. Madam, Madam, Mr. *Goodvile* gives a Ball to Night: Will your Ladiſhip be there?

L. *Squeam.* Yes, I heard of it this Morning; *Victoria* ſent me Word.

Caper. Oh, Madam, d'ye hear the News? *Goodvile* makes a Ball to Night: I hope I ſhall have the Honour of your Ladiſhip's Company.

L. *Squeam.* Oh, by all means: Mr. *Caper*, pray don't you fail us. Oh Lord, Mr. *Malagene*, I beg your Pardon, upon my Honour I did not ſee you; I was ſo engag'd in the Civilities of theſe Gentlemen.

Malag. Your Wit and Beauty, Madam, muſt command the Honour and Admiration of all the World. But when did your Ladiſhip ſee Mr. *Valentine?*

L. *Squeam.* Oh, name him not, Mr. *Malagene*, he's the unworthieſt

baſeſt Fellow——beſides, he has no principles nor Breeding: I wonder you Gentlemen will keep him Company, I'll ſwear he's enough to bring an Odium on the whole Sex.

Malag. The Truth on't is, Madam, I do drink with him now and then, becauſe the Fellow has ſome wit, but it is when better Company is out of the way; and faith he's always very civil to me as can be: I can rule him.

L. *Squeam.* Oh Lord, 'tis impoſſible. Wit! why, he was abroad but two Years, and all that time too in an Academy; he knows nothing of the Intrigues of the *French* Court, and has the worſt mien in the world: He has a ſort of an ill-natur'd way of talking indeed, and they ſay makes bold with me ſometimes, but I'le aſſure you I ſcorn him.

Malag. Truly he has made very bold with you, or he is foully bely'd: Ha, ha, ha.

L. *Squeam.* They ſay, he's grown a great Admirer of Madam *Camilla* of late, who paſſes for a Wit forſooth. 'Tis true, ſhe's well enough, but I ſuppoſe is not the firſt that has been troubled with his impertinent Addreſſes.

Malag. Indeed he would not let me alone, till I brought him acquainted there: He owes that Happineſs to me. But methinks your Ladiſhip ſpeaks with ſomething of heat———By Heav'n ſhe's jealous!

L. *Squeam.* No, I aſſure you, Sir, I am not concern'd at it in the leaſt. But did you ever hear 'em diſcourſe any thing of me?

Malag. Never any Ill, Madam, onely a little idle Raillery now and then; but *Truman* and he are wont to be ſomething laviſh when they have been drunk in my Company.——'Twill work.

L. *Squeam.* Nay, I know he has ſpoken diſhonourably of me behind my back, becauſe he fail'd in his filthy deſigns. Madam *Camilla* may deſerve better of him, I doubt not: But if I am not reveng'd on his falſhood. [*Aſide.*]———Mr. *Caper.*

Caper. } Madam.
Saun. }

L. *Squeam.* Where do you go to day?

Caper. Will your Ladiſhip be at the new Play?

L. *Squeam.* No, I ſaw it the firſt Day, and don't like it.

Malag. Madam, it has no ill Character about the Town.

L. *Squeam.* O Lord, Sir, the Town is no Judge. 'Tis a Tragedy, and I'le aſſure you there's nothing in it that's moving.
I love a Tragedy that moves mightily.

Saun. Does your Lordſhip know who writ it?

L. *Squeam.* Yes, the Poet came and read it to me at my Lodgings; he is but a young Man, and I ſuppoſe he has not been a Writer long; beſides, he has had little or no converſation with the Court, which has been the reaſon he has committed a great many Indecorums in the conduct of it.

Saun. I did not like it neither for my part; there was never a Song in it, ha!

Caper. No, nor ſo much as a Dance.

Malag. Oh, 'tis impoſſible it ſhould take, if there were neither Song nor Dance in it.

L. *Squeam.* And then their Comedies now-a-days are the filthieſt things, full of Bawdy and nauſeous Doings, which they miſtake for raillery and intrigue: Beſides, they have no wit in 'em neither; for all their Gentlemen and men of wit, as they ſtyle 'em, are either ſilly conceited impudent Coxcombs, or elſe rude ill-mannerly drunken Fellows——fogh——I am aſham'd any one ſhould pretend to write a Comedy, that does not know the nicer Rules of the Court, and all the Intrigues and Gallantries that paſs I vow.

Malag. Who would improve in thoſe things, muſt conſult with your Ladiſhip.

L. *Squeam.* I ſwear, Mr. *Malagene*, you are an obliging Perſon: I wonder the world ſhould be ſo malicious to give you ſo undeſerving a character as they do: I always found you extremely generous, and a perſon of worth.

Malag. In troth, Madam, your Ladiſhip and my ſelf are the Subjects of abundance of Envy; for I love to be malicious now and then, and, faith, am the very Scourge of the Court; they all ſtand in awe of me, for I muſt ſpeak what I know, tho' ſometimes I am uſed a little ſcurvily for it; but faith I can't help it, 'tis my way.

L. *Squeam.* Ha, ha, ha, really I love ſcandal extremely too ſometimes, ſo it be decently manag'd——But as I was ſaying, there is not a perſon in the world underſtands the Intrigues of the Court better than my ſelf; I am the general Confident of the Drawing-Room, and know the Loves of all the People of Quality in Town.

Caper. Dear Madam, how ſtands the Affair between my Lord *Supple* and Madam *Lofty?*

L. *Squeam.* Worſe then ever; 'tis very provoking to ſee how ſhe uſes the poor Creature: But the truth is, ſhe can never be at reſt for him; he's more troubleſom than an old Husband, continually whiſpering his ſoftneſs and making his vowes, till at laſt ſhe is forc'd to fly to me for ſhelter, and then we do ſo laugh—which the good-natur'd Creature takes ſo patiently——I ſwear, I pity him.

Saun. But my Lady *Colt* they ſay is kinder to the Sparkiſh Mr. *Pruneit.*

L. *Squeam.* O Lord, Mr. *Saunter*, that you ſhould underſtand no better; to my knowledge it is all falſe; I know all that Intrigue from the beginning to the ending, it has been off this Month——beſides, he keeps a Player again———Oh, Mr. *Saunter!* whatever you do, never concern your ſelf with thoſe Players.

Saun. Madam, I have left the folly long ſince; when firſt I came to Town, I muſt confeſs I had a Gallantry there: But ſince I have been acquainted with your Ladiſhip's Wit and Beauty, I have learned to lay out my heart to better advantage——I think that was finely ſaid.

L. *Squeam.* I'le ſwear, Mr. *Saunter*, you have the moſt court-like Way of expreſſing your ſelf——

Saun. Oh Lord, Madam! [*Bows and cringes.*

L. *Squeam.* Mr. *Malagene*, theſe are both my intimate acquaintance, and I'le ſwear I am proud of 'em. Here is Mr. *Saunter* ſings the *French* manner better than ever I heard any *Engliſh* Gentleman in my Life: Beſides, he pronounces his *Engliſh* in ſinging with a *French* kind of a Tone or Accent, that gives it a ſtrange beauty——Sweet Sir, do me the Favour of the laſt new Song.

Saun. Let me die; your Ladiſhip obliges me beyond Expreſſion——*Malagene*, thou ſhalt hear me. [*Sings a Song in a French Tone.*

Malag. What a Devil was this? I underſtand not a word on't.

Saun. Ha, *Malagene*, ha?

L. *Squeam.* Did you ever hear any thing ſo fine?

Malag. Never, Madam, never: I'll ſwear your Ladiſhip is a great Judge.

L. *Squeam.* But how plain and diſtinctly too every Word was pronounc'd?

Malag. Oh, to admiration, to admiration. [*Makes mouths aſide.*

L. *Squeam.* Well, Mr. *Saunter*, you are a charming Creature——O ſad, Mr. *Caper*, I long till Night comes: I'le dance with no Body but you to Night, for I ſwear I believe I ſhall be out of humour.

Malag. That's more than ſhe ever was in her Life, ſo long as ſhe had a Fool or a Fiddle in her Company.

L. *Squeam.* Tho' really I love Dancing immoderately——But now you talk of Intrigues, I am miſtaken if you don't ſee ſomething where we are going to Night.

Malag. What, *Goodvile* is to commence Cuckold, is it not ſo?

L. *Squeam.* Oh, fie, Mr. *Malagene*, fie: I vow you'll make me hate you, if you talk ſo ſtrangely——but let me die, I can't but laugh—ha, ha, ha. ——Well, Gentlemen, you ſhall Dine with me to day——What ſay you. Mr. *Malagene*, will you go?

Malag. Your Ladiſhip may be ſure of me, I hate to break good Company.

L. *Squeam.* And pray now let us be very ſevere, and talk maliciouſly of all the Town. Mr. *Caper*, your hand: Oh, dear Mr. *Saunter*, how ſhall I divide my ſelf—I'le ſwear, I am ſtrangely at a loſs——Mr. *Malagene*, you muſt be Mr. *Saunter*'s Miſtriſs I think at preſent.

Malag. With all my Heart, Madam——Sweet Mr. *Saunter*, your Hand: I ſwear, you are a charming Creature, and your Courtſhip is as extraordinary as your Voice.——Let me die, and I vow I muſt have t'other Song after Dinner, for I am very humourſom and very whimſical I think: ha, ha, ha. [*Exeunt Omnes.*

End firſt Act.

THE SECOND ACT. SCENE, *the Ordinary.*

Enter Mrs. Goodvile *and* Lettice.

Mrs. *Goodv.* DID you deliver the Billet?

Lettice. Yes, Madam, faithfully.

Mrs. *Goodv.* But are you ſure you did?

Lettice. Can your Ladiſhip think I would be guilty of the leaſt Neglect in a Concern of ſuch moment?

Mrs. *Goodv.* And are you ſure he dines here to day?

Lettice. Madam, they are now at Dinner below: Mr. *Valentine*'s there too. Oh, I'le ſwear he's a fine Man, the moſt courteous Perſon.

Mrs. *Goodv.* What, becauſe he hunts and kiſſes you when he's drunk? No, *Lettice*, *Truman*, *Truman*, Oh that *Truman!*

Lettice. I wonder your Ladiſhip ſhould be ſo taken with him: Were I to chooſe, I ſhould think my Maſter the more agreeable Man.

Mrs. *Goodv.* And you may take him if you will; he is as much a Husband as one would wiſh: I have not ſeen him this Fortnight; he never comes home till Four in the Morning, and then he ſneaks to his ſeparate Bed, where he lies till Afternoon, then riſes and out again upon his Parole; Fleſh and Blood can't endure it.

Lettice. But he always viſits your Ladiſhip firſt.

Mrs. *Goodv.* That's his Policy, as great Debtors are always very reſpectful and acknowledging where they never mean to pay. 'Tis true, he gives me what Freedom I can deſire, but God knows that's all.

Lettice. And where's the pleaſure of going abroad and getting a ſtomach, to return and ſtarve at home?

Mrs. *Goodv.* I laugh though to think what an eaſie Fool he believes me; he thinks me the moſt contented, innocent, harmleſs Turtle breathing, the very pattern of patience.

Lettice. A Jewel of a Wife.

Mrs. *Goodv.* And as blind with love, as his own good opinion of himſelf has made him.

Lettice. And can you find in your heart to wrong ſo good a natur'd, compleat, well-meaning, harmleſs Husband, that has ſo good an opinion of you?

Mrs. *Goodv.* Ha, wrong him! what ſay you, *Lettice?* I wrong my Husband! ſuch another word forfeits my good opinion of thee for ever.

Lettice. What meant the Billet to Mr. *Truman* then this Morning?

Mrs. *Goodv.* To make him my friend perhaps, and diſcover if I can, who it is that wrongs me in my Husband's Affection; for I am ſure I have a Rival. And I am apt to believe *Victoria* deſerves no better than ordinary of me, if the Truth were known.

Lettice. Why, ſhe is his near Kinſwoman, and lives here in the Houſe with you; beſides, he would never diſhonour his own Family ſurely.

Mrs. *Goodv.* You are a Fool, *Lettice*, the nearneſs of bloud is the leaſt thing conſidered. Beſides, as I have heard, 'tis almoſt the onely Way Relations care to be kinde to one another now-a-days.

Lettice. Yes, Madam, you never meet but you are as kind and fond of him, as if you had all the joyes of Love about you. Lord! how can you diſſemble with him ſo? Beſides, Mr. *Truman*, Madam, you know is his Friend.

Mrs. *Goodv.* Oh, if I would ever conſent to wrong my Husband (which Heav'n forbid, *Lettice!*) it ſhould be, to chooſe, with his Friend. For ſuch a one has a double Obligation to Secrecy, as well for his own Honour as mine. But I'le ſwear, *Lettice*, you are an idle Girl for talking ſo much of this, that you are: 'Tis enough to put ill thoughts into ones head, which I am the moſt averſe to of all things in the World.

Lettice. But, Madam, Thoughts are free; and it is as hard not to think a little idly ſometimes, as it is to be always in good humour. But it would make any one laugh, to think Mr. *Truman* ſhould be in love with Madam *Victoria*, if all be real which your Ladiſhip ſuſpects.

Mrs. *Goodv.* Ay, and with a deſign of Marriage too: But a ranging Gallant thinks he fathoms all, and counts it as much beneath his Experience to doubt his ſecurity in a Wife, as ſucceſs in a Miſtreſs.

Lettice. Beſides, after a little time, he is ſo very induſtrious in Cuckolding others, that he never dreams how ſwimmingly his own Affairs are manag'd at home.

Enter Victoria.

Mrs. *Goodv.* But huſh——ſhe's here.

Vict. A happy Day to you, Madam.

Mrs. *Goodv.* Dear Couſin, your humble Servant: Have you heard who are below?

Vict. Yes, young *Truman*, and his inſeparable Companion *Valentine*.

Mrs. *Goodv.* Well, what will you do Couſin? *Truman* comes reſolv'd on Conqueſt; for with the Advantages he has in your Heart already, 'tis impoſſible you ſhould be able to hold out againſt him.

Vict. Yes, powerfull Champaign, as they call it, may do much; a ſpark can no more refrain running into love after a Bottle, than a drunken Country Vicar can avoid diſputing of Religion when his Patron's Ale grows ſtronger than his Reaſon.

Mrs. *Goodv.* Come, come, diſſemble your Inclinations as artfully as you pleaſe, I am ſure they are not ſo indifferent but they may be eaſily diſcerned.

Vict. Truly, Madam, you may be miſtaken in your gueſs.

Mrs. *Goodv.* How! I doubt it is ſome other man then has cauſed this alteration in you.——Lord, *Lettice*, is ſhe not extremely alter'd?

Vict. Alter'd, Madam, what do you mean?

Mrs. *Goodv.* Nay, *Lettice*, fetch a Glaſs, and let her ſee her ſelf: Lord, you are paler than you uſe to be.

Lettice. Ay, and then that blewneſs under the eyes.

Mrs. *Goodv.* Beſides, you are not ſo lively as I have known you: pardon me, Couſin.

Lettice. Well, if there be a fault, Marriage will cure all.

Vict. I'le aſſure you, I have none that I know of ſtands in need of ſo deſperate a remedy. Marriage! fault! What can all this tend to?

Enter Page.

Mrs. *Goodv.* Well, what now?

Page. Madam, *Camilla* is coming to wait upon your Ladiſhip.

Mrs. *Goodv.* Ha, *Camilla!* Tell her I'le attend her: Won't you go with me, *Victoria?*

Vict. I'le but ſtep into my Chamber, and follow you inſtantly.

[*Ex. Mrs.* Goodv. *and* Page.

Whither can all this drive? Surely ſhe has diſcovered ſomething of *Goodvile*'s Love and mine: If ſhe has, I am ruin'd.

Enter Goodvile.

Goodv. Victoria! your Couſin is not here, is ſhe? What, in Clouds? I ſtole this Minute from my Friends on purpoſe to ſee thee, and muſt not I have a Look? not a Word?

Vict. Oh, I am ruin'd and loſt for ever. I fear your Wife has had ſome knowledge of our Loves: And if it be ſo, what will then become of me?

Goodv. Prithee no more: My Wife! ſhe has too good an opinion of her ſelf, to have an ill one of me; and would as ſoon believe her Glaſs could flatter her, as I be falſe to her: my Wife!—ha, ha.

Vict. Yes, I am ſure it muſt be ſo; it can be no otherwiſe: But you are ſatisfi'd, and now have nothing more to do, but to leave me to be miſerable.

Goodv. Leave thee! By Heav'n I'de ſooner renounce my Family, and own my ſelf the Baſtard of a Raſcal: Come, quiet thy Doubts; *Truman* is here; and take my Love for thy Security, he ſhall be thine to Night.

Vict. I have great reaſon to expect it indeed, that you would hazard your Intereſt in ſo good a Friend for the reparation of my Honour, that ſo little concerns you, and which you have already made your beſt of.

Goodv. No more of that, Love's my Province; and thine is too dear to me to be neglected. 'Tis true, I have made him my Friend, and I hope he will deſerve it, by doing thee that juſtice which I am incapable of.

Vict. You can promiſe eaſily.

Goodv. Ay, and as reſolutely perform: When I have heated him with Wine, prepare to receive him.

Enter Mrs. Goodvile.

Ha, ſhe here!

Mrs. *Goodv.* So, ſo, Mr. *Goodvile*, are you there indeed? I thought I ſhould catch you.

Goodv. Faith, my Dear, I have been ſpeaking a good Word for *Jack Truman*; my Couſin *Victoria*'s too cruel.

Mrs. *Goodv.* Oh fie, *Victoria!* Can you be ſo hard-hearted to deny any thing, when Mr. *Goodvile* is an Advocate?

Vict. I muſt confeſs it with ſome difficulty; but ſhould I too eaſily comply upon Mr. *Goodvile*'s interceſſion, who knows but your Ladiſhip might be jealous? For he that can prevail for another, may preſume there's hopes for himſelf.

Mrs. *Goodv.* Ay, but Couſin, I know you are my Friend, and would not, though but in regard of that, do me ſuch injury: Beſides, Mr. *Goodvile* knows I dare truſt him. Don't you, Love?

Goodv. Truſt me! yes, for if you don't, 'tis all one—
Credulous Innocence! [*Aſide.*
Alas, my Dear, were I as falſe as thou art good, thy generous Confidence would ſhame me into honeſty.

Enter Camilla *running and ſqueaking;*
Truman *and* Valentine *after her.*

Cam. For Heav'ns ſake, Madam, ſave me!——Mr. *Goodvile*, 'tis ſafer travelling through the Deſarts of *Arabia*, than entring your Houſe: Had I not ran hard for it, I had been devour'd, that's certain.

Val. Oh, Madam, are you herded? It will be to little purpoſe; I am ſtanch, and never change my Game.

Cam. But when you have loſt it, if freſh ſtart up, you can be as fully ſatisfied, who hunt more for the love of the ſport, then for the ſake of the prey.

Val. But, Madam, ſhould you chance to be taken, look to't; for I ſhall

touſe and worry you moſt unmercifully, till I have reveng'd my ſelf ſeverely, for the pains you coſt me catching.

Cam. Therefore I am reſolv'd to keep out of your reach; Lord! what would become of ſuch a poor little Creature as I am, in the Paws of ſo ravenous an Animal?

Trum. But are you too, Lady, ſo wild as Mrs. *Camilla?*

Vict. Oh, Sir, to the full! But I hope you are not ſo unmerciful as Mr. *Valentine.*

Trum. No, Madam, quite on the contrary, as ſoft and pliant as your Pillow; you may mould me to your own eaſe and pleaſure, which way you will.

Vict. 'Tis ſtrange two of ſuch different Tempers ſhould ſo well agree: Methinks you look like two as roaring, ranting, tory rory Sparks as one would wiſh to meet withall.

Val. Yes, Madam, at the Play-houſe in a Vizor, when you come dreſt and prepar'd for the Encounter; there indeed we can be as unanimouſly modiſh and impertinent as the perteſt Coxcombs of 'em all, till like them too, we loſe our Hearts, and never know what becomes of 'em.

Cam. But the comfort is, you are ſure to find 'em again in the next Bottle.

Mrs. *Goodv.* Then drink 'em down to the Ladies Healths, and they are as well at eaſe as ever they were.

Trum. Why, you would not be ſo unconſcionable as to have us two ſuch whining crop-ſick Lovers, as ſigh away their Hours, and write lamentable Ditties to be ſung about the Town by Fools and Bullies, in Taverns.

Goodv. Till ſome *Smithfield* Doggrel taking the hint, ſwells the Sonnet to a Ballad, and *Chloris* dwindles into a Kitchin-Wench.

Vict. 'Tis preſum'd then you are of that familiar Tribe that never make Love but by contraries, and rally our Faults when you pretend to admire our perfections.

Cam. As if the onely way to raiſe a good opinion of your ſelves, were to let us know how ill a one you have of us.

Trum. Faith, Madam, 'tis a hard World; and when Beauty is held at ſo dear a rate, 'tis the beſt way to beat down the Market as much as we can.

Val. But you ſhall find, Ladies, we'l bid like Chapmen for all that.

Vict. You had beſt have a care though, leſt you over-reach your ſelves, and repent of your purchaſe when 'tis too late.

Cam. Beſides, I hate a Dutch Bargain that's made in heat of Wine; for the love it raiſes is generally like the courage it gives, very extraordinary, but very ſhort-liv'd.

Goodv. How, Madam! have a care what you ſay; Wine is the Prince of Love, and all Ladies that ſpeak againſt it forfeit their Charter. I muſt not have my Favourite traduc'd.

Boy, bring ſome Wine, you ſhall prove its good effects, and then acknowledge it your Friend. We'l drink——

Cam. Till your Brains are afloat, and all the reſt ſink.

Val. I find then, Ladies, you have the like opinion of our Heads, as you have of our Hearts.

Cam. Really, Sir, you are much in the right.

Trum. But if your Ladiſhip ſhould be in the wrong—Tho' Love, like Wine, be a good Refreſher, yet 'tis much more dangerous to be too buſie withall. And though now and then I may over-heat my Head with drinking; yet confound me, I think I ſhall have a care never to break my heart with loving.

Mrs. *Goodv.* But, Sir, if all men were of your cruel temper, what would become of thoſe tender-hearted Creatures that cannot forbear ſaluting ye with a Billet in a Morning, though it comes without a Name, and makes you as unſatisfi'd as they poor Creatures are themſelves?

Trum. Hah, this concerns me! Blockhead, dull leaden Sot that I was, not to be ſenſible it muſt be ſhe, and none but ſhe, could ſend mine this Morning. Well poor *Jack Truman*, look to thy ſelf, Snares are laid for thee;—but the Vertuous muſt ſuffer Temptation: And Heav'n knows all fleſh is frail.

Enter Boy with Wine.

Goodv. Now Boy, fill the Glaſſes. But before we proceed, one thing is to be conſider'd: My Dear, you and I are to be no Man and Wife for this Day, but be as indifferent, and take as little notice one of another, as we may chance to do ſeven Years hence: but at Night——

Val. A very fair Propoſal.

Mrs. *Goodv.* Agreed, Sir, if you will have it ſo.

Goodv. The Wine——now each Man to his Poſt.

[*They ſeparate*, Goodv. *to* Cam. Val. *to* Vict. Trum. *to Mrs.* Goodv. The Word. [*All take Glaſſes.*

Trum. Love and Wine.

Goodv. Paſs——

They drink.

Now that nothing may be wanting, *Lettice* you muſt ſing the Song I brought home t'other Morning; for Muſick is as great an encouragement to drinking, as fighting.

SONG.

Lettice ſings.

How bleſs'd he appears,
That revels and loves out his happy Years;
That fiercely ſpurs on till he finiſh his race,
And knowing life's ſhort, chuſes living apace!
To Cares we were born, 'twere a folly to doubt it;
Then love and rejoyce, there's no living without it.

2.

Each day we grow older;
But as fate approaches, the brave ſtill are bolder;
The joys of Love with our Youth ſlide away,
But yet there are Pleaſures that never decay:
When Beauty grows dull, and our Paſſions grow cold,
Wine ſtill keeps its Charms, and we drink when w'are old.

Goodv. So, now ſhew me an Enemy to divine harmonious Drinking!

Boy. Sir, my Lady *Squeamiſh* is below, juſt alighted out of her Coach.

Goodv. Nay then drinking will have the major Vote againſt it: She is the moſt exact obſerver of Decorums and Decency alive. But ſhe is not alone, I hope?

Boy. No Sir, there is Mr. *Malagene* with her, and three more Gentlemen; one they call Sir *Noble Clumſey*, a full portly Gentleman.

Trum. That's a hopefull Animal, an elder Brother, of a fair Eſtate, and her Kinſman, newly come up to Town, whom her Ladiſhip has undertaken to poliſh and make a fine Gentleman.

Val. 'Tis ſuch a fulſom over-grown Rogue! yet hopes to be a fine Spark, and a very courtly Youth; he has been this half Year endeavouring at a ſhape, which he loves eating and drinking too well ever to attain to. The other, I'le warrant you, are the nimble Mr. *Caper*, and his polite Companion Mr. *Saunter*.

Goodv. She's never without a Kennel of Fools at her heels; and we may know as well when ſhe is near by the noiſe her Coxcombs make, as we know when a certain Spark of this Town is at hand by the new fangled gingle of his Coach. She comes——and wo be to the VVretch whom ſhe firſt lights upon.

Enter L. Squeamiſh, *Sir* Noble Clumſey, Malag. Caper, *and* Saunter.

L. *Squeam.* Dear Madam *Goodvile*, ten thouſand happineſſes wait on you! Fair Madam *Victoria*, ſweet charming *Camilla*, which way ſhall I expreſs my Service to you?—Couſin your honour, your honour to the Ladies.

Sir *Noble.* Ladies, as low as Knee can bend, or Head can bow, I ſalute you all: And, Gallants, I am your moſt humble, moſt obliged, and moſt devoted Servant.——That I learn'd at the end of an Epiſtle Dedicatory.

Goodv. Sir *Noble Clumſey* is too great a Courtier.

Sir *Noble.* Yes, Sir, I can complement upon an Occaſion; my Lady knows I am a pretty apt Scholar.

L. *Squeam.* Gallants, you muſt pardon my Couſin here, he is but as it

were a Novice yet, and has had little Converſation but what I have had the honour to inſtruct him in.

Malag. But let me tell you, he is a Man of Parts, and one that I reſpect and honour: Pray Gentlemen know my Friend.

Val. Hark you *Malagene*, how durſt you venture hither, knowing that *Goodvile* and *Truman* care ſo little for your Company?

Malag. O Sir, your Servant, your Servant, Sir; I gueſs'd this was the Duel you were going about: I ſhould not have left you elſe, faith, *Ned*, I ſhould not.

Goodv. But, Madam, can the worthy Knight your Kinſman drink? What think you, Sir *Noble*, of the Ladies Healths?

Sir *Noble.* In a Glaſs of ſmall Beer, if you pleaſe.

L. *Squeam.* Oh ſweet Mr. *Goodvile*, don't tempt him to drink, don't! I'le ſwear, I am ſo afraid he ſhould ſpoil himſelf with drinking. Lord, how I ſhould loath a Fellow with a red Noſe!

Malag. See, *Truman*, the two Coxcombs are already boarding our Miſtreſſes.

Trum. Oh, 'twere pity to interrupt 'em: a Woman loves to play and fondle with a Coxcomb ſometimes as naturally, as with a Lap Dog; and I could no more be jealous of one then of the other.

Val. I am not of your opinion; they are too apt to love any thing that but makes 'em ſport: And the familiarity of Fools proceeds often-times from a Priviledge we are not aware of. For my part, I ſhall make bold to divert.——Mr. *Saunter*, a word: Have you any pretences with that Lady? hah!

Saun. Some ſmall Encouragement I have had, Sir; but I never make my boaſt of thoſe Favours, never.

Val. No, Sir, 'twere not your beſt courſe.

Saun. Oh Lord, you are pleas'd to be merry: Sure he takes me for a Fool; but no matter for that.——Sings.—*Would* Phyllis *be mine, and for*, &c.

Enter Boy.

Boy. Madam, the Fiddles are below; ſhall I call 'em up?

Mrs. *Goodv.* No, let 'em ſtay a little, we'l dance below.

Caper. Hah, the Fiddles! Boy, where are you? [Caper *capers.*

Boy. Here, Sir.

Caper. Have you brought my Dancing-ſhoos?

Boy. No, Sir, you gave me no order: But your Fiddle is below under the Seat of the Coach.

Caper. Raſcal, Dog, Fool; when did you ever know me go abroad without my Dancing-ſhoos? Sirrah, run home and fetch 'em quickly, or I'll cut off both your Ears, and have 'em faſten'd to the Heels of thoſe I have on.

Trum. It is an unpardonable fault, Sir, that your Boy ſhould forget your Dancing-ſhoos.

Caper. Ay, hang him, Blockhead, he has no ſenſe; I muſt get rid of him as ſoon as I can: I would no more dance in a pair of Shoes that we commonly wear, then I would ride a Race in a pair of Gambado's.

L. *Squeam.* Mr. *Valentine* I hope is a better bred Gentleman, than to leave his Miſtriſs for Wine. I hear, Sir, there is a love between you and Madam *Camilla?* Thou Monſter of Perjury. [*To* Val.

Val. Faith, Madam, you are much in the right; there is abundance of love on my ſide, but I can find very little on hers: If your Ladiſhip would but ſtand my Friend upon this occaſion——I think this is civil.

L. *Squeam.* I'le ſwear Sir, you are a moſt obliging Perſon—Ladies and Gallants, poor Mr. *Valentine* here is fallen in love, and has deſired me to be his Advocate: Who could withſtand that Eye, that Lip, that Shape and Mein, beſides a thouſand Graces in every thing he does? Oh lovely *Camilla!* guard, guard your Heart; but I'le ſwear, if it were my own caſe, I doubt I ſhould not—ha, ha, ha!

Val. Madam? what means all this?

Goodv. Poor *Ned Valentine!*

Trum. 'Tis but what I told him he muſt look for: but ſtay, there is more yet coming.

L. *Squeam.* Nay, this is not half what thou art to expect; I'le haunt thee worſe than thy ill Genius, take all opportunities to expoſe thy Folly and falſhood every where, till I have made thee as ridiculous to our whole Sex, as thou art odious to me.

Val. But has your Ladiſhip no mercy? Will nothing but my ruine appeaſe you? Why ſhould you chooſe by your malice to expoſe your decay of years, and lay open your poor Lovers follies to all, becauſe you could improve 'em to your own uſe no longer? [*Approaches.*

L. *Squeam.* Come not near me, Traytor——Lord, Madam *Camilla*, how can you be ſo cruel? See, ſee, how wildly he looks: For Heav'n ſake have a care of him; I fear he is diſtemper'd in his mind: What pity 'tis ſo hopeful a Gentleman ſhould run mad for Love,—ha, ha, ha!

Mrs. *Goodv.* Dear Madam, how can you uſe Mr. *Valentine* ſo? 'Tis enough to put him out of humour, and ſpoil him for being good Company all the day after it.

L. *Squeam.* Oh Lord, Madam, 'tis the greateſt pleaſure to me in the world: Let me die, but I love to rally a baſhfull young Lover, and put him out of count'nance, at my Heart.

Saunt. Ha, ha, ha! and I'le ſwear the Devil and all's in her Wit, when ſhe ſets on't. Poor *Ned Valentine!* Lord, how ſillily he looks!

Caper. Ay, and would fain be angry if he knew but how.

Val. Hark you Coxcomb, I can be angry, very angry, d'ye mark me?

Sir *Noble*. No, but Sir, don't be in a paſſion: my Lady will have her humour; but ſhe's a very good Woman at the bottom.

Val. Very likely, Sir.

Mrs. *Goodv*. Now, Madam, if your Ladiſhip thinks fit, we'll withdraw and leave the Gentlemen to themſelves a little; only Mr. *Caper* and Mr. *Saunter* muſt do us the honour of their company.

Saun. Say you ſo, Madam? I'faith and you ſhall have it. Come *Caper*, we are the men for the Ladies, I ſee that.——Hey Boys!

L. *Squeam*. Oh dear! and ſweet Mr. *Saunter* ſhall oblige us with a Song.

Saun. O Madam, ten thouſand, ten thouſand if you pleaſe! I'll ſwear I believe I could ſing all Day and all Night, and never be weary. [*Sings*.

When Phyllis *watcht her harmleſs Sheep,*
Not one poor Lamb, &c.

[*Ex*. Saunter, Caper, *Ladies*.

Goodv. A happy riddance this! Now Gentlemen, for one Bottle to entertain our noble Friend and new Acquaintance, Sir *Noble Clumſey*.

Sir *Noble*. Really Gallants, I muſt beg your Pardon, I dare not drink, for I have but a very weak Brain, Sir, and my Head won't bear it.

Trum. Oh, ſurely that honourable Bulk could never be maintain'd with thin regular Diet and ſmall Beer.

Sir *Noble*. I muſt confeſs, Sir, I am ſomething plump; but a little fat is comely; I would not be too lean.

Malag. No, by no means, my Dear, thou haſt an heroick Face, which well becomes the noble Port and Fulneſs of thy Body.

Val. *Goodvile*, we have a Suit to you: Here is *Malagene* has been ſome time in a Cloud; for this once receive him into good Grace and Favour again.

Malag. Faith, *Goodvile* do, for without any more Words, I love thee with all my Heart——Faith and troth——give me thy hand.

Goodv. But, Sir, ſhould I allow you my Countenance, you would be very drunk, very rude, and very unmannerly, I fear.

Malag. Drunk, Sir, I ſcorn your Words, I'de have you know I han't been drunk this Week; no, I am the Son of a Whore if I wont be very ſober. This noble Knight ſhall be ſecurity for my good Behaviour. Wilt thou not, Knight?

Sir *Noble*. Sir, you are a perſon altogether a ſtranger to me; and I have ſworn never to be bound for any man.

Trum. But, Sir *Noble*, you are oblig'd in honour to ſerve a Gentleman and your friend.

Sir *Noble*. Say you ſo, Sir? oblig'd in honour? I am ſatisfi'd. Sir, this Gentleman is my Friend and Acquaintance, and whatſoever he ſays I'le ſtand to.

Malag. Hark thee Son of *Mars*, thou art a Knight already, I'le marry thee to a Lady of my Acquaintance, and have thee made a Lord.

Goodv. Boy, the Wine, give Sir *Noble* his Glaſs.——Gentlemen, Sir *Noble*'s Ladies Health.

Sir *Noble.* Od's my Life, I'le drink that tho' I die for't. Gallants, I have a Lady in this Head of mine, and that you ſhall find anon. By my Troth, I think this be a Glaſs of good Wine.

Val. Say you ſo? Take the other Glaſs then Sir *Noble.*

Sir *Noble.* 'Fore *George*, and ſo I will. Pox on't, let it be a Brimmer. Gentlemen, God ſave the King.

Malag. Well ſaid my lovely man of might: His worſhip grows good company.

Trum. Sir *Noble*, you are a great Acquaintance with Mr. *Caper* and Mr. *Saunter*; they are men of pretty parts.

Sir *Noble.* Oh Sir, the fineſt Perſons——the moſt obliging well-bred complaiſant modiſh Gentlemen: They are acquainted with all the Ladies in Town, and are Men of fine Eſtates.

Trum. This Rogue is one of thoſe Earthy Mongrels that knows the value of nothing but a good Eſtate, and loves a Fellow with a great deal of Land and a Title, tho his Grandfather were a Blackſmith.

Sir *Noble.* How ſay you, Sir, a good Eſtate? od's heart, give me the other Glaſs, I have two thouſand pounds a Year.

Malag. Say'ſt thou ſo? Boy, bring more Wine? Wine in abundance, Sirrah d'ye hear? *Frank Goodvile*, thou ſee'ſt I am free, for Faith I hate Ceremony, and would fain make the Knight merry.

Goodv. Malagene, it ſhall be your task; drink him up luſtily, and when that's done, wee'l bring him to my Lady his Couſin, it may make ſome ſport.

Val. A very good propoſal.

Malag. Say no more; thy word's a Law, and it ſhall be done: Come, bear up my luſty Limb of honour, and hang ſobriety.

Sir *Noble.* Ay, ſo ſay I, hang ſobriety——drink, whore, rant, roar, ſwear, make a noiſe, and all that: But be honeſt, do'ſt hear, be honeſt.

Trum. I would very fain be ſo if I could: But the damn'd Billet this Morning won't out of my head. Well, Madam *Goodvile*, if any miſchief comes on't, 'tis your own fault, not mine. I did not ſtrike firſt, and there's an end on't. [*Muſick within.*

Enter Lettice.

Lettice. Sir, the Fiddles are ready, and the Ladies deſire your Company. Mr. *Truman*, my Lady wants you.

Trum. Say'ſt thou ſo? I thank thee for thy news with all my heart. The Devil I ſee will get the better on't, and there is no reſiſting.

Lettice. Sir *Noble*, my Lady *Squeamiſh* ſent me to tell you, ſhe wants your Company to dance.

Sir *Noble.* Tell her, I am buſie about a grand Affair of the Nation, and cannot come.——Dance? I look like a Dancer indeed! but theſe women will be always putting us on more than we can do——Boy, give me more Wine.

Goodv. Malagene, remember, and uſe Expedition.

[*Ex.* Goodv. Trum. Val. Lettice.

Sir *Noble.* Sirrah, do you know me? I am a Knight; And here's a Health to all the VVhores in Criſtendom.

Malag. Not forgetting all the Ladies within. Now we are alone I may talk. [*Drinks.*

Sir *Noble.* So, there's for you, do you ſee? [*Breaks a Glaſs.* Sirrah, don't you look ſcurvily; I have Money in my Pocket, you muſt know that.——Bring us more Wine.——*Malagene*, thou art a pretty Fellow; doſt thou love me? Give me thy hand: I will ſalute thy under Lip. [*Staggers.*

Malag. Ha, what's the meaning of this? I doubt I ſhall almoſt be drunk as ſoon as the Knight. Sir *Noble*, canſt thou whore?

Sir *Noble.* How, whore! what a Queſtion's there? Thou ſhalt be my Pimp, and I'le prefer thee.

Malag. What a Raſcal this Knight is? I have known as worthy a Perſon as himſelf a Pimp, and one that thought it no Blemiſh to his honour neither.

Enter Lady Squeamiſh *at the Door.*

Sir *Noble.* Hah, my Lady Couſin!——Faith, Madam, you ſee I am at it.

Malag. The Devil's in it, I think; we cou'd no ſooner talk of Whores, but ſhe muſt come in, with a Pox to her. Madam, your Ladiſhip's moſt humble Servant.

L. *Squeam.* Oh, odious! inſufferable! who would have thought, Couſin, you would have ſerv'd me ſo—fough, how he ſtinks of Wine, I can ſmell him hither.——How have you the Patience to hear the noiſe of Fiddles, and ſpend your time in naſty drinking?

Sir *Noble.* Hum! 'tis a good Creature: lovely Lady, thou ſhalt take thy Glaſs.

L. *Squeam.* Uh gud; murther! I had rather you had offer'd me a Toad.

Sir *Noble.* Then *Malagene*, here's a Health to my Lady Couſin's *Pelion* upon *Oſſa*. [*Drinks and breaks Glaſs.*

L. *Squeam.* Lord, dear Mr. *Malagene*, what's that?

Malag. A certain Place, Madam, in *Greece*, much talkt of by the Ancients; the noble Gentleman is well read.

L. *Squeam.* Nay, he is an ingenious Perſon I'le aſſure you.

Sir *Noble*. Now Lady bright, I am wholly thy Slave: Give me thy Hand, I'l go ſtraight and begin my Grandmother's kiſſing Dance; but firſt deign me the private Honour of thy Lip.

L. *Squeam*. Nay, fie, Sir *Noble!* how I hate you now! for ſhame be not ſo rude: I'le ſwear you are quite ſpoiled. Get you gone, you good natur'd Toad you. [*Exeunt Omnes.*

End ſecond Act.

THE THIRD ACT. SCENE I.

Enter Goodvile *a little heated.*

Goodv. WHAT a damn'd Chicken-brain'd Fellow am I grown? If I but dip my Bill I am giddy. Now am I as hot-headed with my bare two Bottles, as a drunken Prentice on a Holiday. *Truman* marries *Victoria*, that's reſolv'd on; and ſo one Care is over. But then *Camilla!* how ſhall I get poſſeſſion of her.——Well, my Mind miſgives me, I ſhall do ſomething may call my Diſcretion in queſtion; and yet I cannot avoid it. *Camilla* I do love, and muſt have her, come what will on't: And no time ſo fit to begin the Enterprize as this; ſhe may make a good Wife for *Valentine* for all that.

Enter Truman *and* Valentine. *Muſick.*

Fie, Gentlemen, without the Ladies! Did you quit Champaign for this? Faith I begin to deſpair of you, and doubt you are grown as weak Lovers as Drinkers.

Trum. *Goodvile*, thou haſt no Conſcience: A decay'd Cavalier Captain, that drinks Journey-work under a Deputy-Lieutenant in the Country, is not able to keep thee Company. Two Bottles, as I take it, is no ſuch trifling Matter.

Goodv. Oh but I hate to be baulkt; and a Friend that leaves me at two Bottles, is as unkind as a Miſtriſs that jilts me when I thought I had made ſure of the Buſineſs. But Gallants, how ſtand the Affairs of love? *Truman*, is *Victoria* kind? I queſtion not your Friendſhip in the Matter, but truſt the honour of my Family in your Hands.

Val. He little thinks *Truman* is inform'd of all, and no longer a Stranger on what ſcore he is ſo wondrous civil. But I am miſtaken, if he be behind with him in kindneſs long. [*Aſide.*

Trum. A pox on't, I am afraid this Marriage will never agree with me; methinks the very Thought on't goes a little againſt my ſtomach: Like a young Thief, though I have ſome itching to be at it, yet I am loth to venture what may follow.

Goodv. Well, I'le go in, and better prepare *Victoria:* in the mean time believe it onely my Ambition to be as well ally'd in bloud, as friendſhip, to ſo good and generous a Perſon as *Truman.*

Trum. What a damn'd Creature Man is! *Valentine*, didſt thou believe this fellow could be a Villain?

Val. I muſt confeſs it ſomething ſurprizes me; he might have found out a fitter Perſon to put his Miſtriſs upon, then his Friend: But how the Devil got you the Knowledge of it?

Trum. Faith I'le tell thee; for I think I am no way oblig'd to conceal it——his Wife, even his very Wife told me all.

Val. I begin to ſuſpect that Mrs. *Goodvile* has no ill Opinion of you; I obſerv'd ſomething but now very obliging towards you: Beſides, when a Woman begins to betray her Husband's Secrets, 'tis a certain ſign ſhe has a mind to communicate very important ones of her own.

Trum. Valentine, no more of that; Though it would be a rare Revenge to make a Cuckold of this ſmiling Rogue.

Val. 'Tis 50 times better then cutting his Throat; that were to do him more Honour then he deſerves.

Enter Malagene.

Malag. Ha, ha, ha, the rareſt Sport——*Jack Truman*, *Ned Valentine.*

Trum. Why, what's the matter? Where?

Malag. Yonder's my Rogue of a Knight, as drunk as a Porter; and faith *Jack* I am but little better.

Val. Dear Sir, and what of all this?

Malag. Why with a Bottle under his Arm, and a Beer-glaſs in his Hand, I ſet him full drive at my Lady *Squeamiſh;* for nothing elſe but to make miſchief, *Ned*—nothing elſe in the World; for every body knows I am the worſt-natur'd Fellow breathing: 'Tis my way of wit.

Val. Do you love no body then?

Malag. No not I: yes, a pox on't I love you well enough, becauſe you are a Rogue I have known a good while. Though ſhould I take the leaſt prejudice againſt you, I cou'd not afford you a good word behind your back for my heart.

Trum. Sir, we are much oblig'd to you: 'Tis a ſign the Rogue is drunk that he ſpeaks truth.

Malag. I tell you what I did t'other Day: Faith 'tis as good a jeſt as ever you heard.

Val. Pray Sir do.

Malag. Why walking along, a lame Fellow follow'd me and ask'd my Charity, (which by the way was a pretty propoſition to me.) Being in one of my witty merry fits, I ask'd him how long he had been in that condition? The poor Fellow ſhook his head, and told me he was born ſo. But how d'ye think I ſerv'd him?

Val. Nay, the Devil knows.

Malag. I ſhow'd my parts I think; for I tript up both his wooden Legs, and walk'd off gravely about my buſineſs.

Trum. And this you ſay is your way of wit?

Malag. Ay altogether, this and Mimickry: I'm a very good Mimick; I can act *Punchinello*, *Scaramouchio*, *Harlequin*, Prince *Prettyman*, or any thing. I can act the rumbling of a Wheelbarrow.

Val. The rumbling of a Wheel-barrow!

Malag. Ay, the rumbling of a Wheel-barrow, ſo I ſay—Nay, more than that, I can act a Sow and Piggs, Sauſages a broiling, a Shoulder of Mutton a roaſting: I can act a Fly in a Honey-pot.

Trum. That indeed muſt be the Effect of very curious Obſervation.

Malag. No hang it, I never make it my Buſineſs to obſerve any thing, that is Mechanick. But all this I do, you ſhall ſee me if you will: But here comes her Ladiſhip and Sir *Noble*.

Enter Lady Squeamiſh *and Sir* Noble.

L. *Squeam.* Oh, dear Mr. *Truman*, reſcue me. Nay, Sir *Noble*, for Heav'ns ſake.

Sir *Noble.* I tell thee Lady, I muſt embrace thy lovely Body: Sir, do you know me! I am Sir *Noble Clumſey:* I am a Rogue of an Eſtate, and I live—— Do you want any money? I have fifty pound.

Val. Nay good Sir *Noble*, none of your Generoſity we beſeech you. The Lady, the Lady, Sir *Noble*.

Sir *Noble.* Nay, 'tis all one to me if you won't take it, there it is.—— Hang money, my Father was an Alderman.

Malag. 'Tis pity good Guinneys ſhould be ſpoil'd, Sir *Noble*, by your leave. [*Picks 'em up.*

Sir *Noble.* But, Sir, you will not keep my money?

Malag. Oh, hang money, Sir, your Father was an Alderman.

Sir *Noble.* Well, get thee gone for an Arch-Wagg——I do but ſham all this while:——but by Dad he's pure Company.

Trum. Was there ever ſuch a Blockhead! Now has he nevertheleſs a mighty Opinion of himſelf, and thinks all this wit and pretty diſcourſe.

Sir *Noble.* Lady, once more I ſay be civil, and come kiſs me; I ſhall raviſh elſe, I ſhall raviſh mightily.

Val. Well done, Sir *Noble*, to her, never ſpare.

L. *Squeam.* I may be even with you though for all this, Mr. *Valentine:* Nay, dear Sir *Noble:* Mr. *Truman*, I'le ſwear he'll put me into Fits.

Sir *Noble.* No, but let me ſalute the Hem of thy Garment. Wilt thou marry me? [*Kneels.*

Malag. Faith Madam do, let me make the Match.

L. *Squeam.* Let me die, Mr. *Malagene*, you are a ſtrange Man, and I'le ſwear have a great deal of Wit. Lord, why don't you write?

Malag. Write? I thank your Ladiſhip for that with all my heart. No, I have a Finger in a Lampoon or ſo ſometimes, that's all.

Trum. But he can act.

L. *Squeam.* I'l ſwear, and ſo he does better than any one upon our Theatres; I have ſeen him. Oh the *Engliſh* Comedians are nothing, not comparable to the *French* or *Italian:* Beſides, we want Poets.

Sir *Noble.* Poets! why I am a Poet. I have written three Acts of a Play, and have nam'd it already. 'Tis to be a Tragedy.

L. *Squeam.* Oh Couſin, if you undertake to write a Tragedy, take my Counſel: Be ſure to ſay ſoft melting tender things in it, that may be moving, and make your Ladies Characters vertuous, whatere you do.

Sir *Noble.* Moving! Why, I can never read it my ſelf but it makes me laugh: well, 'tis the pretty'ſt Plot, and ſo full of Waggery.

L. *Squeam.* Oh ridiculous!

Malag. But, Knight, the Title; Knight, the Title.

Sir *Noble.* Why let me ſee; 'tis to be call'd, The merry Conceits of Love; or The Life and Death of the Emperour *Charles* the Fifth, with the Humours of his Dog *Bobadillo.*

Malag. Ha, ha, ha.

Val. But Sir *Noble*, this ſounds more like a Comedy.

Sir *Noble.* Oh, but I have reſolv'd it ſhall be a Tragedy, becauſe *Bobadillo*'s to be kill'd in the Play. Comedy! no, I ſcorn to write Comedy. I know ſeveral that can ſquirt Comedy.——I'le tell you more of this when I am ſober.

L. *Squeam.* But dear Mr. *Malagene*, won't you let us ſee you act a little ſomething of *Harlequin?* I'le ſwear you do it ſo naturally, it makes me think I am at the *Louvre* or *Whitehall* all the time. [Malag. *acts.*] Oh Lord, don't, don't neither: I'le ſwear you'll make me burſt. Was there ever any thing ſo pleaſant?

Trum. Was ever any thing ſo affected and ridiculous? Her whole Life ſure is a continued Scene of Impertinence. What a damn'd Creature is a decay'd Woman, with all the exquiſite fillineſs and vanity of her Sex, yet none of the charms! [Malagene *ſpeaks in* Punchinello's *Voice.*

L. *Squeam.* O Lord, that, that; that is a Pleaſure intolerable. Well, let me die if I can hold out any longer. Pray Mr. *Malagene*, how long have you been in love with Mrs. *Tawdry* the Actreſs?

Malag. Ever ſince your Ladiſhip has been off from the hooks with Mr. *Valentine.* [*In his own voice aloud.*

L. *Squeam.* Uh! gud, I always thought Mr. *Malagene* had been better bred than to upbraid me with any ſuch baſe thing to my face, whatever he might ſay of me behind my back: But there is no Honour, no Civility in the world, that I am ſatisfied of.

Val. Can your Ladiſhip take any thing ill from Mr. *Malagene?* A Woman ſhould bear with the unlucky Jerks of her Buffoon or Coxcomb, as well as with the ill manners of her Monkey ſometimes: The Fools and Raſcalls your Sex delights in, ought to have the Priviledge of ſaying, as well as they have of doing any thing.

L. *Squeam.* Which you Men of Wit (as you think your ſelves!) are very angry you ſhould be debarr'd of: Lord, what pity 'tis your good Parts ſhould be your misfortune.

Val. Ay Madam, I feel the curſe of it: I who had juſt ſence enough to fall in love with ſo much Beauty and Merit, yet could not be able to keep the Paradiſe I was ſo happily poſſeſt of.

L. *Squeam.* This malice and ill-nature ſhall not ſerve your Turn; I ſhall know all your Proceedings and Intrigues with *Camilla*, and be reveng'd on your love to her, for all the Affronts and Injuries you have done to mine.

Enter Caper *and* Saunter.

Caper. Oh dear Madam, we are utterly undone for want of your Ladiſhip's Company I'll vow, Madam *Goodvile* is coming with the Fiddles to wait on you here. [*Cuts backwards.*

Sir *Noble.* Sir, are you a Dancing-Maſter? you are very nimble methinks.

Caper. Ay Sir, I hate to ſtand ſtill. But Sir *Noble*, I thought you had known me, I doubt you may be a little over-taken; Faith, dear Heart, I am glad to ſee thee ſo merry.

Sir *Noble.* Yes, I do love dearly to be drunk once a Year or ſo, 'tis good for my bodily health. But do you never drink?

Caper. No, Sir *Noble*, that is not my Province you know: I mind Dancing altogether.

Sir *Noble.* Nor you? can't you drink, ha?

Saun. No, I make love and ſing to Ladies.

Sir *Noble.* Whores to my Knowledge, errant rank common Whores. A pox on your woman of quality that you carry'd me to in the *Mall.*

Trum. Why, what was the matter, Sir *Noble?*

Sir *Noble.* By yea and by nay, a foul over-grown Strumpet, with a running Bawd inſtead of a Waiting-woman, a great deal of Paint, variety of old Cloaths, and nothing to eat.

L. *Squeam.* Oh dear, let me die, if that was not extravagantly pleaſant.

Trum. I believe Sir *Noble* is much in the right; for I never came near theſe giddy intriguing Blockheads, but they were talking of Love and Ladies; nor ever met with a hackney ſtripping Whore that did not know 'em.

Caper. Ned Valentine, I have a Kindneſs to beg of you.

Val. Sir, you may command me any thing.

Caper. Why, you muſt know I am in love with *Camilla*.

Val. Very good.

Caper. Now I would have you ſpeak to *Frank Goodvile* not to make love to her as he does, i'faith I can't bear it; for to tell you the truth on't, I intend to marry her; I catch't him at it but now: Faith, it made my Heart ake, never ſtir if it did not. [*Ex.*

Val. In troth, Sir, 'tis very uncivil. *Truman*, this *Goodvile* has a mind to oblige us both; he's providing a Wife for me too as faſt as he can. *Camilla*'s his Quarrey now I underſtand, and by that time he has plaid as fair a Game with her as he has done with your Miſtreſs *Victoria*, I may ſtand fair to put in for the Rubbers.

Trum. Valentine, thou art upon too ſure Grounds for him there; *Camilla* has both too much wit and vertue, and each with as little affectation as the other.

Val. Jack, after this I cannot but be very free with you. I know there is ſome love hatching between you and his Wife: both our revenge lies in thy hands; and if thou doſt not thy ſelf and me juſtice, I'le diſown thee for ever.

Trum. See where he comes, with a heart as gay and light, as if there were nothing but honeſty in it.

Enter Goodvile.

Sings.

When Beauty can't move, and our Paſſions grow cold,
Wine ſtill keeps its charms, and we drink when we're old.

Goodv. ——*Jack Truman*, yonder have I and *Victoria* been laughing at thee till we were weary. She ſwears thou art ſo very modeſt, ſhe would not for all the world marry thee for fear of ſpoiling that vertue.

Trum. Nay, then I doubt I have loſt her for ever; for if ſhe complains of my modeſty, ſhe has found a fault which I never thought I had been guilty of before.

Goodv. But that is a quality, which tho they hate never ſo much in a Gallant, they are apt for many reaſons to value in a Husband: Fear not, Diſſimulation is the natural Adjunct of their Sex; and I would no more deſpair of a Woman, though ſhe ſwore ſhe hated me, than I would believe her though ſhe ſwore ſhe lov'd me.

Enter Lady Squeamiſh, *and the reſt of the Company, with the Fiddles.*

L. *Squeam.* Oh a Country Dance, a Country Dance! Mr. *Caper*, where are you? you ſhall dance with Madam *Camilla*. Mr. *Saunter*, wait on *Victoria*. Mr. *Goodvile*, your humble Servant. Dear Mr. *Truman*, won't you oblige me? Madam *Goodvile*——ha, ha, ha: I'le ſwear I had utterly forgotten Mr. *Valentine*.

Val. Your Ladiſhip knows me to be a civil Perſon; if you pleaſe, I'll keep good orders. [*All take out the Women.*

Malag. Faith *Ned* do, and I'le keep the Muſick in tune: Away with it; [*Muſick plays.*] Hold, hold——what inſufferable Raſcals are theſe? why ye ſcurvy thraſhing ſcraping Mongrels, ye make a worſe noiſe then crampt Hedg-hogs. An old gouty Dancing-Maſter that teaches to dance with his Spectacles on, makes better Muſick on his crackt Kitt——'Sdeath ye Dogs, can't you play now as a Gentleman ſings? hah———

Goodv. Sir, will you never leave this nauſeous Humour of yours? I can never be with you but I muſt be forc'd to uſe you ill, or endure the perpetual Torment of your Impertinence.

Malag. Well Sir, I ha'done Sir, I ha'done: But 'tis very hard a Man cannot be permitted to ſhew his Parts. 'Sdeath *Frank*, doſt thou think thou underſtand'ſt Muſick?

Goodv. Sir, I underſtand it ſo well, that I won't have it interrupted in my company by you.

Malag. I am glad on't with all my Heart; I never thought you had underſtood any thing before.——I think there I was pretty even with you.

Goodv. Saucineſs and ill-manners are ſo much your province, that nothing but kicking is fit for you.

Malag. Sir, you may uſe your Pleaſure; but I care no more for being kickt, than you do for kicking. But prithee, *Frank*, why ſhould you be out of humour ſo? The Devil take me, if I ſhall not give thee ſuch a jerk preſently will make thee angry indeed.

L. *Squeam.* Lord, Mr. *Goodvile*, how can you be ſo ill-natur'd? I'le ſwear Mr. *Malagene* is in the right. Theſe People have no Manners in the leaſt, play not at all to dancing: But I vow he himſelf ſings a Tune extream prettily.

Goodv. Death, Hell and the Devil, how am I teaz'd! I ſhall have no Opportunity to purſue my Buſineſs with *Camilla:* I muſt remove this troubleſome Coxcomb, and that perhaps may put a ſtop at leaſt to her Impertinence.

L. *Squeam.* Mr. *Truman*, Mr. *Goodvile*, and Ladies, I beſeech you do me the Favour to hear Mr. *Malagene* ſing a *Scotch* Song: I'le ſwear I am a ſtrange Admirer of *Scotch* Songs, they are the pretti'ſt ſoft melting gentle harmleſs Things——

Saun. By Dad, and ſo they are———*In* January *laſt*—— [*Sings.*

Val. Deliver us! A *Scotch* Song! I hate it worſe than a *Scotch* Bagpipe,

which even the Bears are grown weary of, and have better Muſick. I wiſh I could ſee her Ladiſhip dance a *Scotch* Jigg to one of 'em.

Malag. I muſt needs beg your Ladiſhip's Pardon, I have forgotten the laſt new *Scotch* Song: But if you pleaſe, I'll entertain you with one of another Nature, which I am apt to believe will be as pleaſant.

L. *Squeam.* Let me die, Mr. *Malagene*, you are eternally obliging me.

Malagene *ſings an* Iriſh *Cronon.*

Malag. Well, Madam, how like you it Madam, ha?

L. *Squeam.* Really it is very pretty now——the pretti'ſt odd out of the way Notes. Don't you admire it ſtrangely?

Malag. I'll aſſure your Ladiſhip I learnt it of an *Iriſh* Muſician, that's lately come over, and intend to preſent it to an Author of my Acquaintance, to put it in his next Play.

L. *Squeam.* Ha, ha, Mr. *Valentine*, I would have you learn it for a Serenade to your Miſtriſs——ha, ha, ha.

Val. My Page, Madam, is docible, and has a pretty Voice, he ſhall learn it if you pleaſe; and if your Ladyſhip has any further Service for him——

L. *Squeam.* Ah Lord, Wit, Wit, Wit, as I live! Come let's dance.

Trum. Valentine, thou art ſomething too rough; I am afraid her Ladiſhip will be reveng'd; I ſee Miſchief in her Eyes: 'tis ſafer provoking a *Lancaſhire* Witch, than an old Miſtriſs; and ſhe as violent in her Malice too.

Goodv. Malagene, a word with you——hark ye, come hither.

[*Goes to the Door.*

Malag. Well, *Frank*, what's the Buſineſs now? I am clearly for Miſchief: ſhall I break the Fiddles, and turn the Raſcals out of Doors?

Goodv. No, Sir; but I'le be ſo civil to turn you out of doors. Nay, Sir, no ſtruggling, I have Footmen within.

Malag. Whoo, prithee what's all this for? What a pox, I know my Lady well enough for a ſilly affected fantaſtical Gipſey: I did all this but o'purpoſe to ſhew her——Let me alone, I'll abuſe her worſe.

Goodv. No, Sir, but I'll take more care of your Reputation, and turn you out to learn better Manners. No Reſiſtance as you tender your Ears; but begon. [*Ex.* Mal.

So, he's gone, and now I hope I may have ſome little time to my ſelf—— Fiddles ſtrike up. [*Dance.*

Trum. Thus, Madam, you freely enjoy all the Pleaſures of a ſingle Life, and eaſe your ſelf of that wretched formal Auſterity which commonly attends a married one.

Mrs. *Goodv.* Who would not hate to be one of thoſe ſimp'ring Saints that enter into Marriage as they would go into a Nunnery, where they keep very ſtrict to their Devotion for a-while, but at laſt turn as errant Sinners as e're they were?

Trum. Marriages indeed ſhould be repair'd to as commonly Nunneries are, for handſom Retreats and Conveniences, not for Priſons; where thoſe that cannot live without 'em may be ſafe, yet ſometimes venture too abroad a little.

Mrs. *Goodv.* But never Sir without a Lady Abbeſs, or a Confeſſor at leaſt.

Trum. Might I, Madam, have the Honour to be your Confeſſor, I ſhould be very indulgent and laviſh of Abſolution to ſo pretty a Sinner.

Mrs. *Goodv.* See, Mr. *Goodvile* and Madam *Camilla* I believe are at ſhrift already.

Trum. And poor *Ned Valentine* looks as penſively as if all the Sins of the Company were his own.

Mrs. *Goodv.* See Mr. *Caper*, your Miſtreſs.

Caper. Ha *Camilla!* Sir your Servant, may I have the Honour to lead this Lady a Coranto?

Goodv. No Sir, Death! ſurely I have Fools that reſt and harbour in my Houſe, and they are a worſe Plague then Buggs and Mothes: Shall I never be quiet?

Val. Sir *Noble*, Sir *Noble*, have a care of your Miſtreſs! do you ſee there?

Sir *Noble.* Hum—ha—where? oh—— [*Wakes and riſes.*

Saun. Nay, faith Madam, *Harry Caper*'s as pretty a Fellow! 'Tis the wittiyſt Rogue: He and I laugh at all the Town. *Harry*, I ſhall marry her.

Sir *Noble.* Marry Sir! whom will you marry, Sir? you lye. Sweet Heart come along with me, I'le marry thee my ſelf preſently.

Vict. You, Sir *Noble!*—what d'ye mean? [*She ſqueaks.*

Sir *Noble.* Mean! honourably, honourably, I mean honourably. Theſe are Rogues, my Dear, errant Rogues. Come along——

[*Ex. Sir* Nob. *and* Vict.

Cap. Ha, *Saunter*——

Saun. Ay *Caper*, ha! Let us follow this drunken Knight.

Cap. I'faith, and ſo I will——I don't value him this! [*Cutts.*

[*Ex.* Cap. *and* Saunt.

L. *Squeam.* Ha, ha, ha! Well, I'le ſwear my Couſin Sir *Noble* is a ſtrange pleaſant Creature. Dear Madam, let us follow and ſee the Sport. Mr. *Truman*, will you walk? Oh dear, 'tis violent hot. [*Exeunt.*

Val. I'le withdraw too, and at ſome diſtance obſerve how Matters are carry'd between *Goodvile* and *Camilla.* [*Exit.*

Goodv. Are you then, Madam, reſolv'd to ruin me? Why ſhould all that ſtock of Beauty be thrown away on one that can never be able to deſerve the Gleanings of it? I love you——

Cam. And all the Sex beſides. That ever any man ſhould take ſuch pains to forſwear himſelf to no purpoſe!

Goodv. Nay, then there's hopes yet; if you pretend to doubt the truth of my love, 'tis a ſign you have ſome inclinations at leaſt that are my Friends.

Cam. This *Goodvile* I ſee is one of thoſe ſpruce poliſht Fools, who have ſo good an opinion of themſelves, that they think no woman can reſiſt 'em, nor man of better Senſe deſpiſe 'em. I'le ſeem at preſent to comply, and try how far 'twill paſs upon him.

Goodv. Well Madam, have you conſider'd on't? Will the Stone in your Heart give way?

Cam. No, Sir, 'tis full as firm and hard as ever 'twas.

Goodv. And I may then go hang or drown, or do what I will with my ſelf? Hah!

Cam. At your own Diſcretion Sir, though I ſhould be loth to ſee ſo proper a handſom Gentleman come to an ill end.

Goodv. Good charitable Creature! But Madam, know I can be reveng'd on you for this; and my revenge ſhall be to love you ſtill; gloat on and loll after you where ere I ſee you; in all publick Meetings haunt and vex you; write lamentable Sonnets on you, and ſo plain, that every Fop that ſings 'em ſhall know 'tis you I mean.

Cam. So Sir, this is ſomething: Cou'd not you as well have told me you had been very ill-natur'd at firſt? you did not know how far it might have wrought upon me; beſides, 'tis a thouſand times better than vowing and bowing, and making a deal of love and noiſe, and all to as little purpoſe as any thing you ſay elſe.

Goodv. Right exquiſite Tyrant! I'le ſet a Watch and Guard ſo ſtrict upon you, you ſhall not entertain a well-dreſs'd Fool in private, but I'le know it; then in a leud Lampoon publiſh it to the Town; till you ſhall repent and curſe the hour you ever ſaw me.

Cam. Ah would I could, ill-natur'd cruel man!

Goodv. Ha, how's that? am I then miſtaken? and have I wrong'd you all this while? I ask ten thouſand pardons; curſt damn'd ſot that I was! I have ruin'd my ſelf now for ever.

Cam. Well Sir, ſhould I now forgive you all, could you conſent to wrong your Lady ſo far? you have not yet been married a full year: How muſt I then ſuſpect your love to me, that can ſo ſoon forget your faith to her?

Goodv. Oh Madam, what do you do? The name of a Wife to a man in love is worſe than cold Water in a Feaver: 'Tis enough to ſtrike the Diſtemper to my Heart, and kill me quite: my Lady quoth a!

Cam. Beſides, *Valentine* you know is your Friend.

Goodv. I grant it, he is ſo; A Friend is a thing I love to eat and drink and laugh withall: Nay more, I would on a good occaſion loſe my Life for my Friend, but not my pleaſure. Say where and when it ſhall be?

Cam. Never, I dare not.

Goodv. You muſt by and by when 'tis a little darker, in the left-hand Walk in the loweſt Garden.

Cam. I won't promiſe you, can't you truſt my good nature?

Goodv. Charming Creature! I do: Now if I can but make up the Match between *Truman* and *Victoria*, my Hopes are compleated.

Cam. Haſte! haſte! away Sir, I ſee *Valentine* coming. [*Ex.* Good.

Enter Valentine.

Val. Madam, you are extreamely merry; I am glad Mr. *Goodvile* has left you in ſo good a Humour.

Camilla. Ay Sir, and what may pleaſe you more, he is parted hence in as good a humour as he has left me here.

Enter Lady Squeamiſh, Bridget *at the Door.*

L. *Squeam.* *Valentine* and *Camilla* alone together! Now for an opportunity to be reveng'd! ah how I love malice!

Val. Ungratefull'ſt of women!

Cam. Fooliſheſt of Men! Can you be ſo very ſilly to be jealous? for I find you are ſo: What have you ever obſerv'd ſince your firſt knowledge of me that might perſuade you I ſhould ever grow fond of a man, as notoriouſly falſe to all Women as you are unworthy of me?

L. *Squeam.* Has *Valentine* been falſe to her too? Nay, then there is ſome Pleaſure left yet, to think I am not the onely Woman that has ſuffer'd by his Baſeneſs. [*Aſide.*

Val. What then, I'll warrant you were alone together half an Hour only for a little harmleſs Raillery or ſo? an Honour I could never obtain without hard ſuit and humble ſupplication.

Cam. Alas! how very Politick you are grown! you would pretend diſpleaſure to try your power. No—I ſhall henceforth think you never had a good opinion of me; but that your Love was at firſt as ill grounded as your fantaſticall Jealouſy is now.

Val. What ſpecious pretence can you urge? (I know a Woman can never be without one;) come, I am eaſy and good natur'd, willing to believe and be deceiv'd:——What, not a word!

Cam. Though I can hardly deſcend to ſatisfy your diſtruſt, for which I hardly value you, and almoſt hate you; yet to torment you farther, know I did diſcourſe with him, and of love too; nay more, granted him an appointment, but one I never meant to keep, and promiſed it only to get rid of him. This is more than I am oblig'd to tell you, but that I wanted ſuch an opportunity as this to check your pretences, which I found grew too unruly to be kept at a diſtance.

Val. Tho' I had ſome reaſon to be in doubt, yet this true reſentment and juſt proceeding has convinc'd me: For *Goodvile* is a man I have little

reaſon to truſt, as will appear hereafter; and 'twas my knowledge of his baſeneſs made me run into ſo mean a diſtruſt of you: But forgive me this, and when I fail again diſcard me for ever.

Cam. Yes: but the next time I ſhall happen to diſcourſe with a Gentleman in private, I ſhall have you liſtening at the door, or eaves-dropping under the Window. What, diſtruſt your friend, the honourable worthy Mr. *Goodvile!*———Fie, how can you be ſo ungenerous?

Val. There is not ſuch another Hypocrite in the World: He never made Love but to delude, nor Friendſhip but for his Ends:——Even his own Kinſwoman and Charge, *Victoria*, he has long ſince corrupted, and now would put her on his beſt Friend *Truman* for a Wife.

Cam. I cannot but laugh to think how eaſily he ſwallow'd the cheat: He could not be more tranſported at poſſeſſion, than he was with expectation; and he went away in a greater Triumph then if he had conquer'd the *Indies*.

Val. Where did you promiſe him?

Cam. In the left-hand Walk in the lower Garden.

L. *Squeam.* So, in the left-hand Walk in the lower Garden: I heard that. [*Aſide.*

But Mr. *Valentine*, you may chance to meet another there: Let me die, this is pleaſant.

Val. And when?

Cam. Anon, when it begins to grow dark.

L. *Squeam.* Enough, I know the time and place; and Madam *Camilla*, I ſhall make bold to cheat you of your Lover to night. Alas, poor inconſiderable Creature, how this makes me loath her!

Cam. Now would this News be more welcom to her Ladiſhip Madam *Squeamiſh*, than a new Faſhion, a new Dance, or new Song. How many Viſits would ſhe make on the occaſion! not a Family in Town would be at reſt for her till ſhe had made it a Jeſt, from the Mother of the Maids, to the Attorney's Wife in *Holburn*.

Val. But for ſome private Reaſons I would have it kept from her, and from Madam *Goodvile* too. There are Affairs to be carry'd on to Night, which the leaſt Accident may interrupt.——Beſides, I have thought upon't, and will ſo contrive the matter, that *Goodvile* ſhall keep his Aſſignation, and her Ladiſhip her ſelf ſupply the Place of the much expected charming *Camilla*.

Cam. But would you, Sir, do me ſuch an Injury as to make me break my Word with Mr. *Goodvile?* that were inhumane.

Val. Good Conſcionable Creature have Patience, and don't you think of paying Debts too faſt; there's an Account yet between you and I which muſt be made even, and I think I had beſt ſecure it now I have you in my cuſtody.

Cam. Ay, but, Sir, if I part with any thing, I ſhall expect to have ſomething to ſhew for't.

Val. Nay, if I don't offer as luſty ſecurity and conditions as any man, let me loſe all I lay claim to, that's fair. [*Exeunt.*

L. *Squeam.* So, are they gone? Now let me but live if this Intrigue be not extreamly ſurprizing. *Bridget*, go home and fetch me the Morning-Gown I had laſt made in imitation of *Camilla*'s, for perhaps I ſhall go a maſquerading to night, or it may be not; but fetch it nevertheleſs.

Brid. Madam, won't the other ſerve? you may remember you left it at my Lady *Foplove*'s t'other Night; that's nearer.

L. *Squeam.* Impertinent Creature! and wouldſt thou have me appear in it twice? Do as I bid you, I ſay; and d'ye hear, bring me a Mask with an Amber-Bead, for I fear I may have Fits to night.

Brid. I never knew her without fantaſtical ones, I am ſure, for they coſt me many a weary Errand. [*Ex.*

Enter Victoria.

L. *Squeam.* Oh my dear *Victoria!* the moſt unlookt for Happineſs! the pleaſant'ſt accident! the ſtrangeſt diſcovery! the very Thought of it were enough to cure Melancholy. *Valentine* and *Camilla*, *Camilla* and *Valentine*, ha, ha, ha.

Vict. Dear Madam, what is't ſo tranſports you?

L. *Squeam.* Nay, 'tis too precious to be communicated: Hold me, hold me, or I ſhall dye with laughter—ha, ha, ha, *Camilla* and *Valentine*, *Valentine* and *Camilla*——ha, ha, ha——O dear, my heart's broke.

Vict. Good Madam, refrain your mirth a little, and let me know the Story that I may have a ſhare in it.

L. *Squeam.* An Aſſignation! an Aſſignation to Night in the lower Garden;——by ſtrong good Fortune I overheard it all juſt now——but to think on the pleaſant Conſequence that will happen, drives me into an exceſs of joy beyond all ſufferance.

Vict. Madam, in all probability the pleaſant'ſt conſequence is like to be theirs, if any bodies; and I cannot gueſs how it ſhould touch your Ladiſhip in the leaſt.

L. *Squeam.* O Lord, how can you be ſo dull? Why, at the very hour and place appointed will I meet *Valentine* in *Camilla*'s ſtead, before ſhe can be there her ſelf; then when ſhe comes expoſe her infamy to all the world, till I have thoroughly reveng'd my ſelf for all the baſe Injuries her Lover has done me.

Vict. But, Madam, can you endure to be ſo malicious?

L. *Squeam.* That, that's the dear pleaſure of the thing; for I vow I'd ſooner die ten thouſand deaths, if I thought I ſhould hazard the leaſt temptation to the prejudice of my honour.

Vict. But why ſhould your Ladiſhip run into the mouth of danger? Who knows what ſcurvy lurking Devil may ſtand in readineſs, and ſeize your Vertue before you are aware of him?

L. *Squeam.* Temptation! No, I'd have you know I ſcorn Temptation: I durſt truſt my ſelf in a Convent amongſt a Kennel of Cramm'd Friers: Beſides, that ungrateful ill-bred Fellow *Valentine* is my mortal Averſion, more odious to me then foul Weather on a *May-day*, or ill Smell in a Morning.

Vict. Nay, now, Madam, you are too violent.

L. *Squeam.* Too violent! I would not keep a Waiting-woman that ſhould commend any one thing about him: Dear *Victoria*, urge nothing in his behalf; for if you do, you loſe my friendſhip for ever: Though I ſwear he was a fine Perſon once, before he was ſpoil'd.

Vict. I am ſure your Ladyſhip had the beſt Share in his ſpoiling then. [*Aſide.*

L. *Squeam.* No, were I inclin'd to entertain Addreſſes, I aſſure you I need not want for Servants; for I ſwear I am ſo perplext with *Billet-Doux* every Day, I know not which way to turn my ſelf: Beſides, there's no Fidelity, no Honour in Mankind. Oh dear *Victoria!* whatever you do, never let Love come near your heart: Though really I think true Love is the greateſt pleaſure in the World.

Vict. Would I had never known Love; my honour had not then lain at the Mercy of ſo ungrateful a Wretch as *Goodvile*, who now has certainly abandon'd and forgotten me.

L. *Squeam.* Well, certainly I am the moſt unſteady, reſtleſs, humourſome Woman breathing: Now I am ſo tranſported at the Thoughts of what I have deſign'd, that I long till the hour comes with more Impatience then—I'll ſwear I know not what to ſay——Dear *Victoria*, ten thouſand adieus—Wiſh me good ſucceſs——Yet now I think on't, I'll ſtay a little longer——I'll ſwear I muſt not neither——Well! I'll go—No, I'll ſtay ——Well, I'm reſolv'd neither to ſtand ſtill——ſit ſtill—nor lie ſtill—— nor have one Thought at reſt——till the Buſineſs is over——I'll ſwear I'm a ſtrange Creature. [*Ex. L.* Squeam.

Vict. Farewel Whirligig.

Enter Goodvile.

Goodv. Victoria here! To meet with an old Miſtreſs when a Man is in purſuit of a freſh one, is a worſe Omen then a Hare in a Journey.——I'le ſtep aſide this Way till ſhe's paſt me; ſo farewel Fubb.

[*Makes Mouths. Exit* Vict.

Now for the lovely kind yielding *Camilla!* How I long for the happy Hour! Swelling burning Breaſts, dying Eyes, balmy Lips, trembling Joints, Millions of Kiſſes, and unſpeakable Joys wait for me.

Enter Truman *and* Valentine.

Well, Gentlemen, now you have left the Ladies, I hope there may be Room near your Hearts for a Bottle or two.

Trum. Dear *Goodvile*, thou art too powerful to be deny'd any thing. 'Tis a fine cool Evening, and a ſwift Glaſs or two now were ſeaſonable and refreſhing, to waſh away the Toil and Fatigue of the Day.

Val. After a man has been diſturb'd with the publick Impertinences and Follies he meets withall abroad, he ought to recompenſe himſelf with a Friend and a Bottle in private at Night.

Goodv. Spoken like Men that deſerve the Life you enjoy. I'le in before, and put all Things in readineſs. [*Ex.* Goodvile.

Val. This worthy Perſon, for his honeſty and ſobriety, would have made a very good *Dutch* Burgomaſter: But he is as damnable an *Engliſh* Friend and Gentleman, as one would wiſh to meet withal.

Trum. Valentine, thou art too much concern'd at him: Methinks *Camilla*'s Juſtice, and the pleaſant Cheat ſhe has put upon him, ſhould rather make thee deſpiſe and laugh at him as I do.

Val. Truman, thou indeed haſt reaſon: And when I ſhall know the happy ſucceſs of the revenge thou haſt in ſtore for him, I may do my ſelf and him that Juſtice as to ſcorn him, but am too angry yet.

Trum. Then to give thee eaſe (for I dare truſt thee) know this very Night I alſo have an Aſſignation with his Wife in the Grotto at the upper end of the Garden, the oppoſite walk to that where he expects to meet *Camilla*.

Val. Then I am at reſt; let's in. I have nothing elſe to do but take care ſo to finiſh him, as that you ſhall fear no Interruption: At leaſt he will be ſo full of his Expectation of *Camilla*, that he'll never dream in what poſture his own affairs ſtand in another place.

Trum. Away then; and may good luck attend us: Er'e yet two hours are paſt his Wife's my own. Methinks already in that ſecure dark private Grotto,

Cloſe in my arms, and languiſhing ſhe lies,
With dying looks, ſhort breath, and wiſhing eyes;
And the ſupine dull Cuckold nothing ſpies. [Exeunt.

THE FOURTH ACT.

SCENE, *Night-garden.*

Enter Goodvile *at one Door; Mrs.* Goodvile *and* Lettice *following her at the other.*

Goodv. SO, I think I came off in good time: Hold, now for *Camilla:* By *Jove* I think I am little better then drunk. Hah! who's there? *Victoria* as I live; nay, it muſt be ſhe, as I ſaid before. The poor Gipſy's jealous; has had ſome Intimation of my Appointment with *Camilla:* I'll loof off, and obſerve which way ſhe ſteers.

Mrs. *Goodv. Lettice*, I fear that's Mr. *Goodvile*'s Voice: Whatever you doe, if any croſs Accident happens, be ſure you call me *Victoria.*

Goodv. Ay, ay, 'tis *Victoria!* Vigilant Devil! but I'll take this way, and wait at the lower End of the Walk.

Mrs. *Good. Lettice*, look well round you that no body ſee us, and then follow me.

Enter Truman.

Trum. Thus far all is well. How I pity poor *Valentine!* yonder is he plying Bumpers, as they call 'em, more furiouſly then a Foreign Miniſter, that comes into *England* to drink for the Honour of his Country. I have waited ſomething long though; who comes here?

Enter Lettice.

Lettice. 'Tis I, Sir, your Servant *Lettice.*

Trum. My little good-natur'd Agent, is't you? Where is thy Lady: She's too cruel to let a poor Lover languiſh here ſo long in Expectation? It looks as if ſhe rather meant to make a tryall of my Patience than my Love: Is ſhe coming?

Lettice. Well, I ſwear (as my Lady *Squeamiſh* ſays) you are a ſtrange Creature. But I'll goe and tell her; Though I'll vow I utterly diſown having any Hand in the Buſineſs; and if any Ill comes of it, 'tis none of my Fault.

Trum. No, no, not in the leaſt. Prithee diſpatch. How's this! more Company! who comes there?

Enter Valentine.

Val. 'Tis I, *Jack Truman;* your Friend *Valentine.*

Trum. My dear encourager of Iniquity! what news? Where's *Goodvile?*

Val. No matter for *Goodvile*; here comes your Miſtreſs.

Enter Mrs. Goodvile. Valentine *retires.*

Trum. Now, now, now! what the Devil ailes me? how I ſhall quake and tremble!——Madam, dear Madam, where are you?

Mrs. *Good.* Mr. *Truman*, is't your Voice? *Lettice*, you may goe in again if you will——— [*Ex.* Lettice. Well, Sir, I vow, Sir, had it not been that I hate to break my Word, I would not have ventur'd abroad this cold damp evening for a World.

Trum. I'll warrant you, Madam, while you are in my Poſſeſſion, no Cold ſhall hurt you: Come, ſhall we withdraw to the *Grotto?*

Mrs. *Good.* Withdraw to the *Grotto?* bleſs me, Sir! what do you mean? I'll ſwear you make my Heart ake.

Trum. Oh Madam! I have the beſt Cure for the paſſion of the Heart in the World. I have try'd it, Madam, 'tis *Probatum:* Come, home, let's retire.——Do, make a Diſturbance, and ruine your ſelf and me, do!

Mrs. *Good.* Nay, I'll ſwear, Sir, you are inſufferably rude: You had beſt make a noiſe and Alarm my Husband, you had; for, hang me, I ſhall cry out.

Trum. No, no, I'm ſure you won't complain before you are hurt; and I'll uſe you ſo gently——hark!——don't you hear, there's ſome body coming.

Mrs. *Good.* Where, where, where? If we are ſeen we are undone for ever. Well, I'll never give you ſuch an advantage again.

Trum. I'm ſure you would not, if I ſhould let ſlip this. Come, come, Delayes are dangerous, and I can endure 'em no longer.

Mrs. *Good.* Ah Lord, you kill me!——what will become of me——ah——— [*Carries her in.*

Val. Nay, faith, Madam, your condition is ſomething deſperate, that's certain. 'Tis a pretty Employment I am like to have here; but it is for the ſake of my Friend and my Revenge: And two dearer Arguments there cannot be to perſwade me to any thing.

Enter Malagene *at ſome diſtance.*

Malag. So, *Jack Truman* and Madam *Goodvile* have order'd Matters pretty well, I'll ſay that for my Kinſwoman, ſhe lays about her handſomely. But certainly I hear another Voice this way: I'll withdraw once again, there may be more ſport yet.

Val. That ſhould be *Goodvile:* I'll ſtep behind this Tree, and ſee how he and her Ladiſhip behave themſelves. This is like to be a Night of as civil buſineſs, as I have known a great while.

Enter Goodvile.

Goodv. Death and the Devil! how that puny Rogue *Valentine* has ſouced me? If I ſhould have overſtay'd the time now, and miſs'd of my Appointment with *Camilla*—*Truman* is reel'd home, that's certain; and *Valentine*, I believe, has follow'd him by this time. *Camilla*, dear, lovely, kind, tender, melting *Camilla*, where art thou?

Enter Lady Squeamiſh.

L. *Squeam.* That muſt be *Valentine;* nay, I am ſure it is he! how ſneakingly will he look when he ſhall find his miſtake? But I'll take care, if poſſible, that no ſuch thing ſhall happen; ſo mine be the pleaſure, and *Camilla*'s the Scandall; I'll ruſh by him through the Walk into the Wilderneſs. [*Runs croſs the Walk.*

Goodv. That muſt be ſhe: How ſwiftly ſhe flew along, as if ſhe fear'd to be too late, looſely attired, and fit for Joys! Now all the power of Love and good fortune direct me. [*Exit.*

Val. So, thanks to our Stars, he's ſafe; tho a Pox on't, methinks this dry pimping is but a ſcurvy Employment. Had I but a Siſter or Kinſwoman of his to keep doing withall, there were ſome Comfort in it:——but here comes *Truman* and the Lady; I muſt not be ſeen. [*Exit.*

Enter Truman *and Mrs.* Goodvile.

Trum. You ſhall not goe: Come but back a little, I have ſomething more to tell you that nearly concerns us both: Beſides, Mr. *Goodvile*'s in the Garden; and if he ſhould chance to meet us, what Excuſe could we make to him?

Mrs. *Goodv.* But will you promiſe me *Victoria* ſhall never rob me of your Heart? She does not deſerve it, I am ſure, half ſo well as I.

Trum. Kind tender-hearted Creature, I know it: Nor ſhall ſhe ever come ſo near it, as to know that I have one——Alas! we talk too long. [*Noiſe.*

I hear company coming, we ſhall be ſurpriz'd and diſappointed, and I am then undone.

Mrs. *Goodv.* I'll ſwear you make me tremble every Joynt of me: What would you have me doe?

Trum. See, ſee, who are yonder?

[*Exeunt* Truman *and Mrs.* Goodvile.

Enter Goodvile *and Lady* Squeamiſh.

Goodv. What a Feaſt of Delight have I had! ſurely ſhe was born only to make me happy! her naturall and unexperienc'd Tenderneſs exceeded practis'd Charms:——Dear, bleſt, lovely *Camilla*, oh! my Joys!

L. *Squeam.* Ha, ha, ha!

Goodv. How's this? my Lady *Squeamiſh!*——Death, and the Devil.

L. *Squeam.* Truly ſweet Mr. *Valentine*, the ſame. Now, Sir, I hope ——Uh gad! Mr. *Goodvile!* [*They ſtare at each other.*

Goodv. Have I been mumbling an Old *Kite* all this while inſtead of my young *Partridge?* a Pox o' my depraved Palate, that could diſtinguiſh no better.

L. *Squeam.* Lord, Mr. *Goodvile*, what ayles you!——This was an unexpected Adventure; but let me die, it is very pleaſant, ha, ha, ha!

Goodv. A pox on the pleaſures, and you too, I ſay.

L. *Squeam.* This malicious Devil *Camilla* has overreach'd me.——Well, Mr. *Goodvile*, you are the worthyeſt Perſon;——had I an only Daughter, I durſt truſt her with you, you are ſo very civil.——Well, Innocence is the greateſt happineſs in the World.

Goodv. Right, Madam, it is ſo, and you know we have been very innocent; done no harm in the World, not we.

L. *Squeam.* The cenſorious World, if they knew of this Accident, I know would be apt enough to ſpeak reproachfully; but ſo long as I my ſelf am ſatisfied in the Integrity of my Honour, the World is a Thing I defy and ſcorn.

Goodv. Very Philoſophically ſpoken:——But, Madam, ſo long as the World is to be a ſtranger to our Happineſs, why ſhould we deny our ſelves the ſecond Pleaſure of Congratulation?

L. *Squeam.* Alas, alas, Mr. *Goodvile*, you cannot ſay that you have had the leaſt advantage over my frailty: Well, what might have happen'd, if the ſtrict Severity of both our Vertues had not ſecured us?

Goodv. This affected Impudence of hers is beyond all the impertinence I ever knew her guilty of.——Vertue with a Pox! I think I have Reaſon to know her pretty well, and the Devil of any Vertue found I about her.

L. *Squeam.* But dear Sir, let us talk no more of it: Though I am extreamly miſtaken if I ſaw not Mr. *Valentine* enter the Garden before me, and am as much miſtaken if a Lady was not with him too.

Goodv. Hell and Confuſion! that muſt be *Victoria:* I thought indeed I ſaw her, but being hot-headed, and apprehending ſhe came with a malicious Deſign of diſcovering me, avoided her——Falſe to me with *Valentine?*

L. *Squeam.* I'll ſwear, Mr. *Goodvile*, I have long ſuſpected an Intrigue between you and Madam *Victoria*, and this Jealouſy has confirmed me: and I would not for all the World but have known it. Ha, ha, ha!

Goodv. Death Madam! this is beyond all Sufferance—diſappointed, and jilted by *Camilla!* abuſed by *Victoria!* and with *Valentine* too, *Truman*'s Friend, who I thought ſhould have marry'd her!——Shame and Infamy light upon the whole Sex; may the beſt of 'em be ever ſuſpected, and the moſt cautious always betray'd.

L. *Squeam.* Dear Mr. *Goodvile*, be patient: Let me dye, you are enough to frighten our whole Sex from ever loving or truſting Men again——

Lord, I would not be poor Madam *Victoria*, to gain an Empire. I'll ſwear if you are not more moderate, you'll diſcompoſe me ſtrangely:——How my heart beats!

Goodv. Patience! preach it to a galled Lyon:——No, I am ſure ſhe is not far off, and I will find her; ſurprize her in the midſt of her Infamy and Proſtitution.——'Sdeath Madam, let me goe.

L. *Squeam.* I will not part with you, you ill-natur'd Creature; you ſhall not goe—I vow, I'll cry a Rape if you offer to ſtir.——Oh my Heart, here's *Malagene.*

Enter Malagene *ſinging*, Frank, Frank, Frank, &c.

Malag. Why how now *Frank*, what a pox out of humour? Why, Madam, what have you done to him; what have you done to him, Madam? Lord how he looks! why *Frank*, I ſay, prethee bear up.

Goodv. Hark you Dog, Fool, Coxcomb, hold that impertinent impudent Tongue of yours, or I'll cut it out; 'Sdeath you Buffoon I will.

Malag. No, but hark you dear Heart, good Words, good Words do you hear, or I ſhall publiſh; by my Soul, Joy, I ſhall.

Goodv. How am I continually plagu'd with Rogues and Owles! I'll ſet my Houſe o' fire, rather than have it haunted and peſter'd by ſuch Vermin.

Malag. Faith *Frank* do: I have not ſeen a Houſe o' fire this great while; it would be a pretty Frolick, prethee let us about it preſently.

L. *Squeam.* Dear Mr. *Goodvile*, you ſhall be perſuaded: Don't run your ſelf into Danger thus raſhly.

Goodv. Do you hear then, Monſieur *Pimponio*; as you expect to live a quiet hour, run in and call for ſome Lights, and return with 'em inſtantly.

Malag. Say no more dear Heart, I'll doe't; if Miſchief comes not of this, the Devil's in't——but dear *Frank*, ſtay till I come again, I'le be back in a trice; take t'other turn with her Ladiſhip into the Wilderneſs; or any thing. [*Ex.* Malagene.

L. *Squeam.* Let me not live, this Mr. *Malagene* is a very obliging Perſon, and methinks Mr. *Goodvile* you uſe him too ſeverely.

Goodv. I wiſh, Madam, he may deſerve that Character of you: He is one of thoſe Worldlings you were ſpeaking of that are apt to talk reproachfully; and I believe knows all that has paſſed between us to Night, for he has a ſhreud diſcerning Judgment in theſe Matters.

L. *Squeam.* Lord, Mr. *Goodvile*, what can he ſay of me? I defye even Envy it ſelf to doe me or my Honour any prejudice: Though I wiſh I had let this Frollick alone to Night.

Goodv. Frollick with a Pox!——if theſe be her Frollicks, what the Devil is ſhe when ſhe is in earneſt? O he returns with the Lights:——Look who are theſe? by Heav'n the ſame.

Enter Truman *and Mrs.* Goodvile.

Trum. Gently, gently Madam, for fear of an Ambuſcade; I wonder I hear nothing from *Ned Valentine* ſince.

Mrs. *Goodv.* See, ſee, Sir, here's Mr. *Goodvile:* Haſte, haſte down the other Walk, or we are ruin'd.

Trum. Fear not, truſt all to my Conduct. [*Exeunt.*

[*As Mrs.* Goodvile *is going away,* Goodvile *catches hold of her Gown ——ſhe claps on her Maſque.*

Goodv. Stay Madam *Victoria;* nay, you muſt ſtay, 'tis in vain to flye; I have diſcovered all your Falſhood, I have: Was mine a paſſion to be thus abuſed? I who have given you all my Heart! perfidious falſe Woman! ———is your Lover too aſhamed or afraid to ſhew himſelf? where is he? why comes he not forth?

Enter Truman.

Trum. Here I am, Sir.

Goodv. Ha, *Truman!* [*Mrs.* Goodv. *gets looſe, and Ex.*

Trum. Yes, Sir, the ſame: ready both to acknowledge and juſtify my being here with *Victoria*, which I thought, Sir, might have been allowed without any Offence to Mr. *Goodvile.* That ſhe is innocent as to any thing on my part, I am ready with my Sword to make good; but Sir, I wear it too to doe my own Honour Juſtice, and to demand of you on what Grounds you appear ſo highly concern'd for a Woman you were pleaſed to commend to your Friend for a Wife?

Goodv. Concern'd, Sir! have I not reaſon to be concern'd for the Honour of my Family? for a Kinſwoman under my Charge to be abroad and alone with a Gentleman at this unſeaſonable Hour, might alarm a Man leſs tender of his reputation than I am.

Trum. Sir, this Excuſe won't ſerve my turn; nor am I ſo blind as not to be ſenſible (which I before ſuſpected) that *Victoria* has been long your Miſtreſs:—A pox of the Honour of your Family; you had given her all your Heart, you ſaid; and your Paſſion was not a Thing to be thus abuſed: Nor, Sir, is my Honour.

Goodv. No, but dear *Jack Truman*, thou art my Friend.

Trum. You would have made me believe ſo indeed; but the daubing was too coarſe, and the Artificiall Face appear'd too plain.—One would have thought, Sir, that you who keep a generall Decoy here for Fools and Coxcombs, might have found one to have recompenſed a Caſt Miſtreſs withal, and not have endeavoured the betraying the Honour of a Gentleman and your Friend. But Sir, I am glad I have heard it from your own Mouth: I hope it will not be eſteemed much Ill-nature in me, if worthy Mr. *Malagene* and I joyn Forces to publiſh a little, as he calls it.

Mal. Faith, *Jack Truman*, with all my Heart, now I have him on my ſide, I dare lay any thing——*Frank Goodvile*——pugh.

Goodv. Sir, I ſhall require a better account of this hereafter.

L. *Squeam.* Lord, Mr. *Truman*, what ails Mr. *Goodvile?* how happen'd this difference?——I'll ſwear I am ſtrangely ſurpriz'd.

Trum. Your Ladiſhip, I ſuppoſe, can beſt give an account how matters are with him: I am apt to believe he has been very free with you.

L. *Squeam.* Dear Sir, what do you mean? I'll ſwear you are a ſcandalous Perſon.

Goodv. Sir, ſince you are ſo rough, be pleaſed not to concern your ſelf with the Honour of this Lady; you may have enough to doe, if you dare juſtify your own to morrow.

Trum. If I dare?——nay Sir, ſince you queſtion it, I'll convince you preſently;—Draw. [*They fight.*

Enter Valentine.

Val. Hold, hold, what's the Matter here?——*Jack Truman, Frank Goodvile*, for ſhame put up.

Enter Mrs. Goodvile.

Mrs. *Goodv.* Where is this perfidious falſe Man? where is Mr. *Goodvile?* So Sir, I have found now the Originall of all my Misfortunes: I have a Rivall it ſeems; *Victoria*, the happy *Victoria* poſſeſſed all my Joys: What, have you been fighting too for the Honour of your Miſtreſs?——here, come kill me: Would I had been laid in my Grave, e're I had known thy odious polluted Bed.

Goodv. 'Sdeath, I thought ſhe had been in her Chamber this hour at leaſt:——'Tis true my Dear, I muſt own a Kindneſs for *Victoria*, as my Kinſwoman; but———

Mrs. *Goodv.* How! dare you own it? and to my Face too? matchleſs Impudence! let me come at him, that I may tear out thoſe hot laſcivious glowing Eyes that wander after every Beauty in their Way:——Oh! that I could blaſt him with a Look!——Was my Love ſo deſpicable, to be abandon'd for *Victoria!* The thought of it makes me mad: I'll indure it no longer, I will have Revenge, or I'll dye! Oh!

Trum. Delicate Diſſimulation! how I love her!

Goodv. Dear Madam, hear me ſpeak——Madam, I ſay that——

Mrs. *Goodv.* I know you cannot want an Excuſe; Diſſimulation and Falſhood have been your Practice:——But that you ſhould wrong me with *Victoria*, a Woman that for the ſake of your Relation I had made my Friend, (for every Thing that was ally'd to you was dear to me) is an Injury ſo great, that it diſtracts my Reaſon;——I could pardon any Thing but my wrong'd Love.——Let me be gone; ſend me to a Nunnery; confine me to a Charnel Houſe, Vile Ungrateful Wretch! any Thing but thy Preſence I can endure.

Goodv. Is there every Way ſo damn'd a Creature as a Wife?——Lord Madam, do you know what you do?

Mrs. *Goodv.* I'll warrant it, you would perſwade me I am mad;——Would I had been born a Fool, I might then have been happy; patiently have paſs'd over the many tedious Nights I have endured in your Abſence; contented my ſelf with Prayers for your Safety.

Mal. O Lord; Prayers!

Mrs. *Goodv.* When you in the very inſtant, were languiſhing in the Arms of a Proſtitute.

Goodv. Lord, Madam, I thought you had been in your Chamber now.——Curſe on her, what ſhall I do!

Mrs. *Goodv.* 'Tis a ſign you believe me ſafe enough; you would not certainly elſe have the Impudence to have brought a new Miſtreſs under my Noſe:——I ſee there how guilty ſhe ſtands——have you a Stomoch ſo hot that it can digeſt Carrion, that has been buzz'd about and blown upon by all the Flies in the Town? or was it the fantaſticalneſs of your Appetite, to try how ſo courſe a Diſh would reliſh, after being cloyed with better feeding?——Nay, Sir, I have been inform'd of all——

Val. Has then your Vertuous Ladiſhip been taking a little Love and Air with Mr. *Goodvile* this Evening. [*To La.* Squeamiſh.

Goodv. Well, ſhe has dealt with the Devil, that's certain;——a Pox on't, I ſee there's no living for me on this ſide of the World:——Go, let the Coach be made ready; I'le into the Country.

Mrs. *Goodv.* Nay, Sir, I know my preſence has always been uneaſie to you: Day and Night you are from me, or if ever you come home, 'tis with an aking Head, and heavy Heart, which *Victoria* only has Charms enough to cure. This in the firſt Year of our Marriage! nay, and to own it! proclaim your own Falſhood, and my diſgraceful Injury in the Face of the World, when *Malagene* too, the Trumpet of all the Scandal in the Town, was by to be a Witneſs; 'twas very diſcreetly done, and doubtleſs will be a Secret long.

Goodv. Whirr,——nay, ſince it is ſo, what the Devil ſhould I ſtrive to ſmother my good Actions——Well, if you will have it ſo, Madam, *Victoria* has been my Miſtreſs, is my Miſtreſs, and ſhall be my Miſtreſs, and what a Pox would you have more? and ſo God-b'ye to you.

Enter Sir Noble Clumſey, Caper *and* Saunter.

Sir *Noble.* How's this! who's that ſpeaks diſhonourably of my Love, and Lady that ſhall be, *Victoria?* Before *George* ſhe's a Queen, and whoever ſays to the contrary, I'le firſt make him eat my Sword, and then beat out his Teeth with the Hilts of it.

Caper. Oh! dear Madam, yonder's all the Town in Maſquerade; won't you walk in? they'll be gone if they ſee no Company; *Jack Truman*, dear *Jack*, prithee go and take one friſk:——as I hope to be ſaved, there are

Three or Four the fineſt Ladies, the delicateſt ſhaped Women; I am ſure I know 'em all.

Trum. Sir, I wiſh you good Fortune, but I dare not venture, you know my Temper; I ſhall be very boiſterous and miſtake 'em for Whores, tho if they be of your Acquaintance I know they muſt be of Quality.

Caper. I Gad, and ſo they are; but Mum for that:——One of 'em is ſhe that gave me this Ring; and the other preſented me with a Gold enamelled Watch could not coſt leſs than Thirty Guinnies;——Trifles, *Jack*, which I have the Fortune to meet withal ſometimes.

Saun. Nay Sir, you muſt not come off ſo——*Victoria* your Miſtreſs!

Goodv. Yes Sir, and how you are concern'd at it?

Saun. Nay Sir, I can be as civil as any Body——*Victoria* your Miſtreſs!

Goodv. 'Sdeath you Coxcomb, mind your ſinging, do you hear, and play the Fool by your ſelf, or——

Saun. Sing Sir? ſo I can, *Fa La Da La La*, &c. *Victoria* your Miſtreſs!

Goodv. Yes Sir, I ſay my Miſtreſs.

Sir *Noble.* Ounds then draw.

Val. Hold Sir *Noble*, you are too furious: what's the matter?

Caper. Why, how now *Saunter?* How doſt doe dear Heart.——Sir, this Gentleman's my Friend, and——

Goodv. Was ever Man ſo overwhelmed with Fools and Blockheads? Why, you ill-order'd, Addle-pated, waddling Brace of Puppies:——You Fool in the firſt Place ſing and be ſafe——and you ſlight Grashopper dance and divert me: Dance Sirrah, do you hear?

Caper. Dance Sir? and ſo I think I can Sir, and fence, and play at Tennis, and make Love, and fold up a Billet-Doux, or any thing better than you Sir: Dance quoth a—there Sir.

Mrs. *Goodv.* Nay Sir *Noble*, not only ſo, but own'd and boaſted of it to my Face: Told me——

Sir *Noble.* Soul of my Honour, 'tis unpardonable; and I'le eat his Heart for it.

Goodv. Dear raw Head and bloody Bones, be patient a little.—See, ſee you Beagles, Game for you, freſh Game; that great Towſer has ſtarted it already; on, on, on, halloo, halloo, halloo. [*Thruſts 'em at his Wife, and Exit.*

L. *Squeam.* But dear Mr. *Caper*, Maſqueraders did you ſay! I'le ſwear I'le among 'em; ſhall I not have your Company? Oh! dear Maſqueraders! I'le vow I can ſtay no longer. [*Exit haſtily.*

Val. Curſe on her, ſhe's gone and has prevented me;——*Caper*, *Saunter*, did you not hear my Lady call you? She's gone to the Maſqueraders, for ſhame follow her; ſhe'll take it ill you did not wait on her.

Saun. Faith *Caper*, and ſo ſhe will. Well, I am reſolv'd to marry *Victoria* for fear of the worſt:——Madam, your moſt devoted Servant: I hope our Difference with Mr. *Goodvile* to Night——

Mrs. *Goodv.* Dear Sir, it needs no excuſe.

Caper. My reſentments, Madam——

Trum. You are too ceremonious, Gentlemen, and my Lady will fear ſhe has loſt you.

Caper. Dear *Jack*, as I told thee before, I muſt bring thee acquainted with thoſe Ladies.

Saun. Prithee put on a Maſque, and come among us, *Jack*, Faith do.

Trum. Sirs, I'le wait on you in a Moment.

Both. Dear Soul adieu. [*Embracing him.*

[Exeunt *Singing and Dancing.*

Trum. Theſe Coxcombs, Madam, came in a good Time; they were never ſeaſonable before.

Mrs. *Goodv.* Diſeaſes and Viſitations are neceſſary ſometimes to ſweep away the noiſome Crowds that infeſt and incumber the World.

Malag. As I often ſaid I muſt publiſh, I muſt ſpread; and ſo God-b'ye to you. [*Exit.*

Enter Lettice.

Lettice. Oh! Madam, yonder's my Maſter raving for his Coach: Sayes he'l into the Country preſently: Has given order to diſperſe the Company; what will you do?

Mrs. *Goodv.* Let him go, 'twere pity to hinder him:—Ha, ha, ha, into the Country? I'd as ſoon believe he would turn Capuchin.

Trum. But, Madam, it was inhumanly done, to come your ſelf upon him: One would have thought that I had uſed him bad enough, for the wiſe Miſtake he made of *Victoria*.

Mrs. *Goodv.* I would not have miſs'd it for the World. Now would he come on his Knees for Compoſition; and if I do not bring him to it within theſe four Hours——

Trum. Why Madam, what will ye do?

Mrs. *Good.* Put on all the notorious Affectations and ridiculous Impertinencies that ever the moſt eminent of our Sex have ſtudied, or the Coxcombs of your Sex admired; then of a ſudden ſeem to grow fond of both thoſe Clincant Fools, which I am ſure he of all things loaths; yet do it too ſo forc'dly, that he himſelf ſhall find it only intended to give him Vexation.

Trum. Have you then malitiouſly deſigned, in ſpite of Nature, to keep me conſtant?

Mrs. *Goodv.* Which you will be ſure to be.

Trum. A dozen new freſh young unſeen Beauties, and the Devil himſelf in the Rear of 'em, cannot make me otherwiſe; I never really Lov'd or Liv'd till now. There is nothing I'de not wiſh to be, except the very Husband himſelf, rather then loſe you.

Enter Valentine *and* Camilla.

Val. Jack Truman!

Trum. Well *Ned*, what's the matter?

Val. Treaſon, *Truman;* your being here with Mrs. *Goodvile* I fear is diſcovered; I heard ſome ſuch Thing whiſper'd among the Maſqueraders, and *Goodvile* himſelf ſeems ſuddenly alter'd; I would adviſe you to come and ſhew your ſelf, and make the beſt on't.

Mrs. *Goodv.* Let me alone; I'le ſecure all, I'le warrant you. I'm ſure he can have no poſitive Proofs: I'le inſtantly go and put all things in a Confuſion, contradict all the Orders he has given for going into the Country; ſhut up myſelf in my Chamber, and not hear a Word of him till he comes upon ſubmiſſion;——*Lettice*, follow me to my Chamber preſently. [*Exit.*

Trum. Right exquiſite Woman and Wife, good Luck attend thee. [*Ex.*

Lettice. Well, my Lady certainly of a young Lady knows her Buſineſs, and underſtands the managing of a Husband the beſt of any Woman in the World: I'le ſwear ſhe is an ingenious Perſon: Forty Ladies now, at ſuch an accident, would have been hurry'd and afraid, and the poor waiting Woman muſt have been ſent forward and backward, and backward and forward to hearken and inquire; but ſhe ſhews all her changes in a motion.

Enter Goodvile.

Goodv. How now *Lettice?* Where's your Lady?

Lettice. Within Sir, in her Chamber.

Goodv. Are you ſure of it?

Lettice. She commanded me to follow her thither but now.

Goodv. Is ſhe alone there?

Lettice. Ay Sir, I'le aſſure you ſhe ſeldome deſires Company——But I muſt haſten and follow her.

Goodv. Stay a little, are ye ſure ſhe was in the Houſe, before this Diſturbance happen'd in the Garden?

Lettice. Sure Sir! why I my ſelf was at the Chamber-Window with her, when firſt ſhe heard you exclaim againſt Madam *Victoria!* Poor Creature, I was afraid ſhe would have fallen down dead on the floor: I catch'd her in my Arms, begg'd her on my knees not to run out; but ſhe would hear nothing but ſpight of force broke from me, and came hither with all that Impatience and Rage the too ſenſible Reſentment of your Unkindneſs had rais'd in her.

Goodv. Get you in preſently, do you hear; and take no notice of what I have ſaid to you, as you tender your well-being.

Lettice. Yes Sir;——but if I conceal a Word of it, may I never ſerve *London* Lady again, but be condemn'd to be a Country-Chamber-Maid, and kill fleas as long as I live.

Goodv. If I ſhould have been in the wrong all this while, and miſtaken my own dear Wife for *Victoria!*——Ah! Curſe on this hot Head of mine! Pox on't, it is impoſſible! Yet that miſchievous Rogue *Malagene* was all the while in the Garden, and he has been at his Doubts and Ambiguities, and may-be's with me;——By this Light I am a Cuckold, an arrant rank ſtinking Cuckold.

Enter Victoria.

Vict. What will become of me! whither ſhall I fly to hide my Misfortune? Oh! that I might never ſee the Light again, but be for ever conceal'd in theſe Shades.

Goodv. Dear *Victoria*, is't you? be free with me; were you really in the Garden before to night, or no?

Vict. I have not been out of the Houſe ſince it was dark till this Minute, nor had I come hither now, but that I am deſtitute where to conceal my ſelf from the malitious Eyes and Tongues of thoſe, to whom your Baſeneſs has given an Opportunity of triumphing over my Misfortune and ruin'd Honour.

Goodv. Be not ſo outragious; I'le reconcile all yet.

Vict. Which Way is't poſſible? By to morrow morning your very Footmen will have it in their Mouths; and *Malagene*, that keeps an Office of Intelligence for all the Scandal in Town, will be ſpreading it among his Coffee-houſe Companions, and at the Play whiſper it to the Orange-Women, who ſhall make a fulſome Jeſt of it to the next Coxcomb that comes in half drunk to loll and play, and be nauſeouſly lewd with 'em in publick.

Goodv. I tell thee it ſhall not be; *Malagene*'s my Creature, or at leaſt henceforth I'le make him ſo: I have reaſons for it, and to believe alſo that my Wife, my own delicate damn'd Wife, was the ſame I miſtook for you in the Garden to Night.

Vict. 'Tis true, I was at the ſame Time to ſee for her in her Chamber, and ſhe was not there; but cannot believe her in the leaſt guilty of what you ſeem to accuſe her of.

Goodv. Confound her!——ſhe's an exquiſite Jilt, thorough pac'd, and practis'd in all the cunning Arts and Sleights of Falſhood: 'Sdeath how I could mince her! But here comes *Malagene*, he knows all, and I'le make him confeſs all, or I'll murder him.

Enter Malagene.

Well, Sir, what ſay you to this Matter?

Malag. Faith, Bully, I think my dear Kinſwoman has maul'd you to ſome purpoſe; I'le ſay this for her, ſhe has the true Blood of the *Malagene*'s in her: To lol dara lal, *&c.*

Goodv. What is't you mean, Fool? Be plain and unfold your ſelf.

Malag. Why, you muſt know *Frank* having a particular Eſteem for my Family, (the neareſt Relation of which I would go fifty Miles to ſee hang'd) I do think her as very a——But no more,——Mum dear Heart, Mum I ſay.

Goodv. What's that you ſay, Sir? what do you think my Wife?

Malag. Ay what, *Frank?* what now?

Goodv. Nay, Sir, that you muſt reſolve me.

Malag. Why then I'le tell thee *Frank*; doſt thou really think I love thee?

Goodv. I know you'll ſay ſo Sir, becauſe you fear me.

Malag. Then prithee do ſo much as lend me ten Guinies for a day or two.

Goodv. Oh Sir to the purpoſe, to the purpoſe; be brief.

Malag. Nay then, Mum I ſay again.

Goodv. Will you never leave vexing me with you Impertinence? Muſt I always be forc'd to uſe you ill, to bring you to good manners?

Malag. Faith Child, I am loth to make Miſchief; I have been a very wicked ill-natur'd impudent Fellow, that's the Truth on't; but I find I loſe my ſelf by it; the very Poets themſelves that were wont to ſtand in awe of me, care not a louſe for me now; and there's not a common Whore in Town, but calls me Rogue and Raſcal to my Face, as impudently as if I were her Pimp.

Goodv. Therefore Sir reſolve to turn honeſt, and be just to your Friend.

Malag. The Devil take me *Frank*, if thou art not a very impertinent Fellow:——Know! why, who ſhould know better than your ſelf? hah!

Goodv. Here are five Guinies for you, upon Condition you make a full and true Relation of all you have diſcover'd this night.

Malag. I'le do't; down with your duſt.

Goodv. What will not this Rakehel do to borrow Money? I knew him make Love to a Chamber-Maid till he had borrow'd Five Pounds of her at half a Crown a time.

Malag. Well *Frank Goodvile*, you may think as you pleaſe of me; but hang me like a Dog if I am not a very honeſt Fellow in my heart:——You would have me deal freely with you, you ſay, in this Buſineſs?

Goodv. I would ſo, Sir or I ſhall deal very roughly with you.

Malag. And you lent me theſe five Guinies to that purpoſe?

Goodv. You are much in the right, Sir.

Malag. Then to make ſhort of the Matter; thou art as arrant a poor ſilly Cuckold as one would wiſh to drink withal, and Confound me if I ſhall not be aſham'd of thy Company.

Goodv. Confounded Whore!——Oh for a Legion of Devils to hurry her to Hell, and that I had but the driving of 'em.

Malag. Nay, nay, Man ſince 'tis ſo, never be angry for the matter. What a Pox, you thought to put the Miſtreſs upon *Truman*! *Truman* has put the Cuckold upon you; *Valentine* has been Pimp in the Buſineſs; and the Devil take me if I don't think my ſelf the honeſteſt Fellow amongſt you.

Vict. Now, Sir, conſider what a wretched thing you made me.

Goodv. No more; I'm thine, and here I ſeal my Heart to thee for ever.

Malag. Well *Frank*, can I ſerve thee any further in this Buſineſs?

Goodv. That, Sir, is as time ſhall try: And to convince you how fit I think you for my Purpoſe, I know you are a Raſcal not to be truſted: Therefore obſerve it, if you offer to ſtir beyond the Limits I ſet you, at that very inſtant I'le Murder you.

Malag. Prthee talk not to me of Limits and Murdering, I hope you take me Sir (under the Roſe) for no Fool: And what a Pox do you think to make of me?

Goodv. A Spaniel to hunt and ſet the Game I mean to take: Oh! *Malagene*, there will be miſchief, *Malagene*, and new ripe freſh Scandal to treat of: I know it is an Office thou lov'ſt, and therefore do it to oblige thee.

Malag. I'faith, and ſo I do with all my Heart: But *Frank*, I don't know how this Buſineſs will be brought about well: I have promis'd to meet two or three hearty old Souls to morrow at Dinner, to Swear and Drink, and talk Baudy and Treaſon together for an Hour or two; they are all Atheiſts, and very honeſt Fellows.

Goodv. O Sir, you may be hang'd in good time: But for this preſent occaſion I muſt uſe you: *Victoria*, do you with all your utmoſt Art diſſemble but the leaſt knowledg of what has happen'd to Night: And Sir, do you keep ſtill that lying ſnearing ugly merry Face which you always wear when you deſign Miſchief: I'le pretend this morning to purſue my Deſign of going into the Country; then when they are in the height of their pleaſures and aſſurance of their ſafety, return and ſurprize 'em.

Vict. But do you believe, Sir, that you can utterly abandon all ſenſe of your paſt Love and Tenderneſs for a Woman who has been ſo dear to you? You will be apt to relapſe again.

Goodv. I will ſooner return to my Vomit: I am rather glad of the Occaſion to be rid of ſo troubleſome uneaſie a burden: A Wife after a Year, like a Garment that has been worn too long, hangs looſe and awkwardly on a Man, and grows a Scandal to him that wears it.

Vict. But can you then reſolve to quit and diſown her for ever?

Goodv. For ever, my *Victoria!*——No more, but ſtraight go to thy Chamber, and wait for the happy Iſſue;——You Sir keep cloſe to me.——Quit her! as chearfully as I would a Shooe that wrings me. Then how looſely ſhall I move,

Free and unbounded taſte the ſweets of Life!
Love where I pleaſe, and know no more the ſtrife
That's bred by that Domeſtick Plague call'd Wife.

[Exeunt.

THE FIFTH ACT.

SCENE Victoria's *Chamber.*

Enter Victoria.

Vict. NOW I am ſatisfi'd I muſt be wretched! Oh Love! Unhappy Womens Curſe, and Mens ſlight Game to paſs their idle time at: I find too in my ſelf the common Companion of Infamy, Malice. Has *Goodvile's* Wife ever wrong'd me? Never. Why then ſhould I conſpire to betray her? No, let my Revenge light wholly on that falſe perjur'd Man; as he has deceiv'd and ruin'd me, I'll play falſe with him, make my ſelf privy to his whole Deſign of ſurprizing *Truman* and his Wife together: Then like a true Mrs. betray his Counſels to her, that ſhe like a true Wife may ſpight of his Teeth deceive him quite, and ſo I have the pleaſure of ſeeing him a feal'd ſtigmatiz'd fond believing Cuckold; 'twill at leaſt be ſome eaſe to me. Here he comes equip't and prepar'd for the pretended Journey.

Enter Goodvile *and Boy.*

Goodv. Go bid the Coachman haſten, and get all things ready; I am uneaſy till I am gone. 'Tis time we were ſet out.

The Wolves have prey'd; and look, the gentle Day,
Before the Wheels of Phœbus, *all about*
Dapples the Drouſie Eaſt with Spots of Gray.

Wife! adieu dear Wife. Ah my *Victoria*, up already? ſo diligent to wiſh me a happy Journey? Certainly my good Angel is like thee, and whenſoever I err muſt meet me in thy Shape, and with ſuch Softneſs ſmile and direct me.

Vict. *As thoſe whom Will with Wiſp bewitches*
Through Bogs, through Hedges and Ditches.

Goodv. No, thou haſt led me out of the crooked froward Road of Matrimony, into the pleaſant eaſie Path of Love, where I can never loſe my way, and muſt be always happy. But where's *Malagene?*

Vict. Below with Sir *Noble*. Whilſt the Butler was aſleep, they ſtole the Key from him: And there they are with the Fat-Red-Fac'd Fiddler that plays upon the Baſs, ſitting croſs-leg'd upon the Floor, ſtript to their Shirts, and drinking Bawdy Healths.

Goodv. That fulſome Rogue will ruin all our Buſineſs. See here what

I have diſcover'd; juſt now in the private Corner of a Window, (a place I ſuppoſe appointed for the purpoſe) I found this Billet to my ſweet Wife.

Reads. *If* Goodvil *goes out of Town this Morning, let me know it, that I may wait on you, and tell you the reſt of my Heart, for you do not know how much I love you yet.* Truman.

Now if I am not a Cuckold, let any honeſt Wittall judge, ha, ha, ha. How it pleaſes me! Blood! Fire! and Daggers!

Vict. But, Sir, what do you reſolve on?

Goodv. As I told Thee, inſtantly to pretend a Journey out of Town, and return and ſurprize 'em; for I am ſure they'l not be long aſunder when I am out of the way: Oh! this Billet is a very honeſt Billet, and I know won't lie. But why ſhould I ſpend my time in talking of what but vexes me, when Pleaſures are ſo near me? Come my *Victoria*, take me to thy arms, a Moment's Joy with thee would ſweeten Years of Cares. The Devil——

Enter Mrs. Goodvile *and* Lettice.

Mrs. *Goodv.* Good-Morning to you, Sir.

Goodv. Good Night to you, Madam.

Mrs. *Goodv.* How ſo, Sir?

Goodv. Why good Night, or good Morrow 'tis all one; Ceremony is the leaſt thing I take care of: You ſee I am buſie.

Mrs. *Goodv.* I muſt confeſs, conſidering the humble Duty of a Wife, 'tis ſomething rude in me to interrupt you; but I hope when you know my Intentions, you'll pardon me. They were only to take a civil Leave of you: I find you are preparing for the Country, Sir.

Goodv. Ay! a little Air will be very ſeaſonable at preſent, Madam; I ſhall grow rank elſe, and all the Company I keep will ſmell me out.

Mrs. *Goodv.* Oh! what joy will fill each neighbouring Village, to hear our Landlord's Honour's coming down. The Bells ſhall jangle out of Tune all Day; and at Night the Curate of the Hamlet comes in the Name of the whole Pariſh to bid his Patron welcome into the Country, and invite himſelf the next Lords Day to Dinner.

Goodv. I am glad to ſee you ſo pleaſant, Madam.

Mrs. *Goodv.* Then the next Morning our Tenant's dainty Daughter is ſent with a Preſent of Pippins of the largeſt Size, cull'd by the good old Drudg her Mother, which ſhe delivers with a Curt'ſie, and bluſhes in expectation of what his VVorſhip will beſtow upon her.

Goodv. Oh Madam, let not any Thoughts of that nature diſturb you; I ſhall leave all my wanton Inclinations here, and only pleaſe myſelf when I am there ſometimes to contemplate your Ladiſhip's Picture in the Gallery.

Mrs. *Goodv.* Then come the Country Squires, and their Dogs, the cleanlier ſort of Creatures of the Two: Strait w' are invited to the noble Hunt, and not a Deer in all the Foreſt's ſafe.

Goodv. No Madam: No horned Beaſt ſhall ſuffer for my Pleaſure: I am lately grown a Philoſopher, Madam; and find, we ought not to hurt our fellow Creatures.

Mrs. *Goodv.* What is the reaſon that you uſe me thus?

Goodv. What is't I would not do to purchaſe quietneſs? Your injurious Suſpicions of me were intolerable, but the Wrongs your Jealouſy has done *Victoria*——

Mrs. *Goodv.* I jealous of *Victoria!* No. Tho' my Paſſion laſt Night made me extravagant, when I diſcover'd you with that naughty Lady *Squeamiſh*, which I can eaſily forgive, if you'll but promiſe to forget her: For I am confident it was your firſt Tranſgreſſion.

Goodv. Very quaint and pretty.

Mrs. *Goodv.* Yet I am too well ſatisfy'd of *Victoria*'s Vertue, for ſhe's my Friend; and though I ſhou'd ſee her in your Arms, I cou'd not harbour ſuch a Thought. No, *Victoria*, you muſt love me, and I'le love you; you ſhall call me your Love, and I'le call you my Dear, and we'll always go to the Play together, and to the Park together, and every where together; and when Mr. *Goodvile*'s out of Town, we'l lie together.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, the Coach is ready.

Goodv. You think Madam, you have a fine eaſie Fool to play withal, but the gayneſs of your Face is too thin to hide the rancour of your Heart; and ſo my dear jocund witty Devil Wife, I take my leave of you, never more from this Minute to look on you.

Mrs. *Goodv.* Are you then inexorable? Relentleſs, cruel Man!

Goodv. Good eaſie melting kind-hearted Woman, farewel. [*Exit.*

Mrs. *Goodv.* Ah wretched me!

Lettice. My Lady ſwoons. Dear Madam *Victoria*, haſten and bring my Maſter back again; you can do any thing with him. [*Ex.* Victoria.

Mrs. *Goodv.* No, no, *Lettice!* Let him alone, art thou ſure he's gone?

Lettice. I hope ſo, Madam.

Mrs. *Goodv.* Then ſo ſoon as I am return'd to my Chamber, be ſure you go your ſelf to Mr. *Truman*, and tell him if he has nothing elſe to do he may come hither to Day.

Enter Victoria.

Vict. There is no prevailing with him, he cries aloud his Houſe is infected, and that no Man that values his Health will ſtay in it. My Lady *Squeamiſh* too is arriv'd juſt as he left the Door; I am ſure ſhe'l come in; will you ſee her Madam?

Mrs. *Goodv.* Oh I am ſick at the very name of her: Let all the Doors be barr'd againſt her, and Gunpowder under each Threſhold-place, ready to blow her up, if ſhe but offer an entrance. *Lettice*, lend me your Hand a little: I'l to my Chamber inſtantly: Oh my Head! [*Ex. with* Let.

Vict. This Management of hers ſo charms me, that I can almoſt forget all the Miſchief ſhe has done me: 'tis true ſhe reproacht me, but 'twas done ſo handſomely, that I doubly deſerv'd it to have taken notice of it.

Enter L. Squeamiſh.

L. *Squeam.* Oh Dear *Victoria*, what will become of me! I am loſt and undone for ever: Oh I ſhall die, I ſhall die! the Lord of my Heart, the Jewel of my Soul is falſe to me.

Vict. What ails your Ladiſhip? Surely ſhe's diſtracted.

L. *Squeam.* Oh *Goodvil*, *Goodvil!* the falſe, cruel, remorſeleſs *Goodvil!* I came juſt as his Coach was parting from the Door, yet he would not ſpeak to me, would hardly ſee me, but away he drove, and ſmiling mockt my Sorrows.

Vict. Alas! Her Ladiſhip is paſſionate, as I live very paſſionate.

L. *Squeam.* So *Theſeus* left the wretched *Ariadne* on the ſhoar; ſo fled the falſe *Æneas* from his *Dido*.

Vict. What could you expect leſs of him, Madam? Falſhood is his Province: Your Ladiſhip ſhould have made choice of a civil ſober diſcreet Perſon; but *Goodvil* you know is a Spark, a very Spark.

L. *Squeam.* That, that has been my ruine; it was therefore I adore him: What Woman would doat on a dull melancholy Aſs, becauſe ſhe might be ſure of him? No, a Spark is my Life, my Darling, the Joy of my Soul. Oh how I doat on a Spark? I could live and die with a Spark. *Victoria*, I make you a Confident, and you muſt pardon me for robbing you of Mr. *Goodvile:* Come, come, I know all.

Vict. Your Ladiſhip knows more then all the World beſides.

L. *Squeam.* And as I was ſaying, A Spark is the deareſt thing to me in the World; I have had Acquaintance I think with all the Sparks. Well; one of 'em that you know was a ſweet Perſon: Oh he danc'd, and ſung, and dreſt to a Miracle, and then he ſpoke *French* as if he had been bred all his life time at *Paris*, and admir'd every thing that was *French:* Beſides, he would look ſo languiſhingly, and liſp ſo prettily when he talkt; and then never wanted Diſcourſe: I'l ſwear he has entertain'd me two Hours together with the deſcription of an Equipage.

Vict. That muſt needs be very charming.

L. *Squeam.* But Mr. *Goodvile* was a Wit too: Oh I never had a Wit before, for to ſpeak the Truth, now I think on't better, all my Lovers have been a little fooliſh I'l ſwear, ha, ha, ha!

[*Sir* Noble *and* Malagene *at the Door drunk.*

Malag. Scour, ſcour, ſcour.

Sir *Noble.* Down goes the Main-Maſt, down, down, down. [*They enter.*] *Malagene*, roar, roar, and raviſh, here are Punks in beaten Sattin, Sirrah; Termagant, triumphant, firſt-rate Punks, you Rogue.

Vict. How came theſe Ruffians here?

Sir *Noble.* Ruffians! do you know who you talk to Madam? I am a civill, ſober, diſcreet Perſon; and come particularly to embrace thy lovely Body.

Malagene. Look you, Madam, make no noiſe about this matter. This is a Perſon of Quality and a Friend of mine, therefore pray be civill.

L. *Squeam.* Has Mr. *Goodvile* left no Footmen at home to cudgell ſuch Fops? Fogh——how like drunken journy-men Tailors they look?

Malag. Journey-men, Madam! hold there! none of your Ladiſhip's Journey-men, that's one Comfort! Woe to the poor Devil that is, I ſay.

L. *Squeam.* Were Mr. *Goodvile* at home you durſt not talk thus, you ſcandalous Fellow.

Malag. Goodvile ſay you——hark you my Dear were he here in Perſon, I would firſt of all decently kick him out of Doors, then turn up thy Keel and diſcover here to thy Kinſman what a leaky veſſel thou art.

Sir *Noble.* Why, what is that *Goodvile?* will he wreſtle? or will he box for 50*l.* Look you, this Fellow is my Pimp. 'Tis true, his Countenance is none of the beſt: But he's a neat Lad, and keeps good Company.

Malag. Hark you, *Knight;* you'll bear me out in this Buſineſs, *Knight:* For under the Roſe, I have Apprehenſion, that this Carcaſe of mine may ſuffer elſe.

Sir *Noble.* No more of that Rogue! no more. Take notice good People, this Civil Perſon ſhall marry my Siſter; ſhe is a pretty hopefull Lady—Truly ſhe is not full thirteen—but ſhe has had two Children already, Odd's heart.

Vict. Ridiculous Oaff!

Sir *Noble.* Come let us talk Baudy.

Vict. I'll call thoſe ſhall talk with you preſently. [*Ex.* Vict.

Sir *Noble.* Wheugh——ſhe's gone.

L. *Squeam.* Beaſt! Brute! Barbarian! Sot!

Sir *Noble.* Oh law! my Aunt! what have I done now? Madam, as I hope to be—— [*Runs againſt her, and almoſt beats her backward.*

L. *Squeam.* Oh help! I am murder'd! Oh my Head!

Sir *Noble.* Nay, Lady, that was no fault of mine: You ſhall ſee I'll keep my diſtance, and (as I was ſaying) if I have offended——

[*Reels againſt a Table and throws down a China Jar, and ſeveral little China Diſhes.*

L. *Squeam.* Oh inſufferable! quickly, quickly, a Porter and Basket to carry out this Swine to a Dunghill.

Sir *Noble*. Look you Madam, no harm! no harm! you ſhall ſee me behave my ſelf notably yet—as for example—ſuppoſe now—ſuppoſe this the Door. [*Goes to the Door.*
Very well; thus then I move.——
[*Steps forward and leaves his Peruke on one of the Hinges.*
Hah, who was that? Rogues! Dogs! Sons of Whores!

Enter Servants.

1 *Ser*. Such as we are Sir, you ſhall find us at your ſervice.
Sir *Noble*. Murder, Murder, Murder!——
Malag. Where there is ſuch odds, a Man may with Honour retire and ſteal off. [*Ex*. Mal.

Enter Caper *and* Saunter.

Caper. Where is this Raſcall? this Coxcomb? this Fop? how dare you come hither, Sir, to affront Ladies and Perſons of Quality?
Sir *Noble*. Sir, your humble Servant: did you ſee my Perriwig?
Caper. Sir, you are an Aſs; and never wore Perriwig in your Life: Jernié, what a Buſh of Bryars and Thorns is here? The Mane of my Lady *Squeamiſh*'s Shock is a Chedreux to it.
Sir *Noble*. Why, Sir, I know who made it. He was an honeſt Fellow and a Barber, and one that lov'd Muſick and Poetry.
Saun. How Sir!
Caper. But, Sir, come cloſe to the Buſineſs: How durſt you treat Ladies ſo rudely as we ſaw you but now? Anſwer to that, and tell not us of Muſick and Poetry.
Sir *Noble*. Why, he had all *Weſtminſter* Drollery and *Oxford* Jeſts at his Fingers ends. And for the Cittern, if ever *Troy* Town were a Tune, he maſter'd it upon that Inſtrument, when he was our Butler in the Country: An old Maid of my Grandmother's took great Delight in him for it.
Saun. But, Sir, this is nothing to our Buſineſs.
Sir *Noble*. Buſineſs! hang Buſineſs! I hate a Man of Buſineſs: If you'll drink or Whore, break Windows or commit murther, I am for you.
Caper. Sir, will you fight?
Sir *Noble*. Fight! with whom? for what?
Caper. With me.
Saun. With me.
Sir *Noble*. Ay Sir, with all my Heart; I love fighting, Sir.
Saun. Ay Sir, will you fight? do you think you dare fight?
Sir *Noble*. Why, you ſweet perfum'd Jeſſimine-Knaves! you Rogues in Buckram! were there a Dozen of you I'd beat you out of your Artificiall Sweetneſs into your own natural Rankneſs. You Stinkards! ſhall I draw my *Cerberus* and cut you off, you gaudy Popinjaies?

Caper. This Fellow's mad, *Saunter!* ſtark mad, by *Jerico:* Dear *Knight*, how long haſt thou been in this Pickle ? this Condition, *Knight?* hah?

Sir *Noble.* What Pickle? what Condition, you Worms?

Saun. Ay, ay, 'tis ſo, the poor Devil muſt to *Bedlam: Bedlam*, Knight, the Mad-man's Hoſpital.

Sir *Noble.* What will become of you then, you Vermin? There's never an Hoſpital for Fools yet; Mercy on me if there were! how many handſom Fellows in this Town might be provided for? [*Fiddles play within.*

Caper. Hey-day, Fiddles!

Saun. Madam *Goodvile* hearing we were here, hath ſent for 'em on purpoſe to regale us.

Enter Mrs. Goodvile, *Lady* Squeamiſh *with the Fiddles playing*, Saunter *falls to ſing the Tune with 'em, and* Caper *dances to it.* Lettice.

Mrs. *Goodv.* Let my Servants take care that all the Doors ſtand open: I'll have Entrance deny'd to no one Fool in Town. Mr. *Caper* and Mr. *Saunter* here? then we can never want Company. Come, Madam, let us begin the Revels of the Day; I long to enjoy the Freedome I am Miſtreſs of. *Lettice*, try your Voice.

L. *Squeam.* Oh Madam! this gallant Spirit raviſhes me. Dear Mr. *Caper*, you and Mr. *Saunter* were born to be happy! Madam *Goodvile* has reſolv'd to Sacrifice this Day to Pleaſure——what ſhall we do with our ſelves?

Cap. Do, Madam! We'll dance for ever.

L. *Squeam.* Oh ay Dance.

Saun. And Sing.

L. *Squeam.* And Sing.

Both. And Love.

L. *Squeam.* Oh ay, Love! but Madam *Goodvile*, have you reſolv'd to wear the Willow, and be very Melancholy——ha, ha, ha——Fiddles! where are you? I cannot endure you ought of my ſight.

Mrs. *Good.* Willow! hang it, give it to Country Girles that ſigh for Clowns; and Melancholy is a Diſeaſe for Bank-rupt Beauty: I have yet a ſtock of Youth and Charmes, unſully'd by the hands of Age or Care;

And whilſt that laſts, what Woman would deſpair?

Sir *Noble.* In the mean time I'll ſcout out for a Doxy of my Acquaintance hard by, return in Triumph, and let *Victoria* go hang and deſpair

Sings.

To love is a Pleaſure Divine,
Yet I'll never ſigh or be ſad:
They are Coxcombs that languiſh and pine,
So long as Whores are to be had.—To daroli, darolda.

L. *Squeam.* Oh ſecure that deform'd Monſter, that Rebell of mine:

Fellows take care of him, and keep him up till I talk with him, and make him ſenſible of his Enormities.

Sir *Noble*. Slaves, Avaunt! If my Lady will have it ſo, I'll walk ſoberly into the Garden, and conſider of what is paſt. *To love is a Pleaſure*, &c. [*Ex. Sir* Noble.

Mrs. *Goodv*. *Lettice?*

Lettice. Madam.

Mrs. *Goodv*. Is Mr. *Truman* come?

Lettice. He'll be here preſently Madam.

Enter Page with a Letter.

Page. A Letter for your Ladiſhip.

Mrs. *Goodv*. Who brought it?

Page. A Porter brought it to the Door, Madam: But ſaid he had no Orders to ſtay for an Anſwer. [*Ex. Page.*

Mrs. *Goodv*. A Woman's Hand!

Reads. *Mr.* Goodvil's *Journey out of Town is but a Pretence: He is jealous of you and Mr.* Truman, *you will find him anon return'd in hopes to ſurprize you together. Though he has truſted me with the Secret, and oblig'd me to aſſiſt him in it; yet I would endeavour by this Diſcovery to perſwade you that I am your reall Servant*, Victoria.

Poſtſcript. Beware of *Malagene*, for he's appointed the Spy to betray you.

This is generouſly done, *Victoria*, and I'l ſtudy to deſerve it of thee: Now, if I plague not this wiſe jealous Husband of mine, let all Wives curſe me, and Cuckolds laugh at me! Fiddles! lead in! Mr. *Caper* and Mr. *Saunter*, pray wait on my Lady; and entertain her a little: I'l follow you preſently.

L. *Squeam*. Come Mr. *Caper* will you walk?

Caper. A Coranto Madam?

L. *Squeam*. Ay ten thouſand, ten thouſand, Mr. *Saunter*, I would be always near you two! Oh for a Grove now, and a purling Brook with that delightful charming Voice of yours! Come let us walk and ſtudy which way to divert our ſelves.

Caper. Allons! for Love and Pleaſure: By theſe Hands——

Saun. By thoſe Eyes——

L. *Squeam*. Oh no more! no more: I ſhall be loſt in happineſs! [*Exeunt.*

Mrs. *Goodv*. So, this Conſort of Fools ſhall be the Chorus to my Farce; now all the Malice, Ill-Nature, Falſhood and Hypocriſy of my Sex inſpire me. *Lettice!* ſee *Camilla* be ſent for inſtantly, ſhe ſhall join with me in my Revenge, ſhe has Reaſon; Mr. *Valentine*, I ſuppoſe, will be here with Mr. *Truman*.

Enter Mr. Truman.

Trum. And think you, Madam, he durſt not anſwer a fair Lady's Challenge without a Second?

Mrs. *Goodv.* You would pretend, I'l warrant you, to be very ſtout. You Hectors in Love are as errant Cheats as Hectors in fighting, that bluſter, rant, and make a Noiſe for the preſent; but when they come to the Bus'neſs, prove errant Daſtards, and good for nothing.

Trum. But, Madam, you ſhould find I dare do ſomething, would you but be civil and ſtand your Ground.

Mrs. *Goodv.* What think you tho of a Cut-throat Husband now behind the hangings? what would become of you then?

Trum. Whilſt I have ſuch Beauty on my ſide, nothing can hurt me.

Mrs. *Goodv.* Then, Sir, prepare your ſelf; Mr. *Goodvile* is really jealous, and miſtruſts all or more then has paſt between us. His Journey out of Town was but a Pretence, but we ſhall ſee him inſtantly in Expectation to catch us together.

Trum. Fear him not, Madam, theſe Moles that work under Ground are as blind as they are buſie: Let him run on in his dull Jealouſie, whilſt we ſtill find new Windings out, and loſe him in the Maze.

Mrs. *Goodv.* Then if you wiſh to preſerve me your's, join with me to Day in my Deſign, which is, if poſſible, to make him mad, work him up to the height of furious Suſpicion, and at that Moment when he thinks his Jealouſie moſt juſt, baffle him out of it: And let the World know how dull a Tool a Husband is, compar'd with that triumphant thing a VVife, and her Guardian Angel Lover.

Trum. But Mr. *Goodvil*, Madam, has VVit, and ſo good an opinion of it too——

Mrs. *Goodv.* 'Tis that ſhall be his Ruin: Were he a Fool, he were not worth the Trouble of deceiving.

Trum. Dear Jewel of my Soul, proceed then and proſper. But what must be my Part?

Mrs. *Goodv.* To ſecure *Malagene.* That ill-natur'd Villain has betray'd us, and is appointed by *Goodvil* chief Inſtrument in the Diſcovery: He has Cowardice enough to ſell his Soul to buy off a Beating: He never told Truth enough to be believ'd once ſo long as he lives. Get him but in your power, and he ſhall own more Villanies then ever were in his Thoughts to commit, or the neceſſity of our affair can invent to put upon him.

Trum. And I'l be ſure of him, or may I never taſte thoſe Lips again, but be condemn'd to caſt Miſtreſſes in the Side-Box at the Play-houſe, or what is worse, take up with a Sempſtreſs, and drudge for Cuffs and Cravats.

Enter Malagene.

Mrs. *Goodv.* Here he comes!

Trum. Oh Monſieur *Malagene*, welcome!

Malag. *Jack Truman*, your humble Servant.

Trum. Whither ſo faſt, I beſeech you, Sir! a word with you, a word with you.

Malag. Why, can I do any thing for thee? Haſt thou any Buſineſs for me? Prithee what is it?

Trum. Sir, you muſt lie for me.

Malag. Ha, ha, ha. Is that all?

Trum. Nay, Sir, you muſt.

Malag. Any thing in a civil Way or ſo, *Jack:* but nothing upon Compulſion, Lad: Prithee, let me do nothing upon Compulſion, prithee now.

Trum. Then Sir, to be brief, this is the Buſineſs: *Goodvil* I hear has been inform'd by you of what paſt in the Garden laſt Night; how durſt you be ſo impudent as to pry into my Secrets, where I was concern'd?

Malag. Why look you *Jack*, Curioſity you know, and a natural Inclination which I have——

Trum. To pimping.

Malag. Confound me, *Jack*, thou art much in the right: I believe thou art a Witch. I knew as well Man——

Trum. What did you know?

Malag. Why, I knew thee to be an arch Wag, and an honeſt Fellow: Ah Rogue, prithee kiſs me: the Rogue's out of Humour.

Trum. No, Sir; I dare not uſe you ſo like a Friend, you muſt deſerve it better firſt.

Malag. Look you *Jack*, the Truth of the Buſineſs is, I am beſpoke: But the Love I have to ſee the Buſineſs go forward may perſwade me to much.

Trum. Then preſently reſolve entirely to diſown and abjure all the Intelligence you gave *Goodvil*, or promiſe to your ſelf, that wherever next I meet you, I'l cut your Throat upon the Spot.

Malag. But hark you, *Jack*, how ſhall I come off with the Buſineſs? I ſhall be kick'd and us'd very ſcurvily: For the Truth is, I did tell——

Trum. What did you tell?

Malag. VVhy, I told him you Knave. I won't tell, you little cunning Cur, I told him all, man.

Trum. All, Sir?

Malag. Ay, hang me like a Dogg, all. But, Madam, you muſt pardon me, there was not a Word of it true.

Trum. And what do you think to do with your ſelf?

Malag. Do? why I'll deny it all again Man, every Word of it, as impudently as ever I at firſt affirmed it: May be he'l kick me, and beat me, and uſe me like a Dog, man——That's nothing, nothing at all, Man, I do not value it this. [*Pulls out a Jew's Trump. and plays.*

Trum. And this Sir, you'll ſtand to.

Malag. If I do not, hang me up for a Sign at a Bawdy-Houſe-Door: In the mean Time I'll retire and peruſe a young Lampoon, which I am lately the happy Father of.

Trum. Nay, Sir, you are not to ſtir from me.

Enter Lettice.

Lettice. Oh, Madam, ſhift for your ſelf. Madam *Victoria* ſent me to tell you that my Maſter is return'd, and that he pretends to come a Maſquerader.

Malag. VVell, ſince it muſt be ſo, I'l deny all indeed; what an excellent Fellow might I have been? Some Men now with my ſtock of honeſty, and a little more gravity, would have made a Fortune. VVell, I have been a lazy Rogue; and never knew till now that I was fit for Bus'neſs.

Mrs. *Goodv.* Mr. *Goodvil* in Maſquerade, ſay you?

Lettice. Yes, Madam, and two VVomen with him; Madam, they are juſt now alighted.

Mrs. *Goodv.* VVomen with him! nay, then he comes triumphantly indeed. Mr. *Truman*, do you retire with *Malagene.* I'll ſtay here and receive this *Machiavel* in Diſguiſe. Now, once more let me invoke all the Arts of Affectation, all the Revenge, the counterfeit Paſſions, pretended Love, pretended Jealouſie, pretended Rage, and in ſum the very Genius of my Sex to my Aſſiſtance.

Enter Goodvil, *and others Masqued.*

So! here they come: Now this throw for all my future Peace. Who waits there?

Enter Servants.

Goodv. Madam, you'l excuſe this freedome.

Mrs. *Goodv.* You oblige me by uſing it: Let all the Company know that theſe Noble Perſons of Quality have honour'd me with their Preſence: Let the Fiddles be ready, and ſee the Banquet prepar'd; and let Mr. *Truman* come to me inſtantly; I cannot live a minute, a moment without him.

Goodv. Delicate Devil!

Mrs. *Goodv.* Sir! let me beg your Patience for a Moment, whilſt I go and put Things in order fit for your Reception. [*Exit.*

Goodv. Footmen! take care that the Engines which I have order'd be ready when I call for 'em. *Truman*, I ſee, is a Man of punctual Aſſignation; and my VVife is a Perſon very adroit at theſe Matters: ſome hot-brain'd, Horn-mad Cuckold now would be for cutting of Throats; but I am reſolved to turn a civil, ſober, diſcreet Perſon, and hate Blood-ſhed: No, I'l manage the Matter ſo temperately, that I'll catch her in his very

Arms, then civilly diſcard her Bagg and Baggage, whilſt you my dainty Doxies take Poſſeſſion of her Priviledges, and enter the Territories with Colours flying.

1 *Wom.* And ſhall I keep my Coach, Mr. *Goodvile?*

Goodv. Ay and Six, my lovely Rampant. Nay, thou ſhalt every Morning ſwoop the Exchange in Triumph, to ſee what gaudy Bawble thou canſt firſt grow fond of: And after Noon at the Theatre exalted in a Box, give Audience to ev'ry trim amorous twiring Fop of the Corner, that comes thither to make a Noiſe, hear no Play, and ſhow himſelf; thou ſhalt, my *Bona Reba.*

2 *Wom.* But Mr. *Goodvile*, what ſhall I do then?

Goodv. Oh thou! thou ſhalt be my more peculiar Punk, my Houſekeeper, my neceſſary Sin: manage all th' Affairs of my Eſtate and Family, ride up and down in my own Coach, attended by my own Footmen; noſe my VVife where'er you meet, and if I had any, breed my Children. Oh, what a delicious Life will this be!

1 *Wom.* Hear you Sir; the Fiddles? [*Fiddles without.*

Goodv. Oh, the Proceſſion's coming, put on your Viſors, and obſerve the Ceremony.

Enter Truman, *Mrs.* Goodvile, Caper, Saunter, *Lady* Squeamiſh, Camilla, *with Fiddles, a Letter.*

Mrs. *Goodv.* Mr. *Caper*, Mr. *Saunter*, you are the Life and Soul of all good Company; command me any thing, command my Houſe, that and all Freedome are yours.

Caper. Maſques, my Life, my Joy, my Top of Happineſs! Sir, your humble Servant: by your Leave, Madam, ſhall you and I touſe and tumble together in the Drawing-Room hard by for half an Hour or ſo? ha? [*Cuts.*

Saun. Fa toldara, toldara, &c. Ah Madam, what do you wear a Maſque for? Have you never a Noſe, or but one Eye? Let me ſee how you are furniſh'd?

2 *Wom.* Sir, if I want any thing, 'tis to be doubted you cannot ſupply me.

Goodv. So; ſure this muſt come to ſomething anon.

Mrs. *Goodv.* Ah, were but Mr. *Goodvile* here now, what a happy Day might this be! but he is melancholy and forlorn in the Country, ſummoning in his Tenants and their Rents, that ſhining Pelf that muſt ſupport me in my Pleaſures.

Goodv. Is he then, Madam, ſo kind a Husband?

Mrs. *Goodv.* Oh, the moſt indulgent Creature in the VVorld! what Husband but he, Mr. *Truman*, would have ſo ſeaſonably withdrawn, and left me Mrs. of ſuch Freedome? To ſpend my Days in Triumph as I do, to ſacrifice my ſelf, my Soul, and all my Senſe to you, the Lord of all my Joys, my Conqueror and Protector?

Cam. Heav'ns, Madam, you'l provoke him beyond all Patience.

Mrs. *Goodv.* Who, Mr. *Goodvil!* which Way ſhall it reach his Knowledge? no, we'll be as ſecret——

Trum. As we are happy. So ſubtlily lay the Scene of all our Joys, that Envy or Malice, nay the very Husband himſelf and *Malagene* to boot, well hir'd to the Buſineſs, ſhall ne'r diſcover us.

Mrs. *Goodv.* Oh diſcover us! a Husband diſcover us! Were he indeed as jealous as he has Reaſon, I could no more apprehend Diſcovery than a Kindneſs from him.

Goodv. This impudence is ſo rank, that I can hold no longer. Say you ſo, Madam? [*He unmasks.*

Mrs. *Goodv.* Oh a Ghoſt! a Ghoſt! ſave me, ſave me. Mr. *Truman*, ſee, ſee Mr. *Goodvil*'s Spirit: Sure ſome baſe Villain has murder'd him, and his angry Ghoſt is come to revenge it on me.

Goodv. No Madam, fear nothing. I am a very harmleſs Goblin, tho you are a little ſhockt at the Sight of me.

Caper. Ha, ha, ha. *Goodvile* return'd? Dear *Frank!*

Saun. Honeſt *Goodvile*, thou ſeeſt, dear Soul, we are free here in thy Abſence.

Goodv. I ſee you are, Gentlemen, and ſhall take an Opportunity to return the Favour. Footmen be ready.

Mrs. *Goodv.* But is it really Mr. *Goodvile* then? let me receive him to my Armes; welcome ten thouſand, thouſand, thouſand Times. Dear Sir, how does my Picture in the Gallery do?

Goodv. Oh Madam, it look'd ſo very charmingly, that I had no Power to ſtay longer from the dear loving Originall.

Mrs. *Goodv.* So now begins the Battle.

Goodv. Well Madam, and for your Sett of Fools here; to what End and Purpoſe have you decreed them in this new Model of your Family? I hope you have not deſigned 'em for your own Uſe.

Mrs. *Goodv.* Why Sir, methinks you ſhould not grudge me a Coxcomb or two to paſs away the Time withal, ſince you had taken your dearer Converſation from me.

Goodv. No Madam, I underſtand your Diet better: A Fool is too ſquab and tender a Bit for your fierce Appetite: You are for a ſubſtantial Diſh, a Man of Heat and Honour, ſuch as Mr. *Truman* I know is, and I doubt not will do me reaſon.

Trum. Ay, Sir, whenever you'll demand it.

Mrs. *Goodv.* Nay Sirs, no quarrelling I beſeech you; what would you be at, Sir?

Goodv. At reſt, Madam; like an honeſt Snail ſhrink up my horns into my Shell, and if poſſible hold a quiet Poſſeſſion of it.

Mrs. *Good.* I hope I have done nothing that may diſturb your Quiet, Sir.

Goodv. Nothing Madam, nothing in the leaſt; how is it poſſible that any thing ſhould diſturb me? a Sot, a Beetle, a Droan of a Husband, a mere Utenſil, a Block for you to faſhion all your falſehood on, whilſt I muſt ſtill be ſtupid, bear my Office, and never be diſturb'd, I——

Mrs. *Goodv.* So, now your Heart is opening; and for your Eaſe I'll give it a little Vent my ſelf: You are jealous, alas! jealous of *Truman*, are you?

Goodv. And I have no Reaſon Madam, tho I come and catch you in his Arms, rowling and throwing your wanton Eyes like Fire-balls at his Heart? Oh, what an indulgent Creature's Mr. *Goodvile!* ſo ſeaſonably to withdraw, and leave you Miſtreſs of ſuch Freedom: To ſpend your Days in Triumph as you do, to ſacrifice your ſelf, your Soul, and Senſe to him, the Lord of all your Joyes, your Conqueror and Protector.

Mrs. *Goodv.* I am glad to find my Plot ſo well ſucceed: I knew of your Jealouſy laſt Night, knew too your Journey out of Town was but a Pretence, in hope to return and ſurprize me with *Truman.* I was informed too of your return but now, and your diſguiſe; I knew you through it ſo ſoon as I ſaw you, and therefore I acted all that Fondneſs to *Truman* before your Face. It was all the revenge I had within my Power.

Goodv. Can you deny your being with *Truman* in the Garden laſt Night? were you not there ſo openly, that even the broad Eyes of Fools might ſee?

Mrs. *Goodv.* What Fool? What Villain have you, dares accuſe me?

Goodv. One, who tho he rarely told Truth before, will be ſure to do it now; *Malagene*, your Kinſ-man *Malagene*, a hopefull Branch of yur own Stock.

Trum. The Raſcal dares not own it.

Goodv. But he ſhall Sir, tho you protect him.

Trum. 'Twas baſely done to ſet a Spy upon your Friend, after the Trick you had plaid me with *Victoria.*

Goodv. Baſely done!

Trum. Yes, baſely Sir.

Goodv. Death, you lye Sir! why do I trifle thus when I have a Sword by my Side?

Caper. Nay, look you *Frank;* you had better be patient. Here ſhall be nothing done, therefore pray put up

Enter Valentine.

Val. What, again quarrelling? *Goodvile*, this muſt not be. *Truman* is my Friend, and if he has done you wrong, I'll engage ſhall make you Satisfaction.

Saun. Ay, ay, prithee Man, take ſome other Time, and don't quarrell now and ſpoil good Company.

Goodv. Death! you dancing, talking, metled, friſking Rogues, ſtand off! Oh I had forgot——Footmen, where are ye?

Enter Footmen.

Here, take away theſe Butterflies, and do ſpeedy execution upon 'em as I order'd; do it inſtantly. [*They ſeize them.*

Caper. Nay *Frank!* what's all this for?

Saun. Nay *Goodvile*, prithee now, as I hope to live.

Enter Malagene.

Goodv. Away with 'em—— [*Ex. with* Caper *and* Saunter. Now for *Malagene*——Oh, here he comes Madam, who will refreſh your Memory: ſpeak Sir, as you tender Life and Limb, whom did you ſee together in the Garden laſt Night?

Malag. Ha!——no Body.

Goodv. Were not *Truman* and my Wife there, to your Knowledge, privately?

Malag. Ha, ha, ha——Child! no.

Goodv. Did you not tell me that you overheard 'em whiſpering in the Grotto together?

Malag. No.

Goodv. Hell and Devils! this Fellow has been tamper'd withal, and inſtructed to abuſe me. This is all Contrivance, a ſtudy'd Scene to fool me of my Reaſon.

Enter Footmen.

Here, take him hence and harneſs him with the other two, till he confeſs the Truth.

Mrs. *Goodv.* He ſhall not go, touch him who dares: muſt People then be forc'd and tortur'd to accuſe me falſly? Ah Mr. *Goodvile*, how have I deſerv'd this at your Hands? Let not my good Name be raviſh'd from me: If you have reſolv'd to break my Heart, kill me now quickly, and put me out of pain—— [Mal. *runs away.*

Goodv. Nay Madam, here is that ſhall yet convince——ſee here a Letter from your Lover left for you in a private Corner; hear me, read it. And if you have Modeſty enough left, bluſh.

Reads. *If* Goodvile *goes out of Town this Morning, let me know of it, that I may wait on you, and tell you the reſt of my Heart. For you do not know how much I love you yet.* Truman.

Mrs. *Goodv.* Death and deſtruction! it was all my own Contrivanced, madded with your Jealouſy, I ſought all Ways to vex you. I counterfeited it with my own Hand, and left it in a place where you might be ſure to find it. To convince you farther, ſee here a Caution ſent me juſt before by one whom you have truſted and loved too much for my quiet: peruſe it, and when you have done, conſider how you have uſed me, and how I have deſerv'd it. Oh! [*Gives* Victoria's *Letter.*

Goodv. Reads. *Journey out of Town—is a pretence——return and ſurprize——believe by this diſcovery—Your Servant* Victoria.

Victoria, has ſhe betray'd me? nay then, I pronounce there is no Truſt nor Faith in the Sex. By Heav'n, in every Condition they are Jilts, all falſe from the Bawd to the Babe.

Mrs. *Goodv.* Now Sir, I hope I may withdraw; from this minute never expect I'll ſee your Face again: No, I'll leave you to be happy at your own choice. Love where you pleaſe, and be as free as if I ne'r had had relation to you. I ſhall take care to trouble you no more, but wiſh you may be happier then ever yet I made you.

Goodv. Stay Madam.

Mrs. *Goodv.* No Sir, I'll be gone; I will not ſtay a Moment longer; Inhuman, cruel, falſe Traitor! Wer't thou now languiſhing on thy Knees, proſtrate at my Feet, ready to grow mad with thy own Guilt, I would not ſtop nor turn my Face to ſave thee from Deſpair.

Goodv. You ſhall.

Mrs. *Goodv.* For what?

Goodv. To let the World ſee how much a Fool I can be: Art thou innocent?

Mrs. *Goodv.* By my Love I am; I never wrong'd you; but you have undone me, ruin'd my Fame and Quiet. What Mouth will not be full of my diſhonour? Henceforth let all my Sex remember me, when they'd upbraid Mankind for baſeneſs: Oh, that I could diſſemble longer with you, that I might to your Torment perſwade you ſtill all your Jealouſies were juſt, and I as infamous as you are cruel. [*Ex. in a rage.*

Goodv. Get thee in then, and talk to me no more; there's ſomething in thy Face will make a Fool of me; and there's a Devil in this Buſineſs, which yet I cannot diſcover. *Truman*, if thou haſt enjoy'd her, I beg thee keep it cloſe, and if it be poſſible let us yet be your Friends.

Trum. 'Tis not my fault if we be Foes.

Goodv. But now to my Fools; bring 'em forth, and let us ſee how their new Equipage becomes 'em. Oh dear *Valentine!* how does the fair *Camilla?*

Val. Faith Sir, ſhe and I have been diſpatching a trifling affair this morning, commonly call'd Matrimony.

Goodv. Marry'd! nay, then there is ſome Comfort yet, that thou art fallen into the Snare——*Valentine!* look to her, keep her as ſecret as thou woud'ſt a Murder hadſt thou committed one: Truſt her not with thy deareſt Friend; ſhe has Beauty enough to corrupt him.

Enter Caper *and* Saunter, *their Hands ty'd behind 'em. Fools Caps on their Heads.* Caper *with one Leg ty'd up, and* Saunter *gag'd.*

See here theſe Rogues how like themſelves they look. Now, you paultry Vermin, you Rats that run ſqueaking from Houſe to Houſe, up and down the Town; that no man can eat his Bread in quiet for you: Take warning of what you feel, and come not near theſe Doors again on peril of hanging. Here, diſcharge them of their Puniſhment, and ſee 'em forth the Gates.

Enter Lady Squeamiſh, *Sir* Noble Clumſey, *and* Victoria.

L. *Squeam.* Oh Gallants, your humble Servant. Dear Mr. *Goodvile*, be pleas'd to give my Kinſman, Sir *Noble*, Joy: He has done himſelf the Honour to marry your Couſin *Victoria*, whom now I muſt be proud to call my Relation, ſince ſhe has accepted of the Title of my Lady *Clumſey*.

Sir *Noble.* Ay Sir, I am Marry'd, and will be drunk again too before Night, as ſimply as I ſtand here.

Goodv. Sir *Noble* marry'd to *Victoria* too! nay then in ſpite of Misfortunes——

This Day ſhall be a Day of Jubilee. But firſt,
Good People all that my ſad Fortune ſee,
I beg you to take warning here by me;
Marriage and hanging go by Deſtiny.
Eſpecially you gay young marry'd Blades,
Beware and keep your Wives from Balls and Maſquerades.

[Ex. omnes.

FINIS

THE EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Mrs. *Barrey*.

WELL Sirs, if now my Spouſe and I ſhould part,
To which kind Critique ſhall I give my Heart?
Stay let me look, not one in all the Place
But has a ſcurvy froward damning Face.
Have you reſolv'd then on the Poet's Fall?
Go ye ill-natur'd, ugly Devils all.
The Marry'd Sparks I know this Play will curſe
For the Wifes ſake; but ſome of 'em have worſe.
Poets themſelves their own ill luck have wrought,
You ne're had learnt, had not their quarrels taught.
But as in the diſturbance of a State,
Each factious Maggot thinks of growing great:
So when the Poets firſt had jarring Fits,
You all ſet up for Critiques, and for Wits:
Then ſtrait there came, which coſt your Mothers pains,
Songs and Lampoons in Litters from your brains:
Libels like ſpurious Brats run up and down,
Which their dull Parents were aſham'd to own;
But vented 'em in others names, like Whores
That lay their Baſtards down at honeſt Doors.
For ſhame leave off this higling way of Wit,
Railing abroad, and roaring in the Pit.
Let Poets live in Peace, in quiet write,
Elſe may they all to puniſh you unite;
Join in one Force, to ſtudy to abuſe ye,
And teach your Wives and Miſſes how to uſe you.

THE
History and Fall
OF
CAIUS MARIUS
A
TRAGEDY
As it is Acted at the
DUKE's Theatre

By *THOMAS OTWAY*

Qui color Albus erat nunc eſt contrarius Albo

Source

THERE is little to add to the account given by Langbaine, who says: "*Caius Marius his History and Fall*, a Tragedy acted at the Duke's Theatre, printed 4° *Lond.* 1680, and dedicated to the Ld Viscount *Faulkland*. A great part of this Play is borrow'd from *Shakespear's Romeo and Juliet;* as the Character of *Marius* Junior, and *Lavinia*, the Nurse, and *Sulpitius:* which last is carried on by our Author to the end of the Play, though Mr. *Dryden* says in his Postscript to *Granada*, 'That *Shakespear* said himself, that he was forc'd to kill *Mercutio* in the 3^d Act, to prevent being kill'd by him.' For the true History of *Marius* Senior, see *Plutarch's* Life of *C. Marius; Lucan's Pharsalia*, lib. 2. *Florus* lib. 3. c. 21."

Ample citations from Plutarch will be found in the Explanatory Notes. It seemed superfluous to indicate in detail which passages from *Romeo and Juliet* have been transposed by Otway, as all these are at once apparent to every reader. Some account of the history of Shakespeare's tragedy upon the Restoration stage is given in the Introduction.

Theatrical History

THE *History and Fall of Caius Marius*, which was produced at Dorset Garden in the autumn (probably October) of 1679, at once established itself as an immense favourite with the Town, and from the first drew packed houses. Davies has preserved the tradition of the excellence of Betterton, Smith, and Mrs. Barry in their respective rôles, but even so—as the poet himself clearly hints—the comicalities of Underhill and Nokes proved a yet greater attraction. *Caius Marius* took an undisputed place in the theatrical repertory and season after season never failed to win tears, laughter, and the loudest applause.

A letter of Motteux, 7 March, in the *Gentleman's Journal*, March, 1691–2, says: "The History of *Caius Marius* is to be revived on *Wednesday* next." By the expression "revived" nothing more is meant than a lapse of some two or three seasons. On 10 June, 1693, there was an order to pay Mrs. Barry £25 for *Caius Marius*, and, indeed, her Lavinia seems to have been considered equal to Monimia or Belvidera.

On 18 February, 1707, at the Haymarket "Never Acted there"—the theatre had opened in 1705—*Caius Marius* was given for the benefit of Wilks, who played Marius Junior. Betterton sustained his original part, with Johnson—"a true copy of Mr. Underhill," Downes terms him—as Sulpitius; Booth, Granius; Colley Cibber and Dicky Norris, Two Citizens; Mrs. Bracegirdle, Lavinia; and Christopher Bullock—whom the author of *The Comparison of the Two Stages* (1702) considered "the best comedian since Nokes and Leigh"—the Nurse.

At Drury Lane, 21 February, 1715, Mills acted Caius Marius; Booth, young Marius; Thomas Elrington, "manly, strong, and sweetly full-ton'd," so Chetwood describes him, Sylla; Ryan, Granius; Bickerstaffe, Sulpitius; Pinketham, a great *farceur*, the Ruffian and the Apothecary; Mrs. Porter, Lavinia; and Norris, the Nurse.

At the same house on 10 May, 1717, Otway's tragedy was performed for the benefit of Chetwood and Mrs. Moor, the only alterations in cast being that Ryan played Sylla; Walker, Granius; Bowman, Metellus; and Quin, Cinna.

Indeed until 1726–7, save for an occasional season, *Caius Marius* was never absent from the bills.

When Theophilus Cibber, as manager for a brief space of the little Theatre in the Haymarket, on 11 September, 1744, revived *Romeo and Juliet*, "not acted these hundred years," it was very inaccurately alleged, he did not hesitate to incorporate, together with alterations of his own, several scenes and not a few speeches from Otway. Thus we find Romeo protesting that his father had formerly selected Juliet for him, and is acting unfairly in now forbidding the union, just as young Marius remonstrates with Caius Marius; much of the next scene when Juliet pleads with Lady Capulet (who takes the place of Metellus) is also from Otway, who is further drawn upon for the scene which follows the farewell of the lovers. But the longest and most important episode from *Caius Marius* is the awakening of Juliet in the tomb before the death of Romeo. Here Cibber has conveyed *uerbatim*.

The same situation was used by Garrick, who produced his revision of *Romeo and Juliet* at Drury Lane, 29 November, 1748. The rewriting here contributes more than fifty original lines, and the treatment, in which it must be confessed there is something extremely dramatic, but which is wholly due to Otway, was used by Kemble, persisting far into the nineteenth century.

TO THE

Lord Viſcount

FALKLAND

My Lord,

WHEN firſt it entered into my thoughts to make this Preſent to Your Lordſhip, I received not onely Encouragement, but Pleaſure; ſince upon due Examination of my ſelf, I found it was not a bare Preſumption, but my Duty to the remembrance of many extraordinary Favours which I have receiv'd at Your Hands.

For heretofore having had the honour to be near You, and bred under the ſame Diſcipline with You, I cannot but own, that in a great meaſure I owe the ſmall ſhare of Letters I have to Your Lordſhip. For Your Lordſhip's Example taught me to be aſham'd of Idleneſs; and I firſt grew in love with Books, and learnt to value them, by the wonderfull Progreſs which even in Your tender years You made in them; ſo that Learning and Improvement grew daily more and more lovely in my Eyes, as they ſhone in You.

Your Lordſhip has an extraordinary Reaſon to be a Patron of Poetry, for Your great Father loved it. May Your Lordſhip's Fame and Employments grow as great, or greater than His were; and may Your Vertues find a Poet to record them, equal (if poſſible) to that great* Genius which ſung of him.

My ſlender humble Talent muſt not hope for it; for You have a Judgment which I muſt always ſubmit to, a general Goodneſs which I never (to its worth) can value: and who can praiſe that well which he knows not how to comprehend?

Already the Eyes and Expectations of Men of the beſt Judgment are fixt upon You: For whereſoever You come, You have their Attention when preſent, and their Praiſe when You are gone: And I am ſure (if I obtain but your Lordſhip's Pardon) I ſhall have the Congratulation of all my friends, for having taken this opportunity to expreſs my ſelf,

Your Lordſhip's moſt Humble Servant,

THOMAS OTWAY.

* Mr. Waller.

PROLOGUE

Spoken by Mr. *Betterton.*

IN Ages paſt, (when will thoſe Times renew?)
When Empires flouriſht, ſo did Poets too.
When great Auguſtus *the World's Empire held,*
Horace *and* Ovid's *happy Verſe excell'd.*
Ovid's *ſoft Genius, and his tender Arts*
Of moving Nature, melted hardeſt Hearts.
It did th' Imperial Beauty, Julia, *move*
To liſten to the Language of his Love.
Her Father honour'd him: and on her Breaſt,
With raviſh'd ſenſe in her Embraces preſt,
He lay tranſported, fancy-full, and bleſt.
Horace's *lofty Genius boldlier rear'd*
His manly Head, and through all Nature ſteer'd;
Her richeſt Pleaſures in his Verſe refin'd,
And wrought 'em to the reliſh of the Mind.
He laſht, with a true Poet's fearleſs Rage,
The Villanies and Follies of the Age.
Therefore Mœcenas, *that great Fav'rite, rais'd*
Him high, and by him was he highly prais'd.
Our Shakeſpear *wrote too in an Age as bleſt,*
The happieſt Poet of his Time, and beſt;
A gracious Prince's Favour chear'd his Muſe,
A conſtant Favour he ne'r fear'd to loſe.
Therefore he wrote with Fancy unconfin'd,
And Thoughts that were Immortal as his Mind.
And from the Crop of his luxuriant Pen
E're ſince ſucceeding Poets humbly glean.
Though much the moſt unworthy of the Throng,
Our this-day's Poet fears h'has done him wrong.
Like greedy Beggars that ſteal Sheaves away,
You'll find h'has rifled him of half a Play.
Amidſt his baſer Droſs you'll ſee it ſhine
Moſt beautiful, amazing, and Divine.
To ſuch low Shifts, of late, are Poets worn,
Whilſt we both Wit's and Cæſar's *Abſence mourn.*
Oh! when will He and Poetry return?

When ſhall we there again behold him ſit
'Midſt ſhining Boxes and a Courtly Pit,
The Lord of Hearts, and Preſident of Wit?
When that bleſt Day (quick may it come) appears,
His Cares once baniſht, and his Nation's Fears,
The joyfull Muſes on their Hills ſhall ſing
Triumphant Songs of Britain's *happy King.*
Plenty and Peace ſhall flouriſh in our Iſle,
And all things like the Engliſh *Beauty ſmile.*
You, Criticks, ſhall forget your nat'ral Spite,
And Poets with unbounded Fancy write.
Ev'n This-day's Poet ſhall be alter'd quite:
His Thoughts more loftily and freely flow;
And he himſelf, whilſt you his Verſe allow,
As much tranſported as he's humble now.

Perſons Repreſented

MEN.	By
Caius Marius.	Mr. *Betterton.*
Sylla.	Mr. *Williams.*
Marius junior.	Mr. *Smith.*
Granius.	Mr. *Percivale.*
Metellus.	Mr. *Gillow.*
Quintus Pompeius.	Mr. *Williams.*
Cinna.	Mr. *Jevon.*
Sulpitius.	Mr. *Underhil.*
Ancharius, a Senatour.	
Prieſt.	
Apothecary.	
Q. Pompeius's Son.	
Guards, Lictors.	
Ruffians, *&c.*	

WOMEN.	By
Lavinia.	Mrs. *Barry.*
Nurſe.	Mr. *Noakes.*

THE HISTORY & FALL OF CAIUS MARIUS

A TRAGEDY

ACT I. SCENE I.

Within.] Liberty! Liberty! *Marius* and *Sulpitius!*
Liberty! Liberty! Liberty! *&c.*

Enter Metellus, Antonius, Cinna, *and Senatours.*

Metell. WHEN will the Tut'lar Gods of *Rome* awake,
To fix the Order of our wayward State,
That we may once more know each other; know
Th' extent of Laws, Prerogatives and Dues;
The Bounds of Rules and Magiſtracy; who
Ought firſt to govern, and who muſt obey?
It was not thus when God-like *Scipio* held
The Scale of Pow'r; he who with temp'rate poiſe
Knew how to guide the People's Liberty
In its full Bounds, nor did the Nobles wrong,
For he himſelf was one———
Cinna. He was indeed
A Noble born; and ſtill in *Rome* there are
Moſt worthy Patrons of her ancient Honour,
Such as are fit to fill the ſeat of Pow'r,
And awe this riotous unruly Rabble,
That bear down all Authority before 'em,
Were we not ſold to Ruine.
Metell. Cinna, there
Thou'ſt hit my Mark: We are to Ruine ſold;
In all things ſold; Voices are ſold in *Rome:*
And yet we boaſt of Liberty. Juſt Gods!
That Guardians of an Empire ſhould be choſen
By the lewd Noiſe of a licentious Rout!
The ſturdieſt Drinker makes the Ableſt Stateſman.

Anton. Would it not anger any true-born *Roman*,
To ſee the giddy Multitude together,
Never conſulting who 'tis beſt deſerves,
But who Feaſts higheſt to obtain their Suffrage?
As 'tis not many Years ſince two Great Men
In *Rome* ſtood equal Candidates together,
For high Command: In every Houſe was Riot.
To day the Drunken Rabble reel'd to one;
To morrow they were mad again for t'other;
Changing their Voices with their Entertainment:
And none could gueſſe on whom the Choice would ſettle;
Till at the laſt a Stratagem was thought of.
A mighty Veſſel of *Falernian* Wine
Was brought into the *Forum* crown'd with Wreaths
Of Ivy ſacred to the Jolly God.
The Monſter-people roar'd aloud for Joy:
When ſtraight the Candidate himſelf appears
In pomp, to grace the Preſent he had made 'em.
The Fools all gap'd. Then when a while he had
With a ſmooth Tale tickled their Aſſes Ears,
H' at both ends tapp'd his Butt, and got the Conſulſhip.

Cinna. This Curſe we owe to *Marius* Pride,
That made him firſt moſt baſely bribe the People
For Conſul in the War againſt *Jugurtha:*
Where he went out, *Metellus*, your Lieutenant.
And how the Kindneſs was return'd, all know.
I never lov'd his rough untoward Nature,
And wonder ſuch a Weed got growth in *Rome.*

Metell. What ſays my *Cinna?*

Cinna. That I like not *Marius*,
Nor love him———

Metell. There *Rome*'s better Genius ſpoke.
Let us conſult and weigh this ſubject well.
O *Romans*, he's the Thorn that galls us all.
Our haraſs'd State is Crippled with the weight
Of his Ambition: We're not ſafe in *Marius.*
Do I not know his Riſe, his low Beginning,
From what a wretched deſpicable Root
His Greatneſs grew? Gods! that a Peaſant's Brat,
Born in the utmoſt Cottages of *Arpos*,
And foſter'd in a Corner, ſhould by Bribes,
By Covetouſneſs, and all the hatefull Means
Of working Pride, advance his little Fate

So high, to vaunt it o're the Lords of *Rome!*
Anton. Ambition, raging like a Dæmon in him,
Diſtorts him to all ugly Forms ſhe'as need to uſe:
In his firſt ſtart of Fortune, O how vile
Were his Endeavours and Submiſſions then!
When ſuing to be choſen firſt *Ædilis*,
He was by general Vote repulſt, yet bore it,
And in the ſame day ſhamefully return'd,
T'obtain the ſecond Office of that name.
Equal was his Succeſs, deny'd in both:
Yet could he condeſcend at laſt to ask
The Prætorſhip, and, but with Bribes got that.
Yet this is he that has diſturb'd the World,
Rome's Idol, and the Darling of her Wiſhes.
Metell. I muſt confeſs it burthens much my Age,
To ſee the Man I hate thus ride my Country:
For, *Romans*, I have mighty Cauſe to hate him.
I was the firſt (and I am well rewarded)
That lent my hand to raiſe his feeble ſtate.
When firſt I made him Tribune by my Voice,
I thought there might be ſomething in his Nature
That promis'd well. His Parents were moſt honeſt,
And ſerv'd my Father juſtly in their Truſt.
Then as his Fortunes grew, when I was Conſul,
And went againſt *Jugurtha* into *Africk*
I took him with me one of my Lieutenants.
'Twas there his Pride firſt ſhew'd it ſelf in Actions,
Oppreſs'd my Friends, and robb'd me of my Honour.
Cinna. The Story's famous. Baſe Ingratitude,
Diſſimulation, Cruelty, and Pride,
Ill Manners, Ignorance, and all the Ills
Of one baſe born, in *Marius* are join'd.
Metell. Ev'n Age can't heal the Rage of his Ambition.
Six times the Conſul's Office has he born:
How well, our preſent Diſcords beſt declare.
Yet now agen, when time has worn him low,
Conſum'd with Age, and by Diſeaſes preſt,
He courts the People to be once more choſen,
To lead the War againſt King *Mithridates*.
Anton. For this each Day he riſes with the Sun,
And in the Field of *Mars* appears in Arms,
Excelling all our Youth in Warlike Exerciſe:
He rides and tilts, and when the Prize h'has won,

He brings it back with triumph into *Rome*,
And there preſents it to the ſordid Rabble;
Who ſhout to Heav'n, and cry, Let *Marius* live.
Metell. He ſhall not have it, by the Gods he ſhall not.
There is a *Roman*, Noble, juſt and valiant,
Sylla's his Name, ſprung from the ancient Stock
Of the *Cornelii*, bred from youth's in War,
Fluſh'd with Succeſs, and of a ſpirit bold,
And, more then all, hates *Marius*, ſtill has croſt
His Pride, and clouded ev'n his brighteſt Triumphs:
He's Conſul now. Then let us all reſolve,
And fix on him, to check this Havocker,
That with his Kennell of the Rabble hunts
Our Senate into Holes and frights our Laws.
Cinna. Agreed for *Sylla*.
All. All for *Sylla*.
Metell. Nay,
This Monſter *Marius*, who has us'd me thus,
Ev'n now would wed his Family with mine,
And asks my Daughters for his hated Off-ſpring.
But, for my Wrongs, *Lavinia* ſhall be *Sylla*'s,
My eldeſt born; her, and the beſt of all
My Fortune, I'll confirm on him, to cruſh the Pride
Of this baſe-born hot-brain'd Plebeian Tyrant.
Anton. Now *Rome*'s laſt Stake of Liberty is ſet,
And muſt be puſht for to the Teeth of Fortune.
Cinna. Then *Caius Marius* ſhall not have the Conſulſhip.
Metell. No, I would rather be *Sulpitius* Slave,
That furious Headlong Libertine *Sulpitius*,
That mad wild Bull, whom *Marius* lets looſe
On each occaſion when he'd make *Rome* feel him,
To toſs our Laws and Liberties i'th' Air.
Anton. That lawleſs Tribune then muſt be reduc'd,
Unhindg'd from off the pow'r that holds him up,
His Band of full ſix hundred *Roman* Knights.
All in their Youth, and pamper'd high with Riot,
Which he his Guard againſt the Senate calls;
Tall wild young men, and fit for glorious Miſchiefs.
Metell. Fear nothing; let but *Sylla* once have Pow'r,
And then ſee how like Day he'll break upon 'em,
And ſcatter all thoſe Goblins of the Night,
Confuſion's Night; where in the dark Diſorders
Of a Divided State, men know not where

Or how to walk, for fear they loſe their way,
And ſtumble upon Ruine. Mark the race
Of *Sylla*'s Life; obſerve but what has paſt,
How ſtill h'has born a Face againſt this *Marius*,
And kept an equal ſtretch with him for Glory.
Cinna. H'has in the Capitol an Image ſet
Of Gold, in honour of his own Atchievement;
Wherein's deſcrib'd how the *Numidian* King
Gave up *Jugurtha* Priſoner to *Sylla*,
And all in ſpight of *Marius*. Oh now,
If you are truly *Roman* Nobles, wake,
Reſume your Rights, and keep your *Sylla* Conſul.
Courage, Nobility, and innate Honour,
Juſtice unbyaſs'd, the true *Roman* Spirit,
Preſence of Mind, and reſolute Performance
Meet all in *Sylla*.
Metell. Let's all agree for *Sylla*.
All. All for *Sylla*. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Marius *ſenior*, Marius *junior*, *and* Granius.

Marius ſen. There *Rome*'s Dæmons go.
Like Witches in ill Weather, in this Storm
And Tempeſt of the State they meet in Corners,
And urge Deſtruction higher: for this end
They've rais'd their Imp, their dear Familiar *Sylla*,
To croſs my Way and ſtop my tide of Glory.
If I am *Caius Marius*, if I'm he
That brought *Jugurtha* chain'd in triumph hither;
If I am he that led *Rome*'s Armies out,
Spent all my years in Toil and cruel War,
Chill'd my warm Youth in cold and winter Camps,
Till I brought ſettled Peace and Plenty home,
Made her the Court and Envy of the World;
Why does ſhe uſe me thus?
Mar. jun. Becauſe ſhe's rul'd
By lazy Drones that feed on others Labours,
And fatten with the fruits they never toil'd for;
Old gouty Senatours of crude Minds and Brains,
That always are fermenting Miſchief up,
And ſtyle their private Malice publick Safety——
Gran. One diſcontented Villain leads a State
To Madneſs. There's that Bell weather of Mutiny
And damn'd Sedition, *Cinna*, of a Life

And manners ſordid; one whoſe Gain's his God;
And to that curſed end he'd ſacrifice
His Country's Honour, Liberty, or Peace:
Nay, had he any, ev'n his very Gods.
Mar. ſen. H'as taken *Rome* even in the niceſt Minute,
And eaſily debaucht her to his ends,
When ſhe was over-cloy'd with Happineſs,
Wantonly full, and longing after Change.
For *Sylla* too, a Boy, a Woman's Play-thing,
She has relinquiſht me, and flouts my Age.
Conſtant ill Fortune wait upon her for't,
And wreck her Fate as low as firſt I found it,
When it lay trembling like a hunted Prey,
And hungry Ruine had it in the wind;
When Barb'rous Nations of a Race unknown,
From undiſcover'd Northern Regions came,
To lay her waſte, and ſweep her from the Earth;
'Till I, I *Marius* roſe, the Soul of all
The Hope ſh'ad left, and with unwearied Toil,
Dangers each Hour, and never-ſleeping Care,
(A burthen for a God) oppos'd my ſelf
'Twixt her and Deſolation, gorg'd the maw
Of Death with ſlaughter'd numbers of her Foes,
Reſtor'd her Peace, and made her Name renown'd.
Mar. jun. The Glory of that War muſt be remember'd,
When *Rome*, like her old Mother *Troy*, ſhall lie
In Aſhes——Full 300,000 men,
All ſons of Fortune, born and bred in Fields,
Whoſe Trade was War, and Camps their Habitation,
Hung like a Swarm of Miſchiefs on the Hills
Of *Italy*, and threatened Fate to *Europe*.
Gran. They came in Tribes, as if to take poſſeſſion,
And ſeem'd a People whom the hand of Fate
Had ſcourg'd by Famine from a barren Land;
Of Viſage foul and ugly, pinch'd and chappt
By bitter Froſts and winter Winds; yet fierce
As hungry Lions of the Deſart.
Their Wives with loads of Children at their backs,
Bold manly Haggs, whom Shame had long forſook,
And vagrant living had inur'd to Ill,
Follow'd in Troups like Furies.
Mar. jun. And all was done too when that Dolt *Metellus*
Shrank like a Worm, and *Sylla* ſcarce was heard of.

Mar. ſen. That curſt *Metellus* ſtill has bin my Plague,
And ever done me moſt deliberate Wrong;
Becauſe, like a tame Hawk, I ſcorn'd to fly
Juſt at his Quarries, and attend his Lure.
Becauſe I grew too great for him in Wars,
And ſerv'd his Country well, he hates me. Twice
Have I already offer'd him Alliance,
And ask'd *Lavinia*, *Marius*, for thy Bed.
Beggary catch me when agen I court him.
Why ſigh'ſt thou, Boy? ſtill at th'unlucky Name
Of that *Lavinia*, I've obſerv'd thee thus
With thy Looks fixt, as if thy Fate had ſeiz'd thee.
Mar. jun. Why did you name *Lavinia?* would ſh'ad ne'r
Bin born, or that *Metellus* had not got her.
Mar. ſen. Forget her, *Marius;* ſhe's a dainty Bit,
A Delicate, for none but *Sylla*'s taſt,
The Fav'rite *Sylla*, th'Idol that's ſet up
To blaſt thy Hopes and cloud thy Father's Glories.
Conſider that, my *Marius*, and forget her.
Mar. jun. Forget her? Oh! ſh'as Beauty might enſnare
A Conquerour's Soul, and make him leave his Crowns
At random to be ſcuffled for by Slaves.
Forget her? Oh! teach me (great Parent) teach me;
Read me each day a Lecture of the Wrongs
Done you by that Inglorious Patrician,
Till my Heart know no Longings but Revenge,
And quite forget *Lavinia* e're dwelt there.
Methinks 'twould not be hard, e'vn midſt the Senate,
To ſtrike this through him in his Conſul's Chair,
Tumble him thence, and mount it in his ſtead.
Mar. ſen. Oh! name not him and Conſulſhip together.
Sylla and Conſul? ſet 'em far apart
As Eaſt from Weſt, for as they now are met,
It bodes Confuſion, *Rome*, to thee and thine.
Gran. I'd rather ſee *Rome* but one Funeral Pile,
And all her people quitting her like Bees,
Driven by Sulphur from their Hives;
Much rather ſee her Senatours in Chains
Dragg'd through the Streets to death, and Slaves made Lords,
Than ſee that vain preſumptuous Upſtart's Pride
Succeed to lead the Armies you have bred.
Mar. ſen. 'Tis ſuch a Wrong as even Tortures Thought,
That we who've been her Champion forty Years,

Fought all her Battels with renown'd Succeſs,
And never loſt her yet a man in vain,
Should, now her nobleſt Fortune is at ſtake,
And *Mithridates* Sword is drawn, be thrown
Aſide, like ſome old broken batter'd Shield:
To ſee my Lawrels wither as I ruſt:
And all this manag'd by the curſed Craft,
Petulant Envy, and malignant Spight
Of that old barking Senate's-Dog *Metellus*.
Stake me, juſt Gods, with Thunder to the Earth,
Lay my gray Hairs low in the Cave of Death,
Rather then live in mem'ry of ſuch Shame.

Gran. Periſh *Metellus* firſt, and all his Race.

Mar. jen. There ſpoke the Soul of *Marius*. By the head
Of *Jove*.
I hate him worſe than Famine or Diſeaſes.
Periſh his Family, let inveterate Hate
Commence between our Houſes from this moment;
And meeting never let 'em bloudleſs part.
Go, *Granius*, bid *Sulpitius* ſtraight be ready
To meet me with his Guards upon the *Forum*.
By all the Gods, I'll chaſe the Dæmon out,
That rages thus in *Rome;* or let her bloud
To that degree, 'till ſhe grow tame enough
To tremble at the Rod of my Revenge.
Why didſt not thou applaud me for the Thought,
Take m'in thy Arms, and cheriſh my old Heart?
'T had bin a lucky Omen. Art thou dumb?

Mar. jun. As dumb as ſolemn Sorrow ought to be.
Could my Griefs ſpeak, the Tale would have no end.
Muſt I reſolve to hate *Metellus* Race,
Yet know *Lavinia* took her Being thence?
Lavinia! Oh! there's Muſick in the Name,
That ſoftning me to Infant Tenderneſs,
Makes my Heart ſpring like the firſt leaps of Life.

Mar. jen. Then thou art loſt: if thou art Man or *Roman*,
If thou haſt Vertue in thee, or can'ſt prize
Thy Father's Honour, ſcorn her like a Slave.
Hell! Love her? Dam her: there's *Metellus* in her.
In every Line of her bewitching Face,
There's a Reſemblance tells whoſe Brood ſhe came of.
I'd rather ſee thee in a Brothel trapt,
And baſely wedded to a Ruffian's Whore,

Then thou ſhouldſt think to taint my generous Blood
With the baſe Puddle of that o're-fed Gown-man.
Lavinia?
Mar. jun. Yes, *Lavinia:* Is ſhe not
As harmleſs as the Turtle of the Woods?
Fair as the Summer-Beauty of the Fields?
As opening Flow'rs untainted yet with Winds,
The pride of Nature, and the Joy of Senſe?
Why firſt did you bewitch me elſe to Weakneſs?
When from the Sacrifice we came together,
And as by her's our Chariot drove along
Theſe were your Words: That, *Marius*, that is She
That muſt give Happineſs to thee and *Rome*,
Confirming in thy Arms my wiſh'd-for Peace
With old *Metellus*, and break *Sylla*'s Heart.
Mar. ſen. Then ſhe was charming.
Mar. jun. Oh! I found her ſo.
I lookt and gaz'd, and never miſs'd my Heart,
It fled ſo pleaſingly away. But now
My Soul is all *Lavinia*'s, now ſhe's fixt
Firm in my Heart by ſecret Vows made there,
Th'indeleble Records of faithful Love.
You'd have me hate her. Can my Nature change?
Create me o're agen——and I may be
That haughty Maſter of my ſelf you'd have me:
But as I am, the Slave of ſtrong Deſires,
That keep me ſtruggling under. Though I ſee
The hopeleſs ſtate of my unhappy Love;
With Torment, like a ſtubborn Slave that lies
Chain'd to the Floor, ſtretcht helpleſs on his back,
I look to Liberty, and break my Heart.
Mar. ſen. Has ſhe yet heard your Love, or granted her's?
Mar. jun. If Eyes may ſpeak the language of the Heart,
If tend'reſt Glances, Sighs and ſudden Bluſhes
May be interpreted for Love in one
So young, ſo fair, and innocent as ſhe,
Our Souls can ne'r be Strangers——
Mar. ſen. No more, I'll have *Lavinia* nam'd no more.
When next thou nam'ſt her, let it be with infamy.
Tell me, Sh'has whor'd or fled her Father's houſe
With ſome courſe Slave t'a ſecret Cell of Luſt,
And then I'll bleſs thee.
Mar. jun. I ſhall obey. Gods, from your Skies look down,

And find like me one wretched, if you can.
No, Sir, I'll ſpeak that hatefull Name no more,
But be as Curſt as you can wiſh your Son.

Enter Sulpitius.

Mar. ſen. Oh *Sulpitius!*
Thou darling of m'Ambition, art thou come?
What news?
Sulpit. I've left a Preſent at your houſe,
The Head of a *Metellus*, a gay, tall,
Young thing, that was in time t'have bin a Lord,
But he's but Worms-meat now.
Mar. ſen. My beſt *Sulpitius*,
Thou always comfort'ſt me. See here a man,
A Stranger to my Bloud as well as Fortune;
But meerly of his choice my Honour's Friend:
What mighty things would he not doe for me?
Could'ſt thou, when Honour call'd thee, whine for Love?—
Sulpit. How? my young ſon of war in Love? with whom?
Mar. jun. A Woman, Sir.—I muſt not ſpeak her Name.
Sulpit. If it be hopeleſs Love, uſe generous Means,
And lay a kinder Beauty to the Wound.
Take in a new Infection to the heart,
And the rank Poiſon of the old will dy———
Mar. jun. A Plantane-Leaf is excellent for that.
Sulpit. For what?
Mar. jun. For broken Shins.
Sulpit. Why? art thou mad?
Mar. jun. Not Mad, but bound more than a Mad-man is,
Confin'd to limits, kept without my food,
Whipt and tormented.——Prithee do not wake me;
Let me dream on———
Sulpit. Oh! the ſmall Queen of Fairies
Is buſie in his Brains; the *Mab* that comes
Drawn by a little Team of ſmalleſt Atoms
Over men's Noſes as they lie aſleep,
In a Chariot of an empty Hazel-nut,
Made by a Joiner-Squirrel: in which ſtate
She gallops night by night through Lovers brains;
And then how wickedly they dream, all know.
Sometimes ſhe courſes o're a Courtier's Noſe,
And then he dreams of begging an Eſtate,
Sometimes ſhe hurries o're a Souldier's Neck,

And then dreams he of cutting forein Throats;
Of Breaches, Ambuſcado's, temper'd Blades,
Of good rich Winter-quarters, and falſe Muſters.
Sometimes ſhe tweaks a Poet by the Ear,
And then dreams he
Of Panegyricks, flatt'ring Dedications,
And mighty Preſents from the Lord knows who,
But wakes as empty as he laid him down.
She has been with *Sylla* too, and he dreams now
Of nothing but a Conſulſhip.
Mar. ſen. A Rattle!
Give the fantaſtick giddy Boy a Rattle;
The puling Fondling ſhould not want a Play-thing.
A Conſulſhip?
Sulpit. By all the Gods, he'll ſhake it.
H'has drawn a Force from *Capua* here to *Rome*,
As if he meant Deſtruction or Succeſs:
The Rabble too are drunk with him already.——
Mar. ſen. Alarm all our Citizens to Arms
That are my Friends. Draw you your Guards together,
And take Poſſeſſion of the *Forum*. Thou,
Inglorious Boy, behold my Face no more,
Till thou'ſt done ſomething worthy of my Name.
Mar. jun. Firſt periſh *Rome*, and all I hold moſt dear,
Rather than let me feel my Father's Hate———
Mar. ſen. Why, that's well ſaid———
Sulpit. My Troops are all together,
All ready on the *Forum:* But the Heav'ns
Play tricks with us. Our Enſigns as they ſtood
Diſplay'd before our Troops, took fire untouch'd,
And burnt to tinder.
Three Ravens brought their young ones in the ſtreets,
Devouring 'em before the people's eyes,
Then bore the Garbage back into their Neſts.
A noiſe of Trumpets rattling in the Air
Was heard, and dreadfull Cries of dying men.
Mar. ſen. It was the *Roman* Genius, that thus warns
Me, her old Friend, not to let ſlip my Fate.
Ambition! oh, Ambition! If I've done
For thee things great and well——ſhall Fortune now
Forſake me?
Hark thee, *Sulpitius*, if it come to blows,
Let not a Hair of that *Metellus* ſcape thee,

Who'd ſtrip my Age of its moſt dear bought Honours.
Elſe why have I thus buſtled in the World,
Through various and uncertain Fortune hurl'd,
But to be Great, unequall'd and alone?
Which onely he can be who ſtill ſpurs on
As ſwift at laſt as when he firſt begun. [*Exeunt.*

The end of the Firſt Act.

ACT II.

Enter Metellus *and Nurſe.*

Metell. I Cannot reſt to-night: Ill-boding Thoughts
Have chas'd ſoft Sleep from my unſettled Brains.
This ſeems *Lavinia*'s Chamber, and ſhe up.
Reſt too to-night has bin a Stranger here.
Lavinia! My Daughter, hoa? Where art thou?
Nurſe. Now by my Maiden-head (at twelve years old I had one)
Come, what Lamb? What, Lady-bird? Gods forbid.
Where's this Girl *Lavinia?*

Enter Lavinia.

Lavin. How now? Who calls?
Nurſe. Your Father, Child.
Lavin. I'm here. Your Lordſhip's Pleaſure.
Metell. Why up at this unlucky time of Night,
When nought but loathſome Vermin are abroad,
Or Witches gathering pois'nous Herbs for Spells,
By the pale light of the cold waning Moon?
Lavin. Alas! I could not ſleep: in a ſad Dream
Methought I ſaw one ſtanding by my Bed,
To warn me I ſhould have a care of Sleep.
For 'twould be banefull——
Metell. Dreams give Children Fears.
Lavin. At which I roſe from my uneaſy Pillow,
And to my Cloſet went, to pray the Gods
T' avert th' unlucky Omen.
Metell. 'Twas well done.
Nurſe, give us leave a while: I muſt impart

Something to my *Lavinia*. Yet ſtay,
And hear it too. Thou know'ſt *Lavinia*'s Age.

Nurſe. Faith I know her Age to an hour.

Metell. She's bare ſixteen.

Nurſe. I'll lay ſixteen of my Teeth of it; and yet no Diſparagement, I have but Six, ſhe's not Sixteen. How long is't now ſince *Marius* triumph'd laſt!

Metell. No matter, Woman; what is that to thee?

Nurſe. Even or odd, of all days in the year, ſince *Marius* enter'd *Rome* in Triumph, 'tis now even thirteen Years. Young *Marius* then too was but a Boy. My *Lais* and ſhe were both of an Age. Well, *Lais* is in Happineſs, ſhe was too good for me. But as I was ſaying, a Month hence ſhe'll be ſixteen. 'Tis ſince *Marius* triumph'd now full thirteen Years, and then ſhe was weaned. Sure I ſhall never forget it of all days——Upon that Day (for I had then laid Wormſeed to my Breaſt, ſitting in the Sun under the Dove-houſe Wall) my Lady and you were at the Show. Nay, I do bear a Brain! But, as I ſaid before, when it did taſt the Wormſeed on my Nipple, and felt it bitter, pretty Fool! to ſee it teachy and fall out with the Nipple. Shout, quo' the people in the Streets. 'Twas no need, I trow, to bid me trudge. And ſince that time it is Thirteen years; and then ſhe could ſtand alone, nay, ſhe could run and waddle all about: for juſt the Day before ſhe broke her Forehead, and then my Husband (Peace be with him, he was a merry Man) took up the Baggage. Ay, quoth he, doſt thou fall upon thy face? Thou wilt fall backward when thou haſt more wit; wilt thou not, *Vinny?* and by my fackings, the pretty Chit left Crying, and ſaid. Ay.——I warrant and I ſhould live a Thouſand years, I never ſhould forget it. Wilt thou not, *Vinny*, quoth he; and pretty Fool, it ſtopt, and ſaid, Ay.

Metell. Enough of this; ſtop thy impertinent Chat.

Nurſe. Yes, my Lord: Yet I cannot chuſe but laugh, to think it ſhould leave crying, and ſay, Ay——And yet in Sadneſs it had a Bump on its Brow as big as a Cockril's Stone, a parlous Knock, and it cry'd bitterly. Ay, quo' my Husband, fall'ſt upon thy Face? thou wilt fall backward when thou com'ſt to Age, wilt thou not *Vinny?* Look you now, it ſtinted, and ſaid, Ay——

Metell. Intolerable trifling Goſſip, peace.

Nurſe. Well; thou waſt the pretty'ſt Babe, that e're I Nurſt. Might I but live to ſee thee marry'd once, I ſhould be happy. It ſtinted, and ſaid, Ay——

Metell. What think you then of Marriage, my *Lavinia?* It was the ſubject that I came to treat of.

Lavin. It is a thing I have not dreamt of yet.

Nurſe. Thing? the thing of Marriage? were I not thy Nurſe, I would ſwear thou had'ſt ſuck'd thy Wiſdome from thy Teat. The thing?

Metell. Think of it now then, for I come to make
Propoſals may be worthy of your Wiſhes.
They are for *Sylla*, the young, the gay, the handſome,
Noble in Birth and Mind, the valiant *Sylla*.

Nurſe. A Man, young Lady, Lady, ſuch a man as all the world—— why, he's a man of Wax.

Metell. Conſider, Child, my Hopes are all in thee,
And now Old age gains ground ſo faſt upon me,
'Mongſt all its ſad Infirmities, my Fears
For thee are not the ſmalleſt.
Therefore I've made Alliance with this *Sylla*,
A high-born Lord, and of the nobleſt Hopes
That *Rome* can boaſt, to give thee to his Arms;
So in the Winter of my Age to find
Reſt from all worldly Cares, and kind rejoycing
In the warm Sun-ſhine of thy Happineſs.

Lavin. If Happineſs be ſeated in Content,
Or that my being bleſs'd can make you ſo,
Let me implore it on my Knees. I am
Your onely Child, and ſtill, through all the Courſe
Of my paſt Life have bin obedient too:
And as you've ever been a loving Parent,
And bred me up with watchfull tender'ſt Care,
Which never coſt me hitherto a Tear;
Name not that *Sylla* any more, indeed
I cannot love him.

Metell. Why?

Lavin. In deed I cannot.

Metell. Oh early Diſobedience! by the Gods,
Debaucht already to her Sexe's Folly,
Perverſeneſs, and untoward headſtrong Will!

Lavin. Think me not ſo; I gladly ſhall ſubmit
To any thing; nay, muſt ſubmit to all:
Yet think a little, or you ſell my Peace.
The Rites of Marriage are of mighty moment:
And ſhould you violate a thing ſo ſacred
Into a lawful Rape, and load my Soul
With hateful Bonds, which never can grow eaſy,
How miſerable am I like to be?

Metell. Has then ſome other taken up your Heart,
And baniſh'd Duty as an Exile thence?

What ſenſual lewd Companion of the Night
Have you bin holding Converſation with,
From open Windows at a midnight-hour,
When your looſe Wiſhes would not let you ſleep?
Lavin. If I ſhould love, is that a fault in one
So young as I? I cannot gueſs the Cauſe,
But when you firſt nam'd *Sylla* for my Love,
My Heart ſhrunk back as if you'd done it wrong;
If I did love, I'll tell you——if I durſt.
Oh *Marius!*
Metell. Hah!
Lavin. 'Twas *Marius*, Sir, I nam'd,
That Enemy to you and all your Houſe.
'Twas an unlucky Omen that he firſt
Demanded me in Marriage for his Son.
Yet, Sir, believe me, I as ſoon could wed
That *Marius*, whom I've cauſe to hate, as *Sylla.*
Metell. No more; by all the Gods, 'twill make me mad,
That daily, nightly, hourly, every way
My care has bin to make thy Fortune high;
And having now provided thee a Lord
Of nobleſt Parentage, of fair Demeans,
Early in Fame, Youthful, and well ally'd,
In every thing as Thought could wiſh a man,
To have at laſt a wretched puling Fool,
A whining Suckling, ignorant of her Good,
To anſwer *I'll not wed, I cannot love.*
If thou art mine, reſolve upon Compliance,
Or think no more to reſt beneath my Roofs.
Go, try thy riſk in Fortune's barren Field,
Graze where thou wilt, but think no more of Me,
Till thy Obedience welcome thy Return.
Lavin. Will you then quite caſt off your poor *Lavinia*,
And turn me like a Vagrant out of Doors,
To wander up and down the ſtreets of *Rome*,
And beg my bread with ſorrow? Can I bear
The proud and hard Revilings of a Slave,
Fat with his Maſter's plenty, when I ask
A little Pity for my pinching Wants?
Shall I endure the cold, wet, windy Night,
To ſeek a ſhelter under dropping Eves,
A Porch my Bed, a Threſhold for my Pillow,
Shiv'ring and ſtarv'd for want of warmth and food,

Swell'd with my Sighs, and almoſt choak'd with Tears.
Muſt I, at the uncharitable Gates
Of proud great men implore Relief in vain?
Muſt I your poor *Lavinia*, bear all this,
Becauſe I am not Miſtriſs of my Heart,
Or cannot love according to your liking?
Metell. Art thou not Miſtriſs of thy Heart then?
Lavin. No;
'Tis giv'n away.
Metell. To whom?
Lavin. I dare not tell.
But I'll endeavour ſtrangely to forget him,
If you'll forget but *Sylla*.
Metell. Thou doſt well.
Conceal his Name, if thou'dſt preſerve his Life:
For if there be a Death in *Rome* that might
Be bought, it ſhould not miſs him. From this Hour
Curſt be thy Purpoſes, moſt curſt thy Love.
And if thou marry'ſt, in thy Wedding-night
May all the Curſes of an injur'd Parent
Fall thick, and blaſt the Bleſſings of thy Bed.
Lavin. What have you done? alas! Sir, as you ſpoke,
Methought the Fury of your words took place,
And ſtruck my Heart like Lightning, dead within me.
Gone too? [*Exit Metell.*
Is there no Pity ſitting in the Clouds
That ſees into the bottom of my Grief?
Alas! that ever Heav'n ſhould practiſe Stratagems
Upon ſo ſoft a Subject as my ſelf!
What ſay'ſt Thou? haſt thou not a Word of Joy?
Some Comfort, Nurſe, in this Extremity.
Nurſe. Marry: and there's but need on't: 'ods my life, this Dad of ours was an arrant Wag in his young Days for all this. Well, and what then? *Marius* is a Man, and ſo's *Sylla*. Oh! but *Marius*'s Lip! and then *Sylla*'s Noſe and Forehead! but then *Marius*'s Eye agen, how 'twill ſparkle, and twinckle, and rowl, and fleer? But to ſee *Sylla* a horſe back! But to ſee *Marius* walk or dance! ſuch a Leg, ſuch a Foot, ſuch a Shape, ſuch a Motion. Ah-h-h——Well, *Marius* is the man, muſt be the man, and ſhall be the man.
Lavin. He's by his Father's Nature rough and fierce,
And knows not yet the follies of my Love:
And when he does, perhaps may ſcorn and hate me.
Nurſe. Yes, yes, he's a rude, unmannerly, ill-bred Fellow. He's not

the Flow'r of Curteſy; but I'll warrant him, as gentle as a Lamb. Go thy ways, Child ſerve God. What? a Father's an Old man, and old men, they ſay will take care. But a Young man! Girl, ah! a young Man! there's a great deal in a Young man, and thou ſhalt have a Young man. What! I have bin thy Nurſe theſe Sixteen Years, and I ſhould know what's good for thee ſurely. Oh! Ay——a Young man!

Lavin. Now, prithee leave me to my ſelf a while. [*Ex. Nurſe.*
'Tis hardly yet within two hours of Day.
Sad Nights ſeem long———I'll down into the Garden.
The Queen of Night
Shines fair with all her Virgin-ſtars about her.
Not one amongſt 'em all a Friend to me:
Yet by their Light a while I'll guide my ſteps,
And think what courſe my wretched ſtate muſt take.
Oh, *Marius!* [*Ex. Lavinia.*

SCENE

A walled Garden belonging to Metellus *Houſe.*

Enter Marius junior.

Mar. jun. How vainly have I ſpent this idle Night!
Ev'n Wine can't heal the ragings of my Love.
This ſure ſhould be the Manſion of *Lavinia;*
For in ſuch Groves the Deities firſt dwelt.
Can I go forward, when my Heart is here?
Turn back, dull Earth, and find thy Center out. [*Enters the Garden.*

Enter Granius *and* Sulpitius.

Gran. This way——he went——Why, *Marius!* Brother *Marius!*
Sulp. Perhaps he's wife, and gravely gone to Bed.
There's not ſo weak a Drunkard as a Lover;
One Bottle to his Lady's Health quite addles him.
Gran. He ran this way, and leap't this Orchard-Wall.
Call, good *Sulpitius.*
Sulpit. Nay, I'll conjure too.
Why, *Marius!* Humours! Paſſion! mad-man Lover
Appear thou in the likeneſs of a Sigh.
Speak but one word, and I am ſatisfy'd.
He hears not, neither ſtirs he yet. Nay then
I conjure thee by bright *Lavinia*'s Eyes,
By her high Forehead, and her ſcarlet Lip,
By her fine Foot, ſtraight Leg, and quivering Thigh,

And the Demeans that there adjacent lye,
That in thy likeneſs thou appear to us.
Gran. Hold, good *Sulpitius*, this will anger him——
Sulpit. This cannot anger him. 'Twould anger him
To raiſe a Spirit in his Lady's Arms,
'Till ſhe had laid and charm'd it down again.
Gran. Let's go; he has hid himſelf among theſe Trees,
To dye his melancholick Mind in Night:
Blind in his Love, and beſt befits the Dark.
Sulpit. Pox o'this Love, this little Scarecrow Love,
That frights Fools with his painted Bow of Lath
Out of their feeble ſenſe.
Gran. Stop there——let's leave the Subject and its Slave;
Or burn *Metellus* Houſe about his ears.
Sulpit. This Morning *Sylla* means to enter *Rome:*
Your Father too demands the Conſulſhip.
Yet now when he ſhould think of cutting Throats,
Your Brother's loſt; loſt in a maze of Love,
The idle Truantry of Callow Boys.
I'd rather truſt my Fortunes with a Daw,
That hops at every Butterfly he ſees,
Than have to doe in honour with a man
That ſells his Vertue for a Woman's Smiles. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Marius junior *in the Garden.*

Mar. jun. He laughs at Wounds that never felt their ſmart.
What Light is that which breaks through yonder Shade?
[Lavinia *in the Balcony.*
Oh! 'tis my Love.
She ſeems to hang upon the cheek of Night,
Fairer than Snow upon the Raven's Back,
Or a rich Jewel in an *Æthiop*'s Ear.
Were She in yonder Sphear, ſhe'd ſhine ſo bright,
That Birds would ſing, and think the Day were breaking.
Lavin. Ah me!
Mar. jun. She ſpeaks,
Oh! ſpeak again, bright Angel; for thou art
As glorious to this Night, as Sun at Noon
To the admiring eyes of gazing Mortals,
When he beſtrides the lazy puffing Clouds,
And ſails upon the boſom of the Air.
Lavin. O *Marius, Marius!* wherefore art thou *Marius!*
Deny thy Family, renounce thy Name:

Or if thou wilt not, be but ſworn my Love,
And I'll no longer call *Metellus* Parent.

Mar. jun. Shall I hear this, and yet keep ſilence?

Lavin. No.
'Tis but thy Name that is my Enemy.
Thou wouldſt be ſtill thy ſelf, though not a *Marius*,
Belov'd of me, and charming as thou art.
What's in a Name? that which we call a Roſe,
By any other Name wou'd ſmell as ſweet.
So *Marius*, were he not *Marius* call'd,
Be ſtill as dear to my deſiring Eyes,
Without that Title. *Marius*, loſe thy Name,
And for that Name, which is no part of thee,
Take all *Lavinia*.

Mar. jun. At thy word I take thee,
Call me but Thine, and Joys will ſo tranſport me,
I ſhall forget my ſelf, and quite be chang'd.

Lavin. Who art Thou, that thus hid and veil'd in Night,
Haſt overhead my Follies?

Mar. jun. By a Name
I know not how to tell thee who I am.
My Name, dear Creature's hatefull to my ſelf:
Becauſe it is an Enemy to thee.

Lavin. Marius? how cam'ſt thou hither? tell, and why?
The Orchard-walls are high, and hard to climb,
And the place Death, conſid'ring who thou art,
If any of our Family here find thee.
By whoſe Directions didſt thou find this place?

Mar. jun. By Love, that firſt did prompt me to enquire.
He lent me Counſell, and I lent him Eyes.
I am no Pilot; yet wert thou as far
As the vaſt Shoar waſh'd by the fartheſt Sea,
I'd hazard Ruine for a Prize ſo dear——

Lavin. Oh *Marius!* vain are all ſuch Hopes and Wiſhes,
The hand of Heav'n has thrown a Bar between us,
Our Houſes Hatred and the Fate of *Rome*,
Where none but *Sylla* muſt be happy now.
All bring him Sacrifices of ſome ſort,
And I muſt be a Victim to his Bed.
To night my Father broke the dreadfull news;
And when I urg'd him for the Right of Love,
He threaten'd me to baniſh me his Houſe,

Naked and ſhiftleſs to the World. Wouldſt thou,
Marius, receive a Beggar to thy Boſom?
Mar. jun. Oh! were my Joys but fixt upon that point
I'd then ſhake Hands with Fortune, and be friends;
Thus graſp my Happineſs, embrace it thus,
And bleſs th'ill turn that gave thee to my Arms.
Lavin. Thou know'ſt the mask of Night is on my Face,
Elſe ſhould I bluſh for what thou'ſt heard me ſpeak.
Fain would I dwell on Form; fain, fain deny
The things I've ſaid: but farewel all ſuch Follies.
Doſt thou then love? I know thou'lt ſay thou doſt;
And I muſt take thy word, though thou prove falſe.
Mar. jun. By yon bright *Cynthia*'s Beams that ſhines above.
Lavin. Oh! ſwear not by the Moon, th' inconſtant Moon,
That changes Monthly, and ſhines but by ſeaſons,
Leſt that thy Love prove variable too.
Mar. jun. What ſhall I ſwear by?
Lavin. Do not ſwear at all.
Or, if thou wilt, ſwear by thy gracious Self,
Who art the God of my Idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.
Mar. jun. Witneſs all ye Pow'rs.
Lavin. Nay, do not ſwear: although my Joy be great,
I'm hardly ſatisfy'd with this night's Contract:
It ſeems too raſh, too unadvis'd and ſudden,
Too like the Lightning, which does ceaſe to be
E're one can ſay it is. Therefore this time
Good-night, my *Marius*. May a happier Hour
Bring us to crown our Wiſhes.
Mar. jun. Why wilt thou leave me ſo unſatisfy'd?
Lavin. What would'ſt thou have?
Mar. jun. Th' Exchange of Love for mine.
Lavin. I gave thee mine before thou didſt requeſt it;
And yet I wiſh I could retrieve it back.
Mar. jun. Why?
Lavin. But to be frank, and give it thee agen.
My Bounty is as boundleſs as the Sea,
My Love as deep: the more I give to thee,
The more I have: for both are Infinite.
I hear a Noiſe within. Farewell, my *Marius*;
Or ſtay a little, and I'll come agen.
Mar. jun. Stay! ſure for ever.
Lavin. Three Words, and, *Marius*, then good night indeed.

If that thy Love be honourably meant,
Thy purpoſe Marriage, ſend me word to-morrow,
And all my Fortunes at thy feet I'll lay.
Nurſe within. Madam!
Lavin. I come anon. But if thou mean'ſt not well,
I do beſeech thee——
Nurſe within. Madam! Madam!——
Lavin. By and by, I come.
To ceaſe thy Suit, and leave me to my Griefs.
To morrow I will ſend——— [*Exit.*
Mar. jun. So thrive my Soul. Is not all this a Dream,
Too lovely, ſweet and flattering to be true?

Re-enter Lavinia.

Lavin. Hiſt, *Marius*, hiſt. Oh for a Falkner's Voice,
To lure this Taſſell-gentle back agen.
Reſtraint has Fears, and may not ſpeak aloud:
Elſe would I tear the Cave where Echo lies,
With repetition of my *Marius.*——
Mar. jun. It is my Love that calls me back agen.
How ſweetly Lovers voices ſound by Night!
Like ſofteſt Muſick to attending ears.
Lavin. Marius.
Mar. jun. My Dear.
Lavin. What a clock to-morrow?
Mar. jun. At the hour of men.
Lavin. I will not fail: 'Tis twenty years 'till then.
Why did I call thee back?
Mar. jun. Let me here ſtay 'till thou remember'ſt why.
Lavin. The Morning's breaking; I would have thee gone;
And yet no farther then a Wanton's Bird,
That lets it hop a little from his Hand,
To pull it by its Fetters back again.
Mar. jun. Would I were thine.
Lavin. Indeed and ſo would I:
Yet I ſhould kill thee ſure with too much cheriſhing.
No more——Good-night.
Mar. jun. There's ſuch ſweet Pain in parting,
That I could hang for ever on thy Arms,
And look away my life into thy Eyes.
Lavin. To-morrow will come.
Mar. jun. So it will. Good-night.
Heav'n be thy Guard; and all its Bleſſings wait thee—— [*Ex.*Lavin.

To-morrow! 'tis no longer: But Deſires
Are ſwift, and longing Love wou'd laviſh time.
To-morrow! Oh to-morrow! till that come,
The tedious Hours move heavily away,
And each long Minute ſeems a lazy Day.
Already Light is mounted in the Air,
Striking itſelf through every Element.
Our Party will by this time be abroad,
To try the Fate of *Marius* and *Rome*.
Love and Renown ſure court me thus together.
Smile, ſmile, ye Gods, and give Succeſs to both. [*Exit.*

SCENE *the Forum.*

Enter four Citizens.

3 *Cit.* Well, Neighbours, now we are here, what muſt we doe?

1 *Cit.* Why, you muſt give your Vote for *Caius Marius* to be Conſul: and if any body ſpeaks againſt you knock 'em down.

2 *Cit.* The Truth on't is, there's nothing like a Civil Government, where good Subjects may have leave to knock Brains out to maintain Privileges.

3 *Cit.* Look you——but what's this *Sylla?* this *Sylla?* I've heard great Talk of him.——He's a damnable fighting fellow they ſay; but hang him————he's a Lord.

1 *Cit.* Ay, ſo he is, Neighbours: and I know not why any one ſhould be a Lord more then another. I care not for a Lord: what good do they doe? nothing but run in our debts, and lye with our Wives——

4 *Cit.* Why, there's a Grievance now. I have three Boys, at home, no more mine than *Rome*'s mine. They are all fair curl'd-hair *Cupids;* and I'm an honeſt black tawny Kettle-fac'd Fellow.——I'll ha' no Lords.——

[*Drums and Trumpets.*

1 *Cit.* Hark! hark! Drums and Trumpets! Drums and Trumpets! they are coming. Be you ſure you roar out for a *Marius:* and doe as much Miſchief as you can.——

Enter Marius ſenior *and his Sons;* Marius *born upon the Shoulders of two* Roman *Slaves;* Sulpitius *at the head of the Guards.*

[*Trumpets.*

Sulpit. Harken, ye Men of *Rome:* I, I *Sulpitius*,
Your Tribune and Protectour of your Freedome,
By virtue of that Office here have call'd you
To chuſe a Conſul. *Mithridates* King of *Pontus* has begun a War upon us,

Invaded our Allies, our Edicts violated,
And threatens *Rome* it ſelf. Whom will you chuſe
To lead you forth in this moſt glorious War?
Marius, or *Sylla?*
All Cit. A *Marius!* a *Marius!* a *Marius!*
Mar. ſen. Country-men,
And Fellow-Citizens, my Brethren all,
Or, if it may be thought a dearer name,
My Sons, my Children, Glory of my Age;
I come not hither arm'd to force your Suffrage,
As *Sylla* does to enter *Rome* with Power,
As if he meant a Triumph o're his Country.
I have not made a Party in the Senate,
To bring you into Slavery, or load
Your Necks with the hard Yoak of Lordly pow'r.
I am no Noble, but a Free-born Man,
A Citizen of *Rome*, as all you are,
A Lover of your Liberties, and Laws,
Your Rights and Privileges. Witneſs here
Theſe Wounds, which in your Service I have got,
And beſt plead for me———
All Cit. Marius! Marius! Marius! No *Sylla!* no *Sylla!* no *Sylla!*
Sulpit. No more remains,
Moſt honourable Conſul, but that ſtraight you mount
The Seat-Tribunall——Lictors, bring your Rods,
Axes and Faſces, and preſent 'em here.
Hail *Caius Marius*, Conſul of the War.

Trumpet. *Enter* Metellus, Cinna, Antonius, Quintus Pompeius, *his Son*, &c. *Guards.*

Metell. See, *Romans*, there the Ruine of your Freedom,
The blazing Metor that bodes ill to *Rome*,
Oppreſſion, Tyranny, Avarice and Pride,
All centre in that melancholick Brow.
If you are mad for Slavery, long to try
The weight of abs'lute Chains, once more proclaim him,
And ſhout ſo loud till *Mithridates* hear,
And laugh to think your Throats fit for his Sword.
Take me, take all your Senatours, and drag
Us headlong to the *Tyber*,——plunge us in,
And bid adieu to Liberty for ever——
Then turn and fall before your new-made God;
Bring your Eſtates, your Children and your Wives,

And lay 'em at the feet of his Ambition.
This you muſt doe, and well it will become
Such Slaves, who ſell their Charters for a Holiday.
Cit. No *Marius!* no *Marius!*
Metell. *Quintus Pompeius*, in the Senate's Name,
As Conſul, we command thee to demand
Juſtice of *Marius*, and proclaim him Traitour.
Q. Pomp. Deſcend then, *Marius*, Traitour to the State
And Liberty of *Rome*, and hear thy Sentence.
Mar. ſen. Now, by the Gods, this Cauſe is worthy of me,
Worthy my Fate.
Is this the Right and Liberty of *Rome*,
To pull its lawfull Conſul from his Seat
Unjudg'd, and brand him with the Mark of Traitour?
Draw all your Swords, all you that are my Friends.
Sulpitius, dam the Rabble, let 'em fall
Like common Droſs, with that well-ſpoken Fool,
That popular Clack; or let us ſell our Fates
So dear, that *Rome* may ſicken with our Fall.
All Cit. No *Marius!* no *Marius!* Down with him, down with him—
Sulpit. Ha! What art thou?
Q. Pom. The Conſul's Son.
Sulp. A Worm;
A thin Skin full of Dirt; and thus I tread thee
Into thy mother Earth.——— [*Kills him.*
Mar. ſen. Drag hence that Traitor,
And bring me ſtraight his Head upon thy Dart.
The Fate of *Rome*'s begun.
Q. Pomp. Our Children murther'd,
Thus maſſacred before our Eyes; Come all
That love *Pompeius*, and revenge his Loſs.
Sulpit. Fall on.
All Cit. No *Marius!* no *Marius!* Liberty! Liberty! *&c.*
[*They fight*, Marius *Conquers.*
Mar. ſen. Thanks for this good beginning, Gods. Theſe Slaves,
Theſe wide-mouth'd Brutes, that bellow thus for Freedom,
Oh! how they ran before the hand of Pow'r,
Flying for ſhelter into every Brake!
Like cow'rdly fearful Sheep they break their Herd,
When the Wolf's out and ranging for his Prey.
Sulpitius, thy Guards did noble Service.
Sulpit. Oh! they are Fellows fit for you and I,
Fit for the work of Power: ſay the word,

Not one amongſt 'em all but what ſhall run,
Take an old grumbling Senatour by th' Beard,
And ſhake his Head off from his ſhrinking Shoulders.
Mar. ſen. *Sylla*, I hear, is at the Gates of *Rome*.
Proclaim ſtraight Liberty to every Slave
That will but own the Cauſe of *Caius Marius*.
Horrour, Confuſion, and inverted Order,
Vaſt Deſolaton, Slaughter, Death and Ruin
Muſt have their courſes, ere this Ferment ſettle.
' Thus the Great *Jove* above, who rules alone,
' When Men forget his Godlike Pow'r to own,
' Uſes no common means, no common ways,
' But ſends forth Thunder, and the World obeys. [*Ex.* Omnes.

The end of the Second ACT.

ACT III.

Enter Sulpitius, Granius, *and all the Guards.*

Sulp. ROME never ſaw a Morning ſure like this:
Now ſhe begins to know the Rod of Pow'r
Her wanton Bloud can ſmart.
Were I the Conſul, not a Head in *Rome*,
That had but Thoughts of *Sylla*, ſhould ſtand ſafe.
Gran. Slaughter ſhou'd have continu'd with the Day,
Mercy but gives Sedition time to rally.
Every ſoft, pliant, talking, buſy Rogue,
Gathering a Flock of hot-brained Fools together,
Can preach up new Rebellion. 'Till the Heads
Of all thoſe heav'nly-inſpir'd Knaves be cruſh'd,
No Power can be ſafe———
Sulp. Much will this Day
Determine; *Sylla*'s now before the Walls,
And all his Forces ready for command.
Four thouſand Slaves have taken hold on Freedome,
And come on Proclamation to our ſide.
Gran. Where ſhould my Brother be? he came not home to-night.
Sulpit. Think of him as a Wretch that's dead,
Stabb'd with an Eye, run thro' the Brains with Love.

Gran. He talk'd of ſending *Sylla* a Defiance.
Sulpit. Writ with a Pen made of a *Cupid*'s Quill.
Gran. Why, what is *Sylla?*
Sulpit. A moſt courageous Captain at a Congee;
He fights by meaſure, as your Artiſts ſing,
Keeps Diſtance, Time, Proportion, reſts his Reſts,
One, two, and the third in your Guts.
Oh! he's the very Butcher of a Button.
Gran. Would I cou'd ſee my Brother. That damn'd Love
Of Women ruins nobleſt Purpoſes.
Sulpit. That Sex was firſt in mockery of us made.
They are the falſe deceitfull Glaſſes, where
We gaze and dreſs our ſelves to all the ſhapes
Of Folly. What is't Woman cannot doe?
She'll make a States-man quite forget his Cunning,
And truſt his deareſt Secrets to her Breaſt,
Where Fops have daily Entrance: make a Prieſt,
Forgetting the hypocriſy of's Office,
Dance and ſhow Tricks, to prove his ſtrength and brawn:
Make a Projector quibble, an old Judge
Put on Falſe hair, and paint: and after all,
Though ſhe be known the lewdeſt of her Sex,
She'll make ſome Fool or other think ſhe's honeſt.
Your Father promis'd me to meet me here.
I wonder he delays ſo long.
Gran. He comes;
And with him too my Brother.
Sulp. See your General,
Salute him all my Fellow-ſouldiers. [*Shout.*

Enter Marius *ſenior, and* Marius *junior.*

Mar. ſen. This,
Sulpitius, looks like Power. *Granius,* here
Receive thy Brother to thy Arms, and bleſs him:
H'as done a thing moſt worthy of our Name,
Sent a Defiance into *Sylla*'s Camp,
Challenging forth the ſtouteſt Champion there,
In Vindication of his Father's Cauſe,
And not an Out-law there dare ſend his Anſwer.
Once more, *Sulpitius,* are the People ours,
Enrag'd with *Sylla*'s coming arm'd, to force
The City. At the *Celimontane* Gate
He's poſted now; let's ſend him ſtraight Commands

I'th' name o' th' Senate and the *Roman* People,
T' advance no farther, 'till the State of *Rome*
Be heard in publick, and my Choice confirm'd,
Or he continu'd Conſul.———
Sulpit. That would be
But to prolong Neceſſity; for *Rome*
Muſt bleed: and ſince the Rabble now is ours,
Keep the Fools hot, preach Dangers in their Ears,
Spread falſe Reports o'th' Senate, working up
Their Madneſs to a Fury quick and deſp'rate,
Till they run headlong into civil Diſcords,
And doe our Buſineſs with their own Deſtruction.
Granius, go thou,
Send Word to *Sylla* that he lay down Arms,
And render up himſelf to *Rome*.
Mar. jun. There's ſtill
A dangerous Wheel at Work, a Thoughtfull Villain,
Cinna, who'as rais'd his Fortune by the Jars
And Diſcords of his Country: like a Fly
O're Fleſh, he buzzes about itching Ears,
'Till he has vented his Infection there,
To feſter into Rancour and Sedition.
Would he were ſafe.
Mar. ſen. And ſafe he ſhall be: let him be proſcrib'd,
The Fine upon his head its weight in Gold.
Wou'd I cou'd buy *Metellus*'s as cheap.
I have a tender Fooliſhneſs within me
May ſometimes get the better of my Rage.
Sulpitius, therefore keep me warm; ſtill ply
My ebbing Fury with the thoughts of *Sylla*,
Th' ingratefull Senate, and *Metellus* Pride;
And let not any thing may make me dreadfull
Be left undone. Now to our Troups let's haſten,
And wait for *Sylla*'s Anſwer at our Arms. [*Ex.* Mar. *ſen.* & Granius.
Sulpit. Is not this better now then whining Love?
Now thou again art *Marius*, ſon of Arms,
Thy Father's Honour, and thy Friends Delight.

Enter Nurſe and Clodius.

Mar. jun. *Sulpitius*, what comes here? a Sail, *Sulpitius*.
Sulpit. A tatter'd one, and weather-beaten much.
Many a boiſt'rous Storm has ſhe bin toſs'd in,
And many a Pilot kept her to the wind.

Nurſe. *Clodius.*
Clod. Madam.
Sulpit. Madam!
Nurſe. My Fan, *Clodius.*
Sulpit. Ay, good *Clodius*, to hide her Face.
Nurſe. Good-morrow, Gentlemen.
Sulpit. Good-even, fair Gentlewoman.
Nurſe. Fair Gentlewoman? Really 'tis very hot.
Sulpit. It ſhould be ſo by your Ladyſhip's parch'd Face.
Nurſe. Marry come up, my Goſſip: Whoſe Man are you?
Sulpit. A Woman's man, my Sybill: wouldſt thou try
My Strength in Feats of amorous Engagement,
Lead me among the Beauteous, where they run
Wild in their Youth, and wanton to their Wildneſs,
Where I may chuſe the foremoſt of the Herd,
And bear her trembling to ſome Bank, bedeckt
With ſweeteſt Flowers, ſuch as Joy would chuſe
To dwell in; throw my inſpir'd Arms about her,
And preſs her till ſhe thought her ſelf more bleſſt
Than *Io* panting with the Joys of *Jove.*
Nurſe. Panting? Joys? and *Jove?* now by my troth 'tis very pretty. But, Gentlemen, can any of you tell where I may find young *Marius?*
Mar. jun. Yes, I can tell you, Madam. I am he.
Sulpit. Hah! by this Light, a Baud. So ho!
Come let's away. I hate a morning Bawd,
That ſtinks of laſt Night's Office—— [*Ex.* Sulpit.
Nurſe. Pray, Sir, what ſawcy Fellow's he that's gone?
Mar. jun. A Gentleman, Nurſe, that loves to hear himſelf talk; and will ſpeak more in a Minute than he'll ſtand to in a Month.
Nurſe. An he ſpeak any thing againſt me, I'll take him down, and he were luſtier then he is, and twenty ſuch Jacks, or I'll find thoſe that ſhall. But now, Sir, I wiſh you much Joy——I hear you are———
Mar. jun. Marry'd; this day the bleſſed deed was done.
When the unhappy Diſcords firſt took flame
Betwixt my Father and the Senate; then
A holy Prieſt of *Hymen*, whom with Gold
I brib'd to yield us privately his Office,
Join'd our kind Hands, and now ſhe's ever mine.
Nurſe. Well: 'fore God, I am ſo vext, that every part about me quivers. But pray, Sir, a word: and as I told you, my young Lady bade me find you out. What ſhe bade me ſay, I'll keep to my ſelf. But firſt let me tell you, if you have led her into a Fool's Paradiſe, as they ſay; for the Gentlewoman is young, and therefore if you ſhould deal doubly with her, though

you don't look like a Gentleman that wou'd uſe double-dealing with a Lady.——

Mar. jun. Commend me to thy Lady. I proteſt——

Nurſe. Good Heart, and i'faith, I will tell as much. Lord! Lord! ſhe will be a joyfull Woman.

Mar. jun. Bid her deviſe this Evening to receive
Me at her Window: here is for thy pains—— [*Gives Money.*

Nurſe. No truly, Sir; not a *Drachma*.

Mar. jun. Away; I ſay you ſhall.

Nurſe. This Evening, ſay you? well, ſhe ſhall be there.

Mar. jun. And ſtay, kind Nurſe, behind the Garden-wall.
Within this hour my man ſhall meet thee there,
And bring thee Cords made like a Tackling-Ladder,
Which to the bleſſed Manſion of my Joy
Muſt be my Conduct in the ſecret Night.
Farewel——be true, and I'll reward thy pains.

Nurſe. Now Heav'ns bleſs thee.——Hark you, Sir.

Mar. jun. What ſay'ſt thou, Nurſe?

Nurſe. Nothing, but that my Miſtriſs is the ſweeteſt Lady. Lord! Lord! when 'twas a little prating thing——Oh!——there's a Spark, one *Sylla*, that would fain have a finger in the py——but ſhe, good ſoul, had as lieve hear of a Toad, a very Toad, as hear of him. I anger her ſometimes, and tell her *Sylla* is the properer Man.——But I'll warrant you, when I ſay ſo, ſhe looks as pale as any Clout in the verſall World. Well, you'll be ſure to come——

Mar. jun. As ſure as Truth.

Nurſe. Well, when it was a Little thing, and us'd to lie with me, it would ſo kick, ſo ſprawl, and ſo play——and then I would tickle it, and then it would laugh, and then it would play agen. When it had tickling and playing enough, it would go to ſleep as gentle as a Lamb. I ſhall never forget it—— Then you'll be ſure to come.——

Mar. jun. Can I forget to live?

Nurſe. Nay, but ſwear though.

Mar. jun. By this Kiſs, which thou ſhalt carry to *Lavinia*.

Nurſe. Oh! dear Sir, by no means. Indeed you ſhall not. I have been drinking *Aqua Vitæ*. Oh! thoſe Eyes of yours!

Mar. jun. Till night farewell——

Nurſe. Till night; I'll ſay no more, but da, da. Come, *Clodius*. Ah! thoſe Eyes! [*Ex. Nurſe & Clodius.*

Mar. jun. What pains ſhe takes with her officious Folly?
How happy is the Evening-tide of Life,
When Phlegm has quench'd our Paſſions, trifling out
The feeble Remnant of our ſilly Days

In Follies, ſuch as Dotage beſt is pleas'd with,
Free from the wounding and tormenting Cares
That toſs the thoughtfull, active, buſy Mind?
Though this Day be the deareſt of my Life;
There's ſomething hangs moſt heavy on my Heart,
And my Brain's ſick with Dulneſs.

Enter Marius ſenior.

Mar. ſen. Where's this Loyterer,
This moſt inglorious Son of *Caius Marius?*
With folded Arms and down-caſt Eyes he ſtands,
The Marks and Embleme of a Woman's Fool.
Mar. jun. My Father.
Mar. ſen. Call me by ſome other Name;
Diſgrace me not: I'm *Marius;*
And ſurely *Marius* has ſmall Right in thee.
Would *Sylla*'s Soul were thine, and thine were his,
That he, as thou haſt done, now Glory calls,
Might run for ſhelter to a Woman's Arms,
And hide him in her Boſome like a Babe.
Mar. jun. Then I'm a Coward?
Mar. ſen. Art thou not?
Mar. jun. I am.
That thus can bear Reproaches, and yet live.
Durſt any man but you have call'd me ſo?
Oh let me fall, embrace and kiſs your Feet.
Y'ave rais'd a Spirit in me prompts my Heart
To ſuch a Work as Fame ne'r talk'd of yet.
How'll you diſpoſe *Lavinia?*
Mar. ſen. Let her fall,
As I would all her Family and Name,
Forgotten that they either ever gave
Thy Father's Head Diſhonour, or thee Pain.
Mar. jun. 'Twas an unlucky Sentence. She's ſcarce more
Metellus' Daughter now then Your's: our Hands
Were by a Prieſt this Morning join'd. May Heav'n
Avert th' ill Omen, and preſerve my Father.
Mar. ſen. Marry'd! ſay ruin'd, loſt and curſt.
Mar. jun. You've torn
The Secret from me, and I wait your Doom.——
Mar. ſen. Go where I never more may hear thee nam'd;
Go fartheſt from me, get thee to *Metellus,*
Fall on thy Knees, and henceforth call him Parent.

I've yet one Son, that ſurely wo'nt forſake me:
Elſe in this Breaſt I ſhall have glorious Thoughts,
That will at leaſt give Luſtre to my Ruine.
Farewel——my once beſt Hopes, now greateſt Shame.
Mar. jun. Condemn me rather to the worſt of Deaths,
Or ſend me chain'd to *Sylla* like a Slave,
Then baniſh me the Bleſſing of your Preſence.
I've thought, and bounded all my Wiſhes ſo,
To dy for You is Happineſs enough;
'Twould be too much t'enjoy *Lavinia* too.
Mar. ſen. Again *Lavinia?*
Mar. jun. Yes, this Coward Slave,
This moſt inglorious Son of *Caius Marius*,
Though wedded to the brighteſt Beauty, rais'd
To th' higheſt expectation of Delight,
Ev'n in this Minute when Love prompts his Heart,
And tells what mighty Pleaſures are preparing,
Is Maſter of a Mind unfetter'd yet.
Mar. ſen. What can'ſt thou doe?
Mar. jun. This Night I ſhould have gone,
And ta'ne poſſeſſion of *Lavinia*'s Bed.
But by the Gods, theſe Eyes no more ſhall ſee her,
'Till I've done ſomething that's above Reward,
And you your ſelf preſent her to my Arms.
Mar. ſen. Why doſt thou talk thus to me?
Mar. jun. Hark! [*Trumpets.*
The Trumpets ſound, and buſineſs is at hand.
It ſeems as if our Guards upon the Walls
Were juſt engag'd, and *Sylla* come upon 'em.
The Gods have done me Juſtice.
Mar. ſen. Get thee gone,
And leave me to my Fate,
Thou maim'd and wounded, and unfit for War.
Mar. jun. I'll follow you———
Mar. ſen. Thou ſhalt not.
Mar. jun. By the Gods I will.
Mar. ſen. How! diſobey'd then?
Mar. jun. Bid a Courſer ſpurr'd
Stop in his full Career; bid Tides run back,
Or ſailing Ships ſtand ſtill before the wind,
Or Winds themſelves not blow when *Jove* provokes 'em.
Mar. ſen. Away, and do not tempt my Fury farther.
Mar. jun. Why? would you kill me?

Mar. ſen. No, no: I hope thou art reſerv'd yet for
A better Fate.
Mar. jun. Thanks, Heav'n.
Theſe few kind Words ſhew I'm not quite unhappy.
Mar. ſen. Then do not contradict my Will in this;
But part, and when our Hands next meet agen,
Be't in the Heart of *Sylla* or *Metellus*—— [*Exit.*

[*Trumpets agen.*

Mar. jun. Sound higher, ye ſhrill Inſtruments of War,
And urge its Horrours up, till they become,
If poſſible, as terrible as mine.
Oh my *Lavinia!* though this Night I fall,
At my return I ſhall be doubly happy.
Such Trials the great ancient Hero's paſt,
Who little preſent Happineſs could taſt,
Yet did great Actions, and were Gods at laſt. [*Exit.*

SCENE Metellus *Houſe.*

Enter Lavinia.

Lavin. Gallop apace, ye firy-footed Steeds,
Tow'rds *Phœbus'* Lodging. Such a Charioteer
As *Phaëton* would laſh you to the Weſt,
And bring in cloudy Night immediately.
Spread thy cloſe Curtains Love-performing Night,
Thou ſober-ſuited Matron all in Black;
That jealous eyes may wink, and *Marius*
Leap to theſe Arms untalkt-of and unſeen.
Oh! give me *Marius;* and when he ſhall dye,
Take him and cut him out in little Stars;
And he will make the Face of Heav'n ſo fine,
That all the World ſhall grow in love with Night,
And pay no worſhip to the gaudy Sun.
Oh! I have bought the Manſion of a Love,
But not poſſeſt it——Tedious is this Day,
As is the Night before ſome Feſtival
To an impatient Child that has new Robes,

Enter Nurſe and Clodius.

And may not wear 'em. Welcome, Nurſe: what News,
How fares the Lord of all my Joys, my *Marius?*
Nurſe. Oh! a Chair! a Chair! no Queſtions, but a Chair! So.

Lavin. Nay, pr'ythee Nurſe why doſt thou look ſo ſad?
Oh! do not ſpoil the Muſick of good Tidings
With ſuch a Melancholick wretched Face.

Nurſe. Oh! I am weary, very weary. *Clodius*, my Cordial-Bottle. Fie! how my Bones ake! what a Jaunt have I had!

Lavin. Do not delay me thus, but quickly tell me,
Will *Marius* come To-night Speak, will he come?

Nurſe. Alas! alas! what haſte? oh! cannot you ſtay a little? oh! do not you ſee that I'm out of breath? oh this Ptiſick! *Clodius*, the Cordial.

Lavin. Th' Excuſe thou mak'ſt for this unkind delay
Is longer then the Tale thou haſt to tell.
Is thy News good or bad? anſwer to that.
Say either, and I'll ſtay the Circumſtance.

Nurſe. Well, you have made a ſimple Choice: you know not how to chuſe a Man. Yet his Leg excells all mens. And for a Hand and a Foot and a Shape, though they are not to be talkt of——yet they are paſt compare. What, have you Din'd within?

Lavin. No, no: what fooliſh Queſtions doſt thou ask?
What ſays he of his coming? what of that?

Nurſe. Oh! how my Head akes! what a Head have I!
It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.
My Back o' tother ſide! ah! my Back! my Back!
Beſhrew your Heart for ſending me about
To catch my Death. This Back of mine will break. [*Drinks.*

Lavin. Indeed I'm ſorry if thou art not well.
But prithee tell me, Nurſe, what ſays my Love?

Nurſe. Why, your Love ſays like an honeſt Gentleman, and a kind Gentleman, and a handſome—— and I'll warrant a vertuous Gentleman. [*Drinks.*] Well——what? Where's your Father?

Lavin. Where's my Father? why, he's at the Senate.
How odly thou reply'ſt!
Your Love ſays like an honeſt Gentleman,
Where's your Father?

Nurſe. Oh good Lady dear!
Are you ſo hot? marry come up, I trow.
Is this a Poultice for my aking Bones?
Henceforward do your Meſſages your ſelf.

Lavin. Nay, prithee be not angry, Nurſe, I meant
No ill. Speak kindly, will my *Marius* come?

Nurſe. Will he? will a Duck ſwim?

Lavin. Then he will come.

Nurſe. Come? why, he will come upon all four, but he'll come. Go, get you in, and ſay your Prayers: Go.

Lavin. For Bleſſings on my *Marius* and thee.
Nurſe. Well, it would be a ſad Thing, though——
Lavin. What?
Nurſe. If *Marius* ſhould not come now—for there's odd doings at the Gates, they are at it ding dong. Tantara-ra go the Trumpets; Shout, cry the Souldiers; Clatter, go the Swords. I'll warrant——I made no ſmall haſte——
Lavin. And is my *Marius* there? alas my Fears! [*Trumpets.*
The Noiſe comes this way. Guard my Love, ye Gods,
Or ſtrike me with your Thunder when he falls. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *the Forum.*

Enter Marius *ſenior*, Marius *junior*, Granius, Sulpitius, Catulus, *&c. Guards*, *Lictors*, *on one ſide:* Metellus, Sylla, Quintus Pompeius, *Guards*, *on the other.*

[*Trumpets ſound a March.*

Metell. Oh thou God,
Deliverer of *Rome*, moſt bleſt of Men!
See here the Fathers of thy bleeding Country
Proſtrate for Refuge at thy Feet: See there
The Terrour of our Freedome, and thy Foe,
The Perſecutor of thy Friends, the Scourge
Of Truth and Juſtice, and the Plague of *Rome.*
Mar. ſen. What art thou that can'ſt lend thy ſlaviſh ears
To flattering Hypocriſye?
Sylla. My Name thou haſt heard,
And fled from. I am the Friend of *Rome*,
The Terrour and the Bane of thee her Foe.
Mar. ſen. If th'art her Friend, why com'ſt thou here thus arm'd,
Slaughtering her Citizens, and laying waſte her Walls?
Sylla. To free her from a Tyrant's Power.
Mar. ſen. Who is that Tyrant?
Sylla. Thou, who haſt oppreſt
Her Senate, made thy ſelf by force a Conſul,
Set free her Slaves, and arm'd 'em 'gainſt her Laws.
Mar. ſen. Hear this, ye *Romans*, and then judge my Wrongs.
Have I oppreſt you? have I forc'd your Laws?
Am I a Tyrant? I, whom ye have rais'd,
For my true Services, to what I am?
Remember th'*Ambrons*, *Cimbri*, and the *Teutons;*
Remember the Confederate War.

Sylla. Where Thou,
Cold and delaying, wert by *Silo* brav'd,
Scorn'd by thy Souldiers, and at laſt compell'd
Inglorioufly to quit th' unwieldy Charge.
Remember too who baniſht good *Metellus*,
The Friend and Parent of thy obſcure Family,
That rais'd thee from a Peaſant to a Lord.

Mar. ſen. Baſely thou wrongſt the Truth. My Actions rais'd me.
Hadſt thou bin born a Peaſant, ſtill thou'dſt bin ſo:
But I by Service to my Country 'ave made
My Name renown'd in Peace, and fear'd in War.

Sylla. In the *Jugurthine* War, whoſe King was taken
Pris'ner by me, and *Marius* triumpht for't.

Mar. ſen. Thou ſtol'ſt him baſely, ſtol'ſt him at the price
Of his Wife's Luſt: thou barter'dſt his Betraying,
And in the Capitol haſt Pageants ſet
In memory of thy Vanity and Shame.

Syll. Thy Shame.

Mar. ſen. My Honour, proud preſumptuous Boy,
Who would'ſt be gaudy in an unfit Dreſs,
And wear my caſt-off Glories after me.

Syll. I'd rather wear ſome Beggar's rotten Rags,
By him left dangling on a high-way Hedge,
Than ſoil my Laurels with a Leaf of thine,
Thou ſcorn'd Plebeian.

Mar. ſen. Worſt Perdition catch thee.

Syll. Disband that Rout of Rebells at thy Heels,
And yield thy ſelf to Juſtice and the Senate.

Mar. ſen. Juſtice from Thee demanded on my Head?
Firſt clear thy ſelf, quit thy uſurpt Command:
Approach and kneel to me, whom thou haſt wrong'd.

Syll. Upon thy Neck I would.

Mar. ſen. As ſoon thou'dſt take
A Lion by the beard: thou dar'ſt not think on't.

Syll. I dare, and more.

Mar. ſen. Then, Gods, I take your Word;
If there be truth in you, I ſhall not fall
This Day. My Friends and Fellow-ſouldiers, now,
Fight as I've ſeen you: for the Life of *Sylla*,
Leave it to me; for much Revenge muſt go
Along with Death when ſuch a Victim bleeds.

Syll. My Lords withdraw.

Metell. No, truſt the Gods; I'll ſee
My Country's Fate, and with her live or dye.
Mar. ſen. Now, *Sylla.*
Syll. Now, my Veterans, conſider
You fight for Laws, for Liberty, and Life.
Mar. ſen. Rebellion never wanted that Pretence.
Thou Shadow of what I have bin, thou Puppet
Of that great State and Honours I have born,
If thou'lt do ſomething worthy of thy place,
Let's join our Battel with a Force may glut
The Throat of Death, and choak him with himſelf;
As fiercely as deſtroying Whirlwinds riſe,
Or as Clouds daſh when Thunder ſhakes the Skies.
[*Trumpets ſound a Charge: they fight.*

Re-enter Marius *ſenior*, *taken by* Sylla's *Party.*

Mar. ſen. Forſaken, and a Priſ'ner? Is this all
That's left of *Marius?* The old naked Trunk
Of that tall Pine that was? Away, ye Shrubs,
Ye clinging Brambles; do not clog me thus,
But let me run into the Jaws of Death,
And finiſh my ill Fate. Or muſt I be
Preſerv'd a publick Spectacle, expos'd
To Scorn, and make a Holyday for Slaves?
Oh! that Thought's Hell. Sure I ſhould know thy Face.
Thou haſt born Office under me. If e're
In my beſt Fortune I deſerv'd thy Friendſhip,
Give me a *Roman*'s Death, and ſet me free,
That no Diſhonour in my Age o'retake me.
Officer. I've ſerv'd and lov'd you well: Nor would I ſee
Your Fall——My Orders were, to ſave your Life.
Mar. ſen. Thou'rt a Time-ſerver, that can'ſt flatter Miſery.

Enter Marius *junior*, Granius *and* Sulpitius, *Priſoners.*

My Sons in Bonds too, and *Sulpitius?*
Sulpit. Yes, the Rat-catchers have trapt me. Now muſt I
Be food for Crows, and ſtink upon a Tree,
Whilſt Coxcombs ſtrowl abroad on Holydays
To take the Air, and ſee me rot. A pox
On Fortune, and a pox on that firſt Fool
That taught the World Ambition.

Enter Quint. Pompeius, *four Lictors before him.*

Q. Pomp. Draw near,
Ye Men of *Rome*, and hear the Law pronounc'd.
Thou *Marius*, whoſe Ambition and whoſe Pride
Have coſt ſo many Lives, the firſt that e're
Wag'd Civil Wars in *Rome*, thee and thy Sons,
Thy Family and Kin, with that vile Slave
And Miniſter of all thy Outrages,
The curſt *Sulpitius*, Baniſhment's thy Lot;
After to-morrow's Dawn if found i'th'City,
Death be your Doom: ſo hath the Senate ſaid.
So flouriſh Peace and Liberty in *Rome*.
[*Ex.* Quint. Pompeius, *Lictors, crying Liberty.*
Mar. ſen. I thank ye, Gods, upon my Knees I thank ye,
For plaguing me above all other men.
Come, ye young Hero's, kneel, and praiſe the Heav'ns,
For crowning thus your youthfull Hopes. Ha, ha, ha!
What pleaſant Game hath Fortune play'd to-day?
Oh! I could burſt with Laughter. Why, now *Rome*'s
At Peace. But may it be as ſhort and vain
As Joys but dreamt of, or as Sick mens Slumbers.
Now let's take hands, and bending to the Earth,
To all th'Infernall Powers let us ſwear.
All. We ſwear.
Mar. ſen. That's well: By all the Deſtinies,
By all the Furies, and the Fiends that wait
About the Throne of Hell, and by Hell's King,
We'll bring Deſtruction to this curſed City;
Let not one Stone of all her Tow'rs ſtand ſafe.
Mar. jun. Let not her Temples nor her Gods eſcape.
Gran. Let Husbands in their Wives Embraces periſh.
Mar. ſen. Her young Men maſſacred.
Sulpit. Her Virgins raviſht.
Mar. jun. And let her Lovers all my Torments feel,
Doating like me, and like me baniſhed.
Thus let 'em curſe, thus raving tear their Hair,
And fall upon the ground as I do now.
Mar. ſen. Riſe then, and to *Lavinia* go. This Night's
Thy own.
Mar. jun. And ever after Pain and Sorrow.
But go thou, find *Lavinia*'s Woman out—— [*To his ſervant.*
Tell her I'll come, and bid her chear my Love,
For I'll not fail, but in this Night enjoy
Whole Life, and forgive Nature what's to come.

Mar. ſen. Thus then let's part; each take his ſeveral way,
As to a Task of Darkneſs: When we meet
In hated Exile, we'll compute Accompts,
And ſee what Miſchief each has gathered then.
For, *Rome*, I ſhall be yet once more thy Lord,
If Oracles have truth, and Augurs ly not.
For yet a Child, and in my Father's Fields
Playing, I ſeven young Eagles chanc'd to find;
Which gathering up I to my Parents bore.
The Gods were ſought, who promis'd me from thence
As many times the Conſulate in *Rome*.
Six times already I've that Office bore,
And ſo far has the Prophecy prov'd true.
But if I've manag'd ill the time that's paſt,
And too remiſs ſix elder Fortunes loſt,
The youngeſt Darling Fate is yet to come,
And thou ſhalt feel me then, ungratefull *Rome*. [*Exeunt.*

The end of the Third Act.

ACT IV

SCENE *the Garden.*

Enter Lavinia *and* Marius *junior.*

Lavin. WILT thou be gone? it is not yet near Day.
It was the Nightingale, and not the Lark,
That pierc'd the fearfull hollow of thy Ear.
Nightly on yon Pomegranate-tree ſhe ſings.
Believe me, Love, it was the Nightingale.
Mar. jun. Oh! 'twas the Lark, the Herald of the Morn.
No Nightingale. Look, Love, what envious Streaks
Of Light embroider all the cloudy Eaſt.
Night's Candles are burnt out, and jocund Day
Upon the Mountain-tops ſits gaily dreſt,
Whilſt all the Birds bring Muſick to his Levy.
I muſt be gone and live, or ſtay and di——
Lavin. Oh! oh! what wretched Fortune is my Lot!
Sure, giving Thee, Heav'n grew too far in Debt

To pay, till Bankrupt-like it broke; whilſt I,
A poor compounding Creditor, am forc'd
To take a Mite for endleſs Summs of Joy.
Mar. jun. Let me be taken, let me ſuffer Death,
I am content, ſo Thou wilt have it ſo——
By Heav'n, yon gray is not the Morning's Eye,
But the Reflexion of pale *Cynthia*'s Brightneſs;
Nor is't the Lark we hear, whoſe Notes do beat
So high, and echo in the Vault of Heav'n.
I'm all deſire to ſtay, no will to go.
How is't, my Soul? let's talk: It is not Day.
Lavin. Oh! it is, it is——Fly hence away, my *Marius*,
It is the Lark, and out of tune ſhe ſings,
With grating Diſcords and unpleaſing Strainings.
Some ſay the Lark and loathſome Toad change Eyes:
Now I could wiſh they had chang'd Voices too;
Or that a Lethargy had ſeiz'd the Morning,
And ſhe had ſlept and never wak'd agen,
To part me from th' Embraces of my Love.
What ſhall become of Me, when Thou art gone?
Mar. jun. The Gods that heard our Vows, and know our Loves,
Seeing my Faith, and thy unſpotted Truth,
Will ſure take care, and let no Wrongs annoy thee.
Upon my Knees I'll ask 'em every day,
How my *Lavinia* does: And every night,
In the ſevere Diſtreſſes of my Fate,
As I perhaps ſhall wander through the Deſart,
And want a Place to reſt my weary Head on,
I'll count the Stars, and bleſs 'em as they ſhine,
And court them all for my *Lavinia*'s ſafety.
Lavin. Oh Baniſhment, eternal Baniſhment!
Ne'r to return! muſt we ne'r meet again?
My Heart will break, I cannot think that Thought
And live. Could I but ſee to th' End of Woe,
There were ſome Comfort——but eternal Torment
Is ever inſupportable to Thought.
It cannot be that we ſhall part for ever.
Mar. jun. No, for my Baniſhment may be recall'd;
My Father once more hold a Pow'r in *Rome*:
Then ſhall I boldly claim *Lavinia* mine.
Whilſt happieſt Men ſhall envy at the Bleſſings,
And Poets write the Wonders of our Loves.
Lavin. If by my Father's Cruelty I am forc'd,

When left alone, to yield to *Sylla*'s Claim,
Defenſeleſs as I am, and thou far from me,
If, as I muſt, I rather dye than ſuffer't,
What a ſad Tale will that be when 'tis told thee?
I know not what to fear, or hope, or think,
Or ſay, or doe. I cannot let thee go.
Mar. jun. A thouſand things would, to this purpoſe ſaid,
But ſharpen and add weight to Sorrow.
Oh my *Lavinia!* if my Heart e're ſtray, [*Kneels.*
Or any other Beauty ever charm me,
If I live not entirely onely thine,
In that curſt Moment when my Soul forſakes thee,
May I be hither brought a Captive bound,
T'adorn the Triumph of my baſeſt Foe.
Lavin. And if I love not faithfull to the Lord
Of my firſt Vows, my deareſt only *Marius*,
May I be brought to Poverty and Scorn,
Hooted by Slaves forth from thy gates, O *Rome*,
Till flying to the Woods t'avoid my Shame,
Sharp Hunger, Cold, or ſome worſe Fate deſtroy me;
And not one Tree vouchſafe a Leaf to hide me.
Mar. jun. What needs all this?——
Lavin. Oh! I could find out things
To talk to thee for ever.
Mar. jun. Weep not; the time
We had to ſtay together has bin employ'd
In richeſt Love———
Lavin. We ought to ſummon all
The ſpirit of ſoft Paſſion up, to chear
Our Hearts thus lab'ring with the pangs of parting
Oh my poor *Marius!*
Mar. jun. Ah my kind *Lavinia!*
Lavin. But doſt thou think we e're ſhall meet again?
Mar. jun. I doubt it not; and all theſe Woes ſhall ſerve
For ſweet Diſcourſes in our time to come.
Lavin. Alas! I have an ill-divining Soul;
Methinks I ſee thee, now thou'rt from my Arms,
Like a ſtark Ghoſt, with Horrour in thy Viſage.
Either my Eye-ſight fails, or thou look'ſt pale.
Mar. jun. And truſt me, Love, in my Eye ſo doſt Thou.
Dry Sorrow drinks our Bloud——Farewell.
Lavin. Farewell then. [*Exit* Mar. jun.
Nurſe within. Madam.

Lavin. My Nurſe.

Nurſe within. Your Father's up, and Day-light broke abroad.
Be wary, look about you———

Lavin. Hah! is he gone? my Lord, my Husband, Friend,
I muſt hear from thee every hour i'th'day:
For abſent Minutes ſeem as many Days.
Oh! by this reck'ning I ſhall be moſt old,
E're I agen behold my *Marius*. Nay,
Gone too already! 'twas unkindly done.
I had not yet imparted half my Soul,
Not a third part of its fond jealous Fears:
But I'll purſue him for't, and be reveng'd;
Hang ſuch a tender Tale about his Heart,
Shall make it tingle as his Life were ſtung:
Nay too——I'll love him; never, never leave him;
Fond as a Child, and reſolute as Man. [*Ex.* Lavin.

Enter Metellus *muſing.*

Metell. Sylla this Morning parts from hence to *Capua*,
To head that Army. *Cinna* muſt be Conſul——
Ay, *Cinna* muſt be. He's a buſy Fellow,
Knows how to tell a Story to the Rabble,
Hates *Marius* too: that, that's the deareſt point.
I hope the Snares for *Marius* laid may take him.
A hundred horſe are in Purſuit to find him:
And if they catch him, his Head's ſafe, that's certain.
Octavius will be the other——be it ſo.
An honeſt, ſimple, downright-dealing Lord:
A little too Religious, that's his fault.

Enter a Servant.

What now?

Servant. A Letter left you by a Lictor,
Who told us that it came from the Lord *Sylla*.

Metellus reads the Letter:

BLAME not, Sir, my parting
So ſuddenly: juſt now I've had advice
Of ſome Diſturbance in the Camp at Capua.
Command my tender'ſt Faith to fair Lavinia.
You're Sylla's *Advocate with her and* Rome.

Enter Nurſe.

Well, Nurſe.

Nurſe. My Lord.
Metell. How does my Daughter?
Nurſe. Truly very ill:
She has not ſlept a wink:
Nothing but toſs'd and tumbled all this night;
I left her juſt now ſlumbering.
This Lord *Sylla* does ſo run in her Head.
Metell. Oh! were he in her Heart, Nurſe!
Nurſe. Were he?
Why, ſhe thinks of nothing elſe, talks of nothing elſe, dreams of nothing elſe. She would needs have me lye with her th'other Night. But about midnight (I'll ſwear it wak'd me out of a ſweet Nap) ſhe takes me faſt in her Arms, and cries, Oh my Lord *Sylla;* but are you, will you be true? then ſigh'd, and ſtretcht——I ſwear I was half afraid.
Metell. She's ſtrangely alter'd then.
This Morning two new Conſuls muſt be choſen.
If they are true, thoſe tidings thou haſt brought me,
Wait while ſhe wakes, and tell her 'tis my pleaſure,
At my return from th' *Forum* that I ſee her—— [*Ex.* Metell.
Nurſe. So, ſo!——here will be ſweet doings in time. How many hundred lies a-day muſt I tell, to keep this Family at Peace?

Enter Lavinia.

Lavin. Oh Nurſe! Where art thou? Is my Father gone?
Nurſe. Gone? Yes; and I would I were gone too.
Lavin. Why doſt thou ſigh? What cauſe haſt thou to wiſh ſo?
Wert thou diſtreſt, unfortunate as I am,
Thou hadſt then cauſe.
What ſhall I doe? Oh, how alone am I!
I walk methinks as half of me were loſt:
Yet, like a maim'd Bird, flutter, flutter on,
And fain wou'd find a Hole to hide my Head in.
Nurſe. 'Odds my Boddikins! but why thus dreſt, Madam?
Why in this pickle, ſay you now?
Lavin. Seem not to wonder, nor dare to oppoſe me,
For I am deſperate, and reſolv'd to Death.
In this unhappy, wayward, humble Dreſs,
After my Love a Pilgrimage I'll take,
Forſake deſerted *Rome*, and find my *Marius*.
Nurſe. And I muſt ſtay behind to be hang'd up, like an old Pole-Cat in a Warren, for a warning to all Vermine that ſhall come after me. Would I were fairly dead for a Week, till this were over.
Lavin. This Morning's Opportunity is fair,

When all are buſy in electing Conſuls;
I ſhall eſcape unſeen without the Gates,
And this night in a Litter reach *Salonium*.

Nurſe. I care not; I'll have nothing to doe in't: you ſhan't ſtir. Nay, I'll raiſe the Houſe firſt. Why *Clodius! Catulus! Sempronia! Thesbia!* Men and Maids, where are you? Oh! oh! oh!——

[Lav. *gets from her. Nurſe falls down.* [*Ex.* Lavinia.

Enter Clodius.

Clod. What's the matter, Miſtriſs?

Nurſe. Oh *Clody, Clody*, dear *Clody*, is't thee, my dear *Clody?* help me, help me up. Run to my Lord to the *Forum* preſently; tell him his Treaſury is robb'd, his Houſe a-fire, his Daughter dead, and I mad. Run, run. You'll not run. Oh! oh! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Country.*

Enter ſeveral Herdſmen belonging to Marius.

1 *Herdſ*. Good-morrow, Brother; you have heard the News.

2 *Herdſ*. News, quoth a? trim News truly.

1 *Herdſ*. Why, they ſay our Lord and Maſter's ſtept a one ſide. Is there any thing in't trow?

2 *Herdſ*. Any thing in't? alas aday! alas aday! ſad times! ſad times, Brother! not a penny of money ſtirring.

1 *Herdſ*. Nay, I thought there was no good Weather towards, when my bald-fac'd Heifer ſtuck up her Tail Eaſtward, and ran back into a new Quick-ſet, which I had juſt made to keep the Swine from the Beans.

2 *Herdſ*. And the t'other Night, as I was at Supper, in the Chimney-corner, a whole Family of Swallows, that had occupy'd the Tenement theſe ſeven Years, fell down, Neſt and all, into the Porridge-pot, and ſpoil'd the Broath. Sad times! ſad times, Brother!

3 *Herdſ*. Did you meet no Troupers this way?

2 *Herdſ*. Troupers? I ſaw a Parcel of Raggooners, I think they call 'em, trotting along yon Wood ſide upon ragged Hide-bound Jades. I warrant they came for no goodneſs——

1 *Herdſ*. 'Twas to ſeek for Lord *Marius*, as ſure as Eggs be Eggs. Theſe Bitious Folk make more ſtir in the World than a thouſand Men. Would my Kine were all in their Stalls.

Enter ſeveral Souldiers in queſt of Marius.

1 *Sould*. This is the way. How now, you pack of Boobies? whoſe Fools are you?

2 *Herdſ.* Why, we are ſuch Fools as you are; any bodie's Fools that will pay us our Wages.

2 *Sould.* Do you belong to the Traitour *Marius?*

1 *Herdſ.* We belong to *Caius Marius*, an't like your Worſhip.

1 *Sould.* Why, this is a civil Fellow. But you, Rogue, you are witty and be hang'd, are you?

2 *Herdſ.* I's poor enough to be witty, as you're poor enough to be valiant. Had I but Money enough, I'd no more be a Wit, then you'd be a Souldier.

2 *Sould.* Let the hungry Churl alone.

1 *Sould.* Hark you, you Dog: where's your Lord, the Traitour *Marius?*

2 *Herdſ.* In a whole Skin, if he be wiſe——

2 *Sould.* Where is he, you Pultroon?

2 *Herdſ.* Look you, I keep his Cows and his Oxen here at *Salonium*, but I keep none of him. If you muſt needs know where he is, then I muſt needs tell you I don't know.

1 *Sould.* Let's to his Houſe hard by, and ranſack that. Sirrah, if we miſs of him, you may repent this. [*Ex. Souldiers.*

1 *Herdſ.* 'Tis all one to me, I muſt pay my Rent to ſome body.

2 *Herdſ.* Why, this 'tis now to be a great Man. Heav'n keep me a Cow-keeper ſtill——I ſay———

Enter Marius ſenior *and* Granius.

Mar. ſen. Where are we? are we yet not near *Salonium?*
Lead me to yonder ſhady Poplar, where
The poor old *Marius* a while may ſit,
And joy in Reſt. Oh my diſtemper'd Head!
The Sun has beat his Beams ſo hard upon me,
That my Brain's hot as molten Gold. My Skull!
Oh my tormented Skull! Oh *Rome! Rome! Rome!*
Ha! what are thoſe?

Gran. They ſeem, Sir, Rural Swains,
Who tend the Herds that graze beneath theſe Woods.

Mar. ſen. Who are you? to what Lord do ye belong?

2 *Herdſ.* We did belong to *Caius Marius* once: but they ſay he's gone a Journey: and now we belong to one another.

Mar. ſen. Have ye forgot me then, ungratefull Slaves!
Are you ſo willing to diſown your Maſter?
Who would have thought t'have found ſuch Baſeneſs here,
Where Innocence ſeems ſeated by the Gods,
As in her Virgin-nakedneſs untainted?
Confuſion on ye, ye ſordid Earthlings. [*Ex. all but one.*

2 *Herdſ.* Oh fly, my Lord, your Foes are thick abroad.
Juſt now a Troop of Murtherers paſt this way,
And ask'd with horrour for the Traitour *Marius*.
By this time at *Salonium*, at your Houſe,
They are in Search of you. Fly, fly, my Lord—— [*Exit.*

Mar. ſen. I ſhall be hounded up and down the World,
Now every Villain, that is Wretch enough
To take the Price of Bloud, dreams of my Throat.
Help and ſupport me 'till I reach the Wood,
Then go and find thy wretched Brother out.
Aſunder we may dodge our Fate, and loſe her.
In ſome old hollow Tree or o'regrown Brake
I'd reſt my weary Limbs 'till Danger paſs me. [*Goes into the Wood.*

Enter Souldiers again.

1 *Sould.* A thouſand Crowns? 'tis a Reward might buy
As many Lives, for they are cheap in *Rome*;
And 'tis too much for one.

2 *Sould.* Let's ſet this Wood
A flaming, if you think he's here, and then
Quickly you'll ſee th'old Droan crawl humming out.

1 *Sould.* Thou always lov'ſt to ride full Speed to Miſchief. There's no conſideration in thee. Look you when I cut a Throat, I love to do it with as much Deliberation and Decency as a Barber cuts a Beard. I hate a ſlovenly Murther done hand over head: a man gets no credit by it.

3 *Sould.* The man that ſpoke laſt, ſpoke well. Therefore let us to yon adjacent Village, and ſowſe our ſelves in good *Falernium*——
[*Ex. Souldiers.*

Mar. ſen. Oh Villains! not a Slave of thoſe
But has ſerv'd under me, has eat my Bread,
And felt my Bounty——Drought! parching Drought!
Was ever Lion thus by Dogs emboſs'd?
Oh! I could ſwallow Rivers: Earth, yield me Water;
Or ſwallow *Marius* down where Springs firſt flow.

Enter Marius junior, *and* Granius.

Mar. jun. My Father!

Mar. ſen. Oh my Sons!

Mar. jun. Why thus forlorn! ſtretcht on the Earth?

Mar. ſen. Oh! get me ſome Refreſhment, cooling Herbs,
And Water to allay my ravenous Thirſt.
I would not trouble you, if I had Strength:
But I'm ſo faint that all my Lims are uſeleſs.

Now have I not one *Drachma* to buy Food,
Muſt we then ſtarve? no, ſure the Birds will feed us.
Mar. jun. There ſtands a Houſe on yonder Side o'th' Wood,
It ſeems the Manſion of ſome Man of Note:
I'll go and turn a Beggar for my Father.
Mar. ſen. O my Soul's Comfort! do. Indeed I want it.
I, who had once the plenty of the Earth,
Now want a Root and Water. Go my Boy,
And ſee who'll give a Morſell to poor *Marius*.
Nay, I'll not ſtarve; No, I will plunge in Riot,
Wallow in Plenty. Drink! I'll drink, I'll drink.
Give me that Goblet hither———Here's a Health
To all the Knaves and Senatours in *Rome*.
Mar. jun. Repoſe your ſelf a while, till we return.
Mar. ſen. I will, but prithee let me rave a little.
Go, prithee go, and don't delay. I'll reſt, [*Exit* Mar. jun.
As thou ſhalt, *Rome*, if e're my Fortune raiſe me——

Enter Lavinia.

Another Murth'rer? this brings ſmiling Fate:
A deadly Snake cloath'd in a dainty Skin.
Lavin. I've wandred up and down theſe Woods and Meadows,
Till I have loſt my way———
Againſt a tall, young, ſlender, well-grown Oak
Leaning, I found *Lavinia* in the Bark.
My *Marius* ſhould not be far hence.
Mar. ſen. What art thou,
That dar'ſt to name that wretched Creature *Marius?*
Lavin. Do not be angry, Sir, whate're thou art;
I am a poor unhappy Woman, driven
By Fortune to purſue my baniſh'd Lord.
Mar. ſen. By thy diſſembling Tone thou ſhould'ſt be Woman,
And *Roman* too.
Lavin. Indeed I am.
Mar. ſen. A *Roman?*
If thou art ſo, be gone, leſt Rage with Strength
Aſſiſt my Vengeance, and I riſe and kill thee.
Lavin. My Father, is it you?
Mar. ſen. Now thou art Woman;
For Lies are in thee. I? am I thy Father?
I ne're was yet ſo curſt: None of thy Sex
E're ſprung from me. My Off Spring all are Males,
The nobler ſort of Beaſts entit'led Men.

Lavin. I am your Daughter, if your Son's my Lord.
Have you ne'r heard *Lavinia*'s Name in *Rome*,
That wedded with the Son of *Marius?*
Mar. ſen. Hah!
Art thou that fond, that kind and doating thing,
That left her Father, for a baniſht Husband?
Come near———
And let me bleſs thee, though thy Name's my Foe.
Lavin. Alas, my Father, you ſeem much oppreſt:
Your Lips are parcht, blood-ſhot your Eyes and ſunk.
Will you partake ſuch Fruits as I have gather'd?
Taſte, Sir, this Peach, and this Pomegranat; both are
Ripe and refreſhing.
Mar. ſen. What? all this from thee,
Thou Angel, whom the Gods have ſent to aid me?
I don't deſerve thy Bounty.
Lavin. Here, Sir's more.
I found a Cryſtall Spring too in the Wood
And took ſome Water: 'tis moſt ſoft and cool.
Mar. ſen. An Emperour's Feaſt! but I ſhall rob thee.
Lavin. No, I've eat, and ſlak'd my Thirſt. But where's My Lord,
Me deareſt *Marius?*
Mar. ſen. To th' neighb'ring Village
He's gone, to beg his Father's Dinner, Daughter.
Lavin. Will you then call me Daughter? will you own it?
I'm much o'repaid for all the Wrongs of Fortune.
But ſurely *Marius* can't be brought to want.
I've Gold and Jewels too, and they'l buy Food.

Enter Marius Junior.

Mar. ſen. See here, my *Marius*, what the Gods have ſent us.
See thy *Lavinia.*
Mar. jun. Hah! [*They run and embrace.*
Mar. ſen. What? dumb at meeting?
Mar. jun. Why weeps my Love?
Lavin. I cannot ſpeak, Tears ſo obſtruct my Words,
And choak me with unutterable Joy.
Mar. jun. Oh my Heart's Joy!
Lavin. My Soul!
Mar. jun. But haſt thou left
Thy Father's Houſe, the Pomp and State of *Rome*,
To follow deſart Miſery!

Lavin. I come
To bear a part in every thing that's thine,
Be't Happineſs or Sorrow. In theſe Woods,
Whilſt from purſuing Enemies you're ſafe
I'll range about, and find the Fruits and Springs,
Gather cool Sedges, Daffadils and Lillies,
And ſofteſt Camomill to make us Beds,
Whereon my Love and I at night will ſleep,
And dream of better Fortune.

Enter Granius *and Servant with Wine and Meat.*

Mar. ſen. Yet more Plenty?
Sure *Comus*, the God of Feaſting, haunts theſe Woods,
And means to entertain us as his Gueſts.
Serv. I am ſent hither, *Marius*, from my Lord,
Sextilius the Prætor, to relieve thee,
And warn thee that thou ſtraight depart this Place,
Elſe he the Senate's Edict muſt obey,
And treat thee as the Foe of *Rome*.
Mar. ſen. But did he,
Did he, *Sextilius*, bid thee ſay all this?
Was he too proud to come and ſee his Maſter,
That rais'd him out of nothing? Was he not
My menial Servant once, and wip'd theſe Shoes,
Ran by my Chariot-wheels, my Pleaſures watcht,
And fed upon the Voidings of my Table?
Durſt he affront me with a ſordid Alms?
And ſend a ſaucy Meſſage by a Slave?
Hence with thy Scraps: back to thy Teeth I daſh 'em.
Be gone whilſt thou art ſafe. Hold, ſtay a little.
Serv. What Anſwer would you have me carry back?
Mar. ſen. Go to *Sextilius*, tell him thou haſt ſeen
Poor *Caius Marius* baniſh'd from his Country,
Sitting in Sorrow on the naked Earth,
Amidſt an ample Fortune once his own,
Where now he cannot claim a Turf to ſleep on. [*Ex. Ser.*
How am I fallen! Muſick?——ſure the Gods [*Soft Muſick.*
Are Mad, or have deſign'd to make me ſo.

Enter Martha.

Well, what art Thou?
Marth. Am I a Stranger to thee?
Martha's my Name, the *Syrian* Propheteſs,

That us'd to wait upon thee with good Fortune;
'Till baniſh'd out of *Rome* for ſerving Thee,
I've ever ſince inhabited theſe Woods,
And ſearch'd the deepeſt Arts of wiſe Foreknowledge.
Mar. ſen. I know thee now moſt well. When thou wert gone,
All my good Fortune left me. My lov'd Vulturs,
That us'd to hover o're my happy Head,
And promiſe Honour in the Day of Battel,
Have ſince been ſeen no more. Even Birds of Prey
Forſake unhappy *Marius:* Men of Prey
Purſue him ſtill. Haſt thou no Hopes in ſtore?
Marth. A hundred Spirits wait upon my Will,
To bring me Tidings from th'Earth's fartheſt Corners,
Of all that happens out in States and Councils:
I tell thee therefore, *Rome* is once more thine.
The Conſuls have had Blows, and *Cinna*'s beaten,
Who with his Army comes to find thee out,
To lead him back with Terrour to that City.
Mar. ſen. Speak on.
Marth. Nay, ere thou think'ſt it he will be with thee.
But let thy Sons, and theſe fair Nymphs retire,
Whilſt I relieve thy wearied Eyes with Sleep,
And chear thee in a Dream with promis'd Fate.
Mar. jun. Come, my *Lavinia*, *Granius*, wele withdraw
To ſome cool Shade, and wonder at our Fortune. [*Ex.*
Martha *waves her Wand*—— [*A Dance.*
Mar. ſen. O Reſt, thou Stranger to my Senſes, welcome.

Enter Servant and a Ruffian.

Serv. Ten *Attick* Talents ſhall be thy Reward,
Sextilius gives 'em thee. Diſpatch him ſafely.
Ruff. Fear not, he never wakes agen.
Mar. ſen. No more.
I'll hear no more. *Metellus* live? No, no:
He dies, he dies. So bear him to the *Tiber*,
And plunge him to the bottom. Hah, *Antonius!*
Where are my Guards? diſpatch that talking Knave,
That when he ſhould be doing publick Service,
Conſumes his time in Speeches to the Rabble,
And ſowes Sedition in a City. Down,
Down with *Pompeius* too, that call'd me Traitour.
Hah! art thou there? welcome once more, old *Marius*,
To *Rome*'s Tribunall.

Ruff. Now's the time.
Mar. ſen. Stand off,
Secure that *Gaul*——Dar'ſt thou kill *Caius Marius?* [*Wakes.*
Hah! ſpeak? what art thou?
Ruff. By *Sextilius* hired
I hither came to take your Life. Spare mine,
And I'll for ever ſerve you at your Feet.
Mar. ſen. What barb'rous Slaves are theſe, that envy me
The open Air; ſet Prices on my Head,
As they would doe on Wolves that ſlay their Flock!

Enter Sulpitius. [*Trumpets.*

Trumpets! *Sulpitius*, where haſt thou bin wand'ring
Since the late Storm that drove us from each other?
Sulpit. Why, doing Miſchief up and down the City,
Picking up diſcontented Fools, belying
The Senatours and Government, deſtroying
Faith amongſt honeſt Men, and praiſing Knaves.
Mar. ſen. Oh, but where's *Cinna!*
Sulpit. Ready to ſalute you———

Enter Cinna *attended with Lictors and Guards.*

Cinn. Romans, once more behold your Conſul; ſee,
Is that a Fortune fit for *Caius Marius?*
Advance your Axes and your Rods before him,
And give him all the Cuſtoms of his Honour.
Mar. ſen. Away: ſuch Pomp becomes not wretched *Marius.*
Here let me pay Obedience to my Conſul.
Lead me, great *Cinna*, where thy Foes have wrong'd thee,
And ſee how thy old Souldier will obey.
Cinn. O *Marius*, be our Hearts united ever,
To carry Deſolation into *Rome*,
And waſte that Den of Monſters to the Earth.
Mar. ſen. Shall we?
Cinn. We'll do't. That godly Soothſaying Fool,
That ſacrificing Dolt, that Sot *Octavius*,
When we were choſen Conſuls in the *Forum*,
Diſown'd me for his Collegue; ſaid, the Gods
Had told him I deſign'd Tyrannick Pow'r;
Provok'd the Citizens, who took up Arms,
And drove me forth the Gates.
Mar. ſen. Excellent Miſchief!
What's to be done?

Cinn. No ſooner was I gone,
But a large Part of that great City follow'd me.
There's not an honeſt Spirit left in *Rome*,
That does not own my Cauſe, and wiſh for *Marius*.
Mar. jen. Bring me my Horſe, my Armour, and the Laurel
With which when I'd o'recome three barb'rous Nations,
I enter'd crown'd with Triumph into *Rome*.
I go to free her now from greater Miſchiefs.

Enter Marius *junior and* Granius.

O my young Warriour!
Mar. jun. Curſt be the Light,
And ever curſt be all theſe Regions round us.
Lavinia's loſt, born back with force to *Rome*,
By Ruffians headed by her Father's Kinſmen;
And like a Coward too I live, yet ſaw it. [*Exit.*
Mar. jen. Oh *Marius! Marius!* let not 'Plaints come from thee,
Nor cloud the Joy that's breaking on thy Father.
If ſhe be back in *Rome*, *Lavinia*'s thine.
To morrow's dawn reſtores her to thy Arms.
For that fair Miſtriſs, Fortune, which has coſt
So dear, for which ſuch Hardſhips I have paſt,
Is coy no more, but crowns my Hopes at laſt.
I long t'embrace her, nay, 'tis Death to ſtay.
I'm mad as promis'd Bridegrooms, born away
With thoughts of nothing but the joyfull day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE Metellus *Houſe.*

Enter Metellus, Lavinia, *and Prieſt of* Hymen.

Lavin. Nay, you have catcht me: you may kill me too:
But with my Cries I'll rend the Echoing Heav'ns,
'Till all the Gods are witneſs how you uſe me.
Metell. What? like a Vagrant fly thy Father's Houſe?
And follow fulſomely an exil'd Slave,
Diſdain'd by all the World? But abject thou,
Reſolve to go, or bound be ſent to *Sylla*,
With as much Scorn as thou haſt done me Shame.
Lavin. Do bind me, kill me, rack theſe Lims: I'll bear it.
But, Sir, conſider ſtill I am your Daughter,
And one hour's Converſe with this holy Man
May teach me to repent, and ſhew Obedience.

Metell. Think not t'evade me by protracting time:
For if thou doſt not, may the Gods forſake me,
As I will Thee, if thou eſcape my Fury.—— [*Exit* Metell.
Lavin. Oh! bid me leap (rather then go to *Sylla*)
From off the Battlements of any Tow'r,
Or walk in Thieviſh ways, or bid me lurk
Where Serpents are: chain me with roaring Bears;
Or hide me nightly in a Charnel houſe
O'er-cover'd quite with Dead mens rattling Bones,
With reeky Shanks, and yellow chapleſs Sculls:
Or bid me go into a new-made Grave,
And hide me with a Dead man in his Shrowd:
Things that to hear but told have made me tremble:
And I'll go through it without fear or doubting,
To keep my Vows unſpotted to my Love———
Prieſt. Take here this Vial then, and in this moment
Drink it, when ſtraight through all thy Veins ſhall run
A cold and drowzy Humour more then Sleep:
And in Death's borrow'd likeneſs ſhalt thou lie
Two Summer-days, then wake as from a Slumber.
'Till *Marius* by my Letters know what's paſt,
And come by ſtealth to *Rome.*———
Lavin. Give me; oh! give me: tell me not of Fears.
Prieſt. Farewel: Be bold and proſp'rous. [*Exit.*
Lavin. Oh! farewell———
Heav'n knows if ever we ſhall meet agen.
I have a faint cold Fear thrills through my Veins,
That almoſt freezes up the heat of Life.
I'll call him back agen to comfort me.
Stay, holy Man. But what ſhould he do here?
My diſmall Scene 'tis fit I act alone.
What if this Mixture do not work at all?
Shall I to morrow then be ſent to *Sylla?*
No, no,——this ſhall forbid it; ly thou there——
[*Lays down the Dagger.*
Or how, if, when I'm laid into the Tomb,
I wake before the time that *Marius* come
To my Relief? There, there's a fearfull Point.
Shall I not then be ſtifled in the Vault,
Where for theſe many hundred Years the Bones
Of all my bury'd Anceſtours are pack'd?
Where, as they ſay, Ghoſts at ſome Hours reſort,
With Mandrakes ſhreeks torn from the Earth's dark Womb,

That living Mortals hearing them run mad?
Or if I wake, ſhall I not be diſtracted,
Inviron'd round with all theſe hideous Fears,
And madly play with my Fore-fathers Joints;
Then in this Rage with ſome great Kinſman's Bones
As with a Club daſh out my deſp'rate Brains!
What? *Sylla?* Get thee gone, thou meager Lover:
My Senſe abhors thee. Don't diſturb my Draught;
'Tis to my Lord. [*Drinks.*] Oh *Marius! Marius! Marius!* [*Exit.*

The End of the Fourth Act.

ACT V.

SCENE Cinna's *Camp before the Walls of* Rome.

[*Trumpets ſound a General.*

Enter Cinna, Marius *ſenior, and* Sulpitius, Granius, *two Ambaſſadors, Guards.*

Cinn. AMbaſſadours from *Rome?* How many Slaves,
Traitours, and Tyrants, Villains, was I call'd
But yeſterday? yet now their Conſul *Cinna!*
Oh! What an excellent Maſter is an Army,
To teach Rebellious Cities Manners! Say,
My Friend and Collegue *Marius*, ſhall we hear 'em?
Mar. ſen. Whom?
Cinn. The Embaſſadours.
Mar. ſen. From whence?
Cinn. From *Rome.*
Mar. ſen. My loving Country-men? they muſt be heard,
Or *Sylla* will be angry———
Cinn. In what State
And Pageantry the ſolid Lumps move on?
And though they come to beg, will be attended
With their ill-order'd Pomp and awkward Pride.
Who are ye? and from whence?
1 *Emb.* From wretched *Rome*,
To thee, moſt mighty *Cinna*, and to thee,
Moſt dread Lord *Marius*, in her name we bow.
Cinn. What's your Demand?

1 *Emb.* Hear but our humble Prayers,
And all Demands be made by God-like *Cinna.*
Whither, oh! whither will your Rage purſue us?
Muſt all the Fortunes and the Lives of *Rome*
Suffer for one Miſcarriage of her Maſters?
Your ſorrowfull afflicted Mother *Rome,*
In whoſe kind Boſome you were nurſt and bred,
Stretches her trembling Arms t'implore your Pity.
Fold up your dreadful Enſigns, and lay by
Your warlike Terrours, that affright her Matrons;
And come to her, e're Sorrows quite o're-whelm her.
But come like Sons that bring their Parents Joy:
Enter her Gates with Dove-like Peace before ye,
And let no bloudy Slaughter ſtain her Streets.

Cinn. Thus 'tis you think to heal up ſmarting Honour,
By pouring flatt'ring Balm into the Wound,
Which for a time may make it whole and fair:
'Till the falſe Medicine be at laſt diſcover'd,
And then it ranckles to a Sore again.
Take this my Anſwer: I will enter *Rome;*
But for my Force, I'll keep it ſtill my own,
Nor part with Pow'r to give it to my Foes.

Mar. Jen. Sulpitius, ſee, what abject Slaves are theſe?
Such baſe Deformities a long Robe hides.

Sulpit. I cannot but laugh to think on't.

Mar. Jen. What?

Sulpit. How theſe politick Noddles, that look ſo grave upon the matter in the Senate-houſe, will laugh and grin at one another, when they are ſet a ſunning upon the Capitol.

2 *Emb.* May we return with joy into our City,
Proclaiming Peace, agreed with Heav'n and you?

Cinn. Go tell 'em we expect due Homage paid,
Of every Senatour expect Acknowledgment,
Mighty Rewards and Offices of Honour.

1 *Emb.* But on that Brow there ſtill appears a Cloud,
That never roſe without a following Storm.

Mar. Jen. Alas! for me a ſimple Baniſht man,
Driv'n from my Country by the Right of Law,
And juſtly puniſht as my Ills deſerv'd,
Think not of me: Whate'er are his Reſolves,
I ſhall obey.

Both Emb. May all the Gods reward you.——

[*Ex. Embaſſ. and Attendants.*

Cinn. Now *Marius.*
Mar. ſen. Now, my *Cinna.*
Cinn. Are not we
True born of *Rome*, true Sons of ſuch a Mother?
How I adore thy Temper?
Mar. ſen. Thoſe two Knaves,
Thoſe whining, fawning, humble, pliant Villains,
Would cut thy Throat or mine for half a *Drachma.*
Cinn. Let's not delay a Moment.
Mar. ſen. Oh! let's fly,
Enter this Curſed City; nay, with Smiles too.
But falſe as the adulterate Promiſes
Of Favourites in Pow'r, when poor men court 'em.
Cinn. They always hated me, becauſe a Souldier.
Mar. ſen. Baſe Natures ever grudge at things above 'em,
And hate a Pow'r they are too much oblig'd to.
When Fears are on them, then their kindeſt Wiſhes
And beſt Rewards attend the gallant Warriour:
But Dangers vaniſht, infamous Neglect,
Ill Uſage and Reproach are all his Portion;
Or at the beſt he's wedded to hard Wants,
Robb'd of that little Hire he toil'd and bled for.
Sulpit. I'd rather turn a bold true-hearted Rogue,
Live upon Prey, and hang for't with my Fellows;
Then, when my Honour and my Country's Cauſe
Call me to Dangers, be ſo baſely branded.
Mar. ſen. E're we this City enter then, let's ſwear
Not to deſtroy one honeſt *Roman* living.
Sulpit. Nor one chaſt Matron.
Cinn. Nor a faithful Friend,
Nor true-born Heir, nor Senatour that's wiſe.
Mar. ſen. But Knaves and Villains, Whores, and baſe-born Brats,
And th' endleſs ſwarms of Fools grown up in Years,
Be Slaughter's Game, 'till we diſpeople *Rome.*
Cinn. Draw out our Guards, and let the Trumpets ſound.
Mar. ſen. Till all things tell 'em *Marius* is at hand.
O *Sylla*, if at *Capua* thou ſhalt hear
How Fortune deals with me, fall on thy Knees,
And make the Gods thy Friends to keep thee from me.
Sulpitius, as long the Streets we move
With ſolemn pace and meditating Miſchiefs,
Whome're I ſmile on let thy Sword go through.
Oh! can the Matrons and the Virgins Cries,

The Screams of dying Infants, and the Groans
Of murther'd men be Muſick to appeaſe me?
Sure Death's not far from ſuch a deſp'rate Cure,
Be't with me rather (Gods) as Storms let looſe,
That rive the Trunks of talleſt Cedars down,
And tear from Tops the loaded pregnant Vine,
And kill the tender Flow'rs but yet half blown.
For having no more Fury left in ſtore,
Heav'ns face grows clear, the Storm is heard no more,
And Nature ſmiles as gaily as before—— [*Exeunt.*

SCENE Metellus *Houſe.*

Enter Metellus.

Metell. A Peace with *Marius!* O moſt baſe Submiſſion!
That over-ruling Fears ſhould weigh up Reaſon?
Was not the City ours, and *Sylla* too.
At *Capua*, almoſt in a Trumpet's Call?
And to ſubmit! Could I but once have fought for't,
I might have met this *Marius* in Arms,
And bin reveng'd for all the Miſchiefs done me.
Nurſe.

Enter Nurſe.

Nurſe. Here, an't ſhall pleaſe you.
Metell. Go wake *Lavinia.* Tell her, ſhe muſt hence
For *Capua* this Morning; for the Truce
Favours her Journy, and ſecures her Paſſage. [*Exit.*

[*Scene draws and diſcovers* Lavinia *on a Couch.*

Nurſe. Wake her? Poor Titmouſe! it will be as peeviſh,
I'll warrant you, and rub its nye's, and ſo frown now.
Well: Miſtreſs! why, *Lavinia!* faſt I warrant her.
Why, Lamb! why, Lady! Fie, you Slugg-a-bed.
What, not a Word? You take your pennyworth now,
Sleep for a Week; for the next Night (my word for't)
Sylla takes care that you ſhall reſt but little.
Gods forgive me——
Marry and Amen. How ſound is ſhe aſleep?
I muſt needs waken her. Madam! Madam! Madam!
Now ſhould your Lover find you in this Poſture,
He'd fright you up i'faith? What? won't it doe?

Dreſt too? And in your Cloaths? and down agen?
Nay, I muſt wake you. Lady! Lady! Lady!
Alas! alas! help, help, my Lady's dead.
Ah! well a day that ever I was born!
Some *Aqua vitæ*. Hoa! my Lord——my Lady——

Enter Metellus.

Metell. *Lavinia* dead?
Nurſe. Your onely Daughter's dead:
As dead as a Herring, Stock-fiſh, or Door-nail.
Metell. Stiffe, cold and pale. Where are thy Beauties now?
Thy Bluſhes that have warm'd ſo many Hearts?
All Hearts that ever felt her conqu'ring Beauty,
Sigh till ye break; and all ye Eyes that languiſht
In my *Lavinia*'s Brightneſs, weep with me,
Till Grief grow generale, and the World's in Tears.
Nurſe. Oh Day! oh Day! oh Day! oh hatefull Day!
Never was ſeen ſo black a Day as this.
Oh Day! oh wofull Day! oh Day, like Night!
Metell. No more: Thus in her Bridall Ornaments,
Dreſt as ſhe is, ſhe ſhall be born to Buriall,
I'th' Sepulchre where our Forefathers reſt.
Be't done, whilſt all things we ordain'd for Joy.
Turn from their Office, and aſſiſt in Sadneſs. [*Exit.*
Nurſe. I ſhall be done and done and overdone, as we are undone. And I will ſigh, and cry 'till I'm ſwell'd as big as a Pumkin. Nay, my poor Baby, I'll take care thou ſhalt not dy for nothing; for I will waſh thee with my Tears, perfume thee with my Sighs, and ſtick a Flower in every part about thee—— [*Ex. Nurſe.*

SCENE *changes to the* Forum, *where is placed the Conſul's Tribunall.*

Enter two Citizens.

1 *Cit.* Whither, oh whither ſhall we fly for Safety?
Already reeking Murther's in our Streets,
Matrons with Infants in their Arms are butcher'd,
And *Rome* appears one noiſome Houſe of Slaughter.
2 *Cit.* Hear us ye Gods, and pity our Calamities.
Stop, ſtop the Fury of this cruel Tyrant;
Or ſend your Thunder forth to ſtrike us dead,
E're our own Slaves are Maſters of our Throats.

1 *Cit.* Ruine draws near us. Oh my Friend! let's fly
To the Altars of our Gods, and by the Hands
Of one another dy, as *Romans* ought. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Ancharius *the Senatour, and his Grandſon.*

Child. Hide me, my Grandſire; the ugly men are coming
That kill'd my Mother and my Siſter *Thesbie.*
Will they kill you and me too?
Anch. Oh my Child!
I cannot hide thee, nor know not what to doe.
Decrepit Age benums my weary Limbs:
I can't reſiſt, nor fly——
Child. Then here we'll ſit;
Perhaps they'll not come yet; or if they do,
I'll fall upon my Knees, and beg your Life.
I am a very little harmleſs Boy;
And when I cry, and talk, and hang about 'em,
They'll pity ſure my Tears, and grant me all.

Enter ſeveral old Men in Black with Cypreſs Wreaths, leading Virgins in white with Myrtle, who kneel before the Tribunal.
Then enters Marius *ſenior as Conſul, Lictors,* Sulpitius *and Guards.*

Mar. ſen. I thank ye, ye Gods, ye have reſtor'd me now,
[*Mounts the Tribunal.*
What Pageantry is this, *Sulpitius*, here?
Remove theſe Slaves, and bear 'em to their Fates.
1 *Old Man.* We come not for our ſelves, but in the Name
Of *Rome*, to offer up our Lives for all.
Pity a wretched State, thou raging God,
And let looſe all thy dreadfull Fury here.
Mar. ſen. I know ye all, great Senatours; ye are
The Heads and Patrons of Rebellious *Rome.*
Ye can be humble when Affliction galls ye:
And with that Cheat at any time ye think
To charm a generous Mind, though ye have wrong'd it.
Falſe are your Safeties when indulg'd by Pow'r:
For ſoon ye fatten and grow able Traitours.
Falſe are your Fears, and your Afflictions falſer:
For they cheat you, and make you hope for Mercy,
Which you ſhall never gain at *Marius'* Hands.
Who truſts your Penitence is more then Fool,
Rebellion will renew; ye can't be honeſt.
Y'are never pleaſed but with the Knaves that cheat you,

And work your Follies to their Private Ends.
For your Religion, like your Cloaths you wear it,
To change and turn juſt as the Faſhion alters.
And think you by this ſolemn piece of Fooling
To huſh my Rage, and melt me into Pity?
Advance, *Sulpitius;* old *Ancharius* there,
Who was ſo violent for my Deſtruction,
That his Beard bruſſled, and his Face diſtorted;
Away with him. Diſpatch theſe Triflers too.
But ſpare the Virgins, 'cauſe mine Eyes have ſeen 'em:
Or keep 'em for my Warriours to rejoice in.
Anch. Thou who wert born to be the Plague of *Rome*,
What wouldſt thou doe with me?
Mar. ſen. Diſpoſe thee hence
Amongſt the other Offall, for the Jaws
Of hungry Death, 'till *Rome* be purg'd of Villains.
Thou dy'ſt for wronging *Marius.*
Child. Oh my Lord!
(For you muſt be a Lord, you are ſo angry)
For my ſake ſpare his Life. I have no Friend
But him to guard my tender years from Wrongs.
When he is dead, what will become of me,
A poor and helpleſs Orphan, naked left
To all the Ills of the wide faithleſs World?
Mar. ſen. Take hence this Brat too; mount it on a Spear,
And make it ſprawl to make the Grandſire ſport.
Child. O cruel Man! I'll hang upon your Knees,
And with my little dying Hands implore you:
I may be fit to doe you ſome ſmall Pleaſures.
I'll find a thouſand tender ways to pleaſe you;
Smile when you rage, and ſtroak you into mildneſs;
Play with your manly Neck, and call you Father:
For mine (alas!) the Gods have taken from me.
Mar. ſen. Young Crocodile! Thus from their Mother's Breaſts
Are they inſtructed, bred, and taught in *Rome.*
For that old Paralitick Slave, diſpatch him:
Let me not know he breaths another moment.
But ſpare this, cauſe't has learnt its Leſſon well,
And I've a Softneſs in my heart pleads for him.

Enter Meſſenger.

Well now.
Meſſ. Metellus.

Mar. ſen Hah! *Metellus*? What.
Meſſ. Is found.
Mar. ſen. Speak, where?
Meſſ. In an old Suburb Cottage,
Upbraiding Heav'n, and curſing at your Fortune.
Mar. ſen. Haſte, let him be preſerv'd for my own Fury.
Clap, clap your Hands for joy, ye Friends of *Marius;*
Ten thouſand Talents for the news I'll give thee.
The Core and Bottom of my Torment's found;
And in a Moment I ſhall be at eaſe.
Rome's Walls no more ſhall be beſmear'd with Bloud,
But Peace and Gladneſs flouriſh in her Streets.
Let's go. *Metellus?* we have found *Metellus.*
Let every Tongue proclaim aloud *Metellus;*
Till I have daſh'd him on the Rock of Fate,
Then be his Name forgot, and heard no more. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *a Church-yard.*

Enter Marius Junior.

Mar. jun. As I have wander'd muſing to and fro,
Still am I brought to this unlucky place,
As I had buſineſs with the horrid Dead:
Though could I truſt to flattery of Sleep,
My Dreams preſage ſome joyful news at hand.
My Boſom's Lord ſits lightly on his Throne,
And all this day an unaccuſtom'd Spirit
Lifts me above the Ground with chearfull thoughts.
I dream'd *Lavinia* came and found me dead,
And breath'd ſuch Life with Kiſſes on my Lips,
That I reviv'd and was an Emperour.

Enter Catulus.

Catul. My Lord already here?
Mar. jun. My truſty *Catulus,*
What News from my *Lavinia?* ſpeak and bleſs me.
Catul. She's very well.———
Mar. jun. Then nothing can be ill.
Something thou ſeem'ſt to know that's terrible.
Out with it boldly, man; What can'ſt thou ſay
Of my *Lavinia?*

Catul. But one ſad word, She's dead.
Here in her Kindreds Vault I've ſeen her laid,
And have bin ſearching you to tell the News.
Mar. jun. Dead? is it ſo? then I deny you, Stars.
Go, haſten quickly, get me Ink and Paper.
'Tis done: I'll hence to Night.
Haſt thou no Letters to me from the Prieſt?
Catul. No, my good Lord.
Mar. jun. No matter, get thee gone—— [*Ex.* Catulus.
Lavinia! yet I'll lye with thee to night;
But for the means. Oh Miſchief! thou art ſwift
To catch the ſtraggling Thoughts of Deſp'rate men.
I do remember an Apothecary,
That dwelt about this Rendezvous of Death:
Meagre and very rufull were his Looks;
Sharp Miſery had worn him to the Bones;
And in his needy Shop a Tortoiſe hung,
An Allegator ſtufft, and other Skins
Of ill-ſhap'd Fiſhes: and about his Shelves
A beggarly account of empty Boxes,
Green earthen pots, Bladders, and muſty Seeds,
Remnants of Packthread, and old Cakes of Roſes
Were thinly ſcatter'd to make up a Show.
Oh for a Poiſon now! his Need will ſell it,
Though it be preſent Death by *Roman* Law.
As I remember, this ſhould be the Houſe.
His Shop is ſhut: with Beggars all are Holydays.
Holla? Apothecary; hoa!

Enter Apothecary.

Apoth. Who's there?
Mar. jun. Come hither, Man,
I ſee thou art very poor;
Thou may'ſt doe any thing: here's fifty *Drachma's.*
Get me a Draught of that will ſooneſt free
A Wretch from all his Cares: thou underſtand'ſt me.
Apoth. Such mortal Drugs I have, but *Roman* Law
Speaks Death to any he that utters 'em.
Mar. jun. Art thou ſo baſe and full of Wretchedneſs,
Yet fear'ſt to dy? Famine is in thy Cheeks,
Need and Oppreſſion ſtarveth in thy Eyes,
Contempt and Beggary hang on thy Back;
The World is not thy Friend, nor the World's Law;

The World affords no Law to make thee rich:
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.
Apoth. My Poverty, but not my Will conſents——
[*Goes in, and fetches a Vial of Poiſon.*
Take this and drink it off, the Work is done.
Mar. jun. There is thy Gold, worſe Poiſon to mens Souls,
[*Scene draws, and ſhews the Temple and Monument. Re-enters.*
It ſhould be here: the door is open too.
Th'inſatiate mouth of Fate gapes wide for more.

Enter Prieſt, and Boy with a Mattock and Iron Crow.

Prieſt. Give me the Mattock and the wrenching Iron:
Now take this Letter, with what haſte thou canſt,
Find out young *Marius*, and deliver it. [*Ex. Boy.*
Now muſt I to the Monument alone.
What Wretch is he that's entring into th'Tomb?
Some Villain come to rob and ſpoil the Dead.
Whoe're thou art, ſtop thy unhallow'd purpoſe.
Mar. jun. Whoe're thou art, I warn thee to be gone,
And do not interrupt my horrid purpoſe.
For elſe, by Heav'n, I'll tear thee joint by joint,
And ſtrew this hungry Church-yard with thy Lims.
My Mind, and its Intents are ſavage wild,
More fierce and more inexorable far
Than empty Tigers or the roaring Sea.
Prieſt. Then as a ſacrilegious Slave I charge thee,
Obey and go with me, or thou muſt dy.
Mar. jun. I know I muſt, and therefore I came hither.
Good Reverence, do not tempt a deſp'rate Man.
By Heav'n, I love thee better than my ſelf:
For I againſt my ſelf come hither arm'd.
Stay not, be gone——Live, and hereafter ſay,
A Mad-man's Mercy gave thee honeſt Counſell.
Prieſt. I do defy thy Mercy and thy Counſell,
And here will ſeize thee as a Thief and Robber.
Mar. jun. Wilt thou provoke me? Then here, take thy Wages.
[*Kills him.*
Prieſt. I'm kill'd. Oh *Marius!* now too late I know thee.
Thou'ſt ſlain the only Man could do thee good.
Lavinia———Oh!—— [*Dies.*
Mar. ſen. Let me peruſe this Face.
It is the honeſt Prieſt that join'd our hands,
In a Diſguiſe conceal'd. Give me thy Hand;

Since in ill Fate's black Roll with me thou'rt writ,
I'll bury thee in a triumphant Grave.
Thou deteſtable Maw, thou Womb of Death,
Gorg'd with the deareſt Morſell of the Earth,
Thus will I force thy rotten Jaws to open,
And ſpite of thee yet cram thee with more Food.
[*Pulls down the ſide of the Tomb.*
Oh gorgeous Palace! oh my Love! my Wife!
Death has had yet no pow'r upon thy Beauty;
That is not conquer'd. Beauty's Enſign yet
Is Crimſon in thy Lips and in thy Cheeks;
And the pale Flag is not advanc'd yet there.
Why art thou ſtill ſo fair? Shall I believe
That the lean Monſter Death is amorous,
And keeps thee here in Darkneſs for his Paramour?
For fear of that, I'll ſtay with thee for ever.
Come bitter Conduct, thou unſavoury Guide:
Here's to my Love—— [*Drinks the Poiſon.*
And now Eyes look your laſt,
Arms take your laſt Embrace, whilſt on theſe Lips
I fix the Seal of an eternall Contract——
She breaths and ſtirs.—— [Lavinia *wakes.*
Lavin. in the Tomb. Where am I? bleſs me, Heav'n!
'Tis very cold: and yet here's ſomething warm——
Mar. jun. She lives, and we ſhall both be made immortall.
Speak, my *Lavinia*, ſpeak ſome heav'nly news,
And tell me how the Gods deſign to treat us.
Lavin. O! I have ſlept a long Ten thouſand Years.
What have they done with me? I'll not be uſed thus?
I'll not wed *Sylla*. *Marius* is my Husband,
Is he not, Sir? Methinks you're very like him.
Be good as he is, and protect me.
Mar. jun. Hah!
Wilt thou not own me? am I then but like him?
Much, much indeed I'm chang'd from what I was;
And ne'r ſhall be my ſelf, if thou art loſt.
Lavin. The Gods have heard my Vows; it is my *Marius*.
Once more they had reſtor'd him to my Eyes.
Hadſt thou not come, ſure I had ſlept for ever.
But there's a ſovereign Charm in thy Embraces,
That might do Wonders, and revive the Dead.
Mar. ſen. Ill Fate no more, *Lavinia*, now ſhall part us,
Nor cruel Parents, nor oppreſſing Laws.

Did not Heav'n's Pow'rs all wonder at our Loves?
And when thou told'ſt the tale of thy Diſaſters,
Was there not Sadneſs and a Gloom amongſt 'em?
I know there was; and they in pity ſent thee,
Thus to redeem me from this vale of Torments,
And bear me with thee to thoſe Hills of Joys.
This World's groſs Air grows burthenſome already.
I'm all a God; ſuch heav'nly Joys tranſport me,
That mortal Senſe grows ſick, and faints with laſting. [*Dies.*

Lavin. Oh! to recount my Happineſs to thee,
To open all the Treaſure of my Soul,
And ſhew thee how 'tis fill'd, would waſte more time
Than ſo impatient Love as mine can ſpare.
He's gone; he's dead; breathleſs: alas! my *Marius.*
A Vial too; here has bin his Bane.
O Churl! drink all? not leave one friendly Drop
For poor *Lavinia?* Yet I'll drain thy Lips.
Perhaps ſome welcom Poiſon may hang there,
To help me to o'retake thee on thy Journy.
Clammy and damp as Earth. Hah! ſtains of Bloud?
And a Man murther'd? 'Tis th'unhappy *Flamen.*
Who fix their Joys on any thing that's Mortall,
Let 'em behold my Portion, and deſpair.
What ſhall I doe? how will the Gods diſpoſe me?
Oh! I could rend theſe Walls with Lamentation,
Tear up the Dead from their corrupted Graves,
And dawb the face of Earth with her own Bowels.

Enter Marius ſenior, *and Guards, driving in* Metellus.

Mar. ſen. Purſue the Slave; let not his Gods protect him.
Lavin. More Miſchiefs? hah! My Father.
Metell. Oh! I am ſlain. [*Falls down and dies.*
Lavin. And murther'd too. When will my Woes have end?
Come, cruel Tyrant.
Mar. ſen. Sure I have known that Face.
Lavin. And canſt thou think of any one good Turn
That I have done thee, and not kill me for't?
Mar. ſen. Art thou not call'd *Lavinia?*
Lavin. Once I was.
But by my Woes may now be better known.
Mar. ſen. I cannot ſee thy Face——
Lavin. You muſt, and hear me.
By this, you muſt: nay, I will hold you faſt. [*Seizes his Sword.*

Mar. ſen. What wouldſt thou ſay? where's all my Rage gone now?
Lavin. I am *Lavinia*, born of noble Race.
My blooming Beauty conquer'd many Hearts,
But prov'd the greateſt Torment of my own:
Tho' my Vows proſper'd, and my Love was anſwer'd
By *Marius*, the nobleſt, goodlieſt Youth
That Man e're envy'd at, or Virgin ſigh'd for.
He was the Son of an unhappy Parent,
And baniſh'd with him when our Joys were young;
Scarce a Night old.
Mar. ſen. I do remember't well.
And thou art She, that Wonder of thy Kind,
That could'ſt be true to exil'd Miſery,
And to and fro through barren Deſarts range,
To find th'unhappy Wretch thy Soul was fond of.
Lavin. Do you remember't well?
Mar. ſen. In every point.
Lavin. You then were gentle, took me in your Arms,
Embrac'd me, bleſt me, us'd me like a Father.
And ſure I was not thankleſs for the Bounty.
Mar. ſen. No, thou wert, next the Gods, my onely Comfort.
When I lay fainting on the dry parcht Earth,
Beneath the ſcorching Heat of burning Noon,
Hungry and dry, no Food nor Friend to chear me:
Then Thou, as by the Gods ſome Angel ſent,
Cam'ſt by, and in Compaſſion didſt relieve me.
Lavin. Did I all this?
Mar. ſen. Thou didſt; thou ſav'dſt my Life,
Elſe I had ſunk beneath the weight of want,
And been a Prey to my remorſeleſs Foes.
Lavin. And ſee how well I am at laſt rewarded.
All could not balance for the ſhort-term'd Life
Of one Old man: You have my Father butcher'd,
The only Comfort I had left on Earth.
The Gods have taken too my Husband from me;
See where he lies, your and my onely Joy.
This Sword, yet reeking with my Father's Gore,
Plunge it into my Breaſt: plunge, plunge it thus.
And now let Rage, Diſtraction and Deſpair
Seize all Mankind, till they grow mad as I am.
[*Stabs her ſelf with his Sword.*
Mar. ſen. Nay, now thou haſt outdone me much in Cruelty.
Be Nature's Light extinguiſht; let the Sun

Withdraw his Beams, and put the world in Darkneſs,
Whilſt here I howl away my Life in Sorrows.
Oh! let me bury Me and all my Sins
Here with this good Old man. Thus let me kiſs
Thy pale ſunk Cheeks, embalm thee with my Tears.
My Son, how cam'ſt thou by this wretched End?
We might have all bin Friends, and in one Houſe
Enjoy'd the Bleſſings of eternal Peace.
But oh! my cruel Nature has undone me.

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My Lord, I bring you moſt diſaſtrous News.
Sylla's return'd; his Army's on their March
From *Capua*, and to morrow will reach *Rome*.
At which the Rabble are in new Rebellion,
And your *Sulpitius* mortally is wounded.

Enter Sulpitius (*led in by two of the Guards*) *and* Granius.

Mar. ſen. Oh! then I'm ruin'd. From this very moment
Has my good Genius left me; Hope forſakes me.
The Name of *Sylla*'s banefull to my Fortune.
Be warn'd by me, ye Great ones, how y'embroil
Your Country's Peace, and dip your Hands in Slaughter.
Ambition is a Luſt that's never quencht,
Grows more inflam'd and madder by Enjoyment.
Bear me away, and lay me on my Bed,
A hopeleſſe Veſſel bound for the dark Land
Of loathſome Death, and loaded deep with Sorrows. [*He is led off.*

Sulpit. A Curſe on all Repentance! how I hate it!
I'd rather hear a Dog howl than a Man whine.

Gran. You're wounded, Sir: I hope it is not much.

Sulp. No; 'tis not ſo deep as a Well, nor ſo wide as a Church-door; But 'tis deep enough; 'twill ſerve; I am pepper'd I warrant, I warrant for this World. A Pox on all Mad-men hereafter. If I get a Monument, let this my Epitaph:

Sulpitius *lies here, that troubleſome Slave,*
That ſent many honeſter Men to the Grave;
And dy'd like a Fool, when h'had liv'd like a Knave.

[*Ex. omnes.*

EPILOGUE

Spoke by Mrs. *Barry*, who acted *Lavinia*.

A Miſchief on't! though I'm agen alive,
May I believe this Play of ours ſhall thrive?
This Drumming, Trumpeting, and Fighting Play:
Why, what a Devil will the People ſay?
The Nation that's without, and hears the Din,
Will ſwear we're raiſing Volunteers agen.
For know, our Poet, when this Play was made,
Had nought but Drums and Trumpets in his Head,
H'had baniſh'd Poetry and all her Charms,
And needs the Fool would be a Man at Arms.
No Prentice e're grown weary of Indentures
Had ſuch a longing mind to ſeek Adventures.
Nay, ſure at laſt th'Infection generall grew;
For t'other Day I was a Captain too:
Neither for Flanders *nor for* France *to roam,*
But, juſt as you were all, to ſtay at home.
And now for you who here come wrapt in Cloaks,
Only for Love of Underhill *and Nurſe* Noakes;
Our Poet ſays, one day to a Play ye come,
Which ſerves ye half a year for Wit at home.
But which amongſt you is there to be found,
Will take his third day's Pawn for fifty Pound?
Or, now he is Caſhier'd, will fairly venture
To give him ready Money for's Debenture?
Therefore when he receiv'd that Fatall Doom,
This Play came forth, in hopes his Friends would come
To help a poor Disbanded Souldier home.

THE ORPHAN

OR, THE

Unhappy-Marriage

A TRAGEDY

As it is Acted

At His *ROYAL HIGHNESS*

THE

DUKE's Theatre

Written by *THO. OTWAY.*

Qui Pelago credit magno, ſe fœnore tollit;
Qui Pugnas & Caſtra petit, præcingitur Auro;
Vilis Adulator picto jacet Ebrius Oſtro;
Et qui ſollicitat Nuptas, ad præmia peccat:
Sola pruinoſis horret Facundia pannis,
Atque inopi lingua deſertas invocat Artes.

Petron. Arb. Sat.

Source

ALTHOUGH various parallels have been suggested, it is, I think, quite certain that Otway derived the plot of *The Orphan; or, The Unhappy Marriage*, from "*English Adventures.* By a Person of Honour. Licensed May 12th, 1676. Roger L'Estrange. In the Savoy: Printed by T. Newcomb, for H. Herringman, at the Anchor, on the Lower Walk of the New Exchange. 1676." 8vo. The pertinent passages of the novel will be found in Appendix A. This book is generally ascribed to Roger Boyle, Earl of Orrery.

Theatrical History

TO give an exhaustive account of the history upon the stage of *The Orphan*, which season after season held its place in the repertory for a century and a half, would require a separate and considerable monograph. When this tragedy was produced in the spring of 1680 Mrs. Barry at once won an immense reputation as Monimia. "All the Parts," Downes notes, "being Admirably done, especially the Part of *Monimia*." The story retailed by Edmund Curll in his *History of the English Stage*, 1741, that Mrs. Bracegirdle, before she was six years old, acted the Page, Cordelio, "to the Admiration of all Spectators" is now discredited. Cibber highly praises the Castalio of Betterton, but (adds Davies) "Mountfort, a younger man, who succeeded him, being endowed by nature with a handsome person, a most melodious voice, and pleasing address, was, at least to the female part of the audience, which I think best qualified to distinguish, rather nearer to the idea of an accomplished and successful lover." Downes records that Mrs. Mountfort played Serina; doubtless after Charlotte Butler had left England for the Irish stage.

3 March, 1691–2, there is an Order to pay Mrs. Barry £25 for "ye Orphan or ye Unhappy Marriage," and the play seems to have been a favourite with Queen Mary II.

1 March, 1707, at the Haymarket, Wilks appeared as Castalio; Verbruggen, Chamont; Booth, Polydore; Keen, Acasto; Colley Cibber, the Chaplain; and Mrs. Oldfield, Monimia. "The Castalio of Wilks was long and justly admired," says Davies, and Bellchambers in a paraphrase adds, "the charm of his manner in approaching *Monimia*, at their first interview, may be easily imagined. His delight at their reconciliation in the second act, his rage and resentment in the third and fourth; and, above all, his tenderness and misery in the fine meeting that embellishes the fifth, justly entitled him to the spectator's most generous approbation." "The gay libertine air, which Booth gave to Polydore, has not been equalled since, though Walker, his pupil, was more than a tolerable copy of his master." Joseph Williams, the original Polydore, was wont to divide the rôle with Powell, so great a favourite was this character with the audiences.

14 March, 1715, at Drury Lane, Mrs. Porter played Monimia, with John Mills as Chamont, and Mrs. Santlow, "fam'd for dance," Serina. Wilks, Booth, and Cibber filled the same parts as before. "To pass by, with neglect, the Monimia of Mrs. Porter would be unjust to the merits of an excellent actress." "The character of Chamont had not engaged the attention of very eminent actors" since William Smith. "The elder Mills, many years before his death, was unqualified for a part which required a younger man, with much variety of passion, and quick transition from anger to calmness, and from calmness to returning rage."

At Lincoln's Inn Fields, 5 October, 1721, *The Orphan* was given with Lacy Ryan, a great favourite, as Castalio; Quin, Chamont; Tom Walker, the original Macheath, Polydore; Antony Boheme, Acasto; Christopher Bullock, the Chaplain, which he probably burlesqued; and the beautiful Mrs. Seymour, Monimia. Quin in Chamont was too heavy; indeed, says Davies, he "was utterly unfit for that, or any other part

in the play, except Acasto; his judgement directed him to quit Chamont many years before he left the stage."

On 15 March, 1737, at Drury Lane, Otway's tragedy was produced on the occasion of Milward's benefit. William Milward, who died in the following year, at the early age of forty, "in the very Meridian of an Actor," himself played Castalio, and according to William Chetwood is "to be placed in the foremost Rank of Perfection." Mills was Polydore, and Quin, Chamont. The Monimia was Mrs. Cibber, that "true and perfect Actress." "Never were there such tender, melting notes, such passion, such grief, and in the true pathos of Otway she was at home and unapproachable." On 20 April, 1737, at the same house, *The Orphan* was played for her benefit. Margaret Woffington is highly praised by her contemporaries for her Monimia, but she herself does not seem to have regarded this rôle as one of her best efforts.

In 1742 Garrick opened the autumn season at Drury Lane with *The Orphan*, when Mrs. Pritchard played Monimia; William Havard, of whom Fielding wrote ten years later—"except Mr. Garrick, I do not know that he hath any superior in tragedy at that house"—Castalio; and himself Chamont, in which he excelled.

On 15 November, 1746, *The Orphan* was produced at Drury Lane with Spranger Barry, Castalio; Lacy, Chamont; Denis Delane, Polydore; Luke Sparks, "a Person in the highest second Class," Acasto; Blakes, who was voted supreme in Frenchmen, the Chaplain, which still seems to have trenched on caricature; Miss Macklin, the Page; and Mrs. Giffard, Monimia. Of Barry in the parts of lovers Garrick had a wholesome dread. His Othello was as moving a performance as Garrick's was ineffective. "Sir," Tate Wilkinson used to say, "Barry, Sir, was as much superior to Garrick in Romeo, as York Minster is to a Methodist Chapel."

At Covent Garden during the same season Garrick appeared as Chamont, with Mrs. Cibber Monimia; Ryan, Castalio; and Havard, Polydore. Tom Chapman, who was admirable in Shakespeare's Clowns, was the Chaplain.

In 1747 at Drury Lane Garrick again plays Chamont, with Barry and Delane as Castalio and Polydore; Mrs. Cibber, Monimia.

14 April, 1760, at the same house, Mrs. Yates played Monimia for the first time. "In all the complaints of suffering innocence," says Dibdin, "she was pathetically affecting; her melancholy and despondency excited generous pity, and her grief was repaid with the tear of commiseration." Garrick, "the first time for 4 years," appeared as Chamont; Fleetwood, Castalio; and Charles Holland, "Garrick at second-hand," Polydore.

19 October, 1767, the "very beautiful" George Ann Bellamy, "with her blue eyes, and very fair," acted Monimia with William Powell, who had "a thousand beauties and a thousand faults," Castalio; and "Gentleman" Smith, "the genteel, the airy, and the smart," Chamont.

A famous Chamont was Joseph George Holman, of whom there is an engraving in this character, where he appears dressed in a guarded coat, a high stock, a cravat, ruffles at the breast, a fob seal, and knee-breeches; in fact, he might have paraded the Mall without remark in 1810.

At Covent Garden, 2 December, 1815, Charles Kemble appeared as Castalio to the Polydore of William Augustus Conway, an actor of fine presence; the Acasto of Daniel Egerton, who had "the complete monopoly of sentimental fathers"; the

Chamont of Young, "a figure," says the *New Monthly Magazine*, 1822, "full of brotherly pride, noble impetuosity, and heroic scorn"; and the Monimia of Miss O'Neill, "the only actress with that genuine feeling that is capable of melting her audience to tears."

At Bath in 1817 Miss O'Neill received a tremendous ovation as Monimia, when her Chamont was Warde.

Although not so frequently seen in London, *The Orphan* was still popular in the provinces, at York, Bristol, and Norwich. Indeed, Otway's tragedy did not wholly disappear from the theatrical repertory until about the fourth decade of the nineteenth century.

In May, 1925, two performances of *The Orphan* were given at the Aldwych Theatre, London. Since Otway's tragedy was evidently misunderstood and patently mishandled by the producer and unfortunately altogether miscast, this production was a lamentable failure, and it must regretfully be acknowledged that to-day we have had no opportunity of judging *The Orphan* upon the stage.

TO HER
Royal Highneſs
THE
DUTCHESS

Madam,

AFTER having a great while wiſht to write ſomething that might be worthy to lay at Your Highneſſe's Feet, and finding it impoſſible: Since the World has been ſo kind to me to Judge of this Poem to my advantage, as the moſt pardonable fault which I have made in its kind; I had ſinn'd againſt my ſelf, if I had not choſen this Opportunity to implore (what my Ambition is moſt fond of) your Favour and Protection.

For though Fortune would not ſo far bleſs my endeavours, as to encourage them with your Royal Highneſſes Preſence, when this came into the World: Yet, I cannot but declare it was my deſign and hopes, it might have been your Divertiſement in that happy Seaſon, when you return'd again to chear all thoſe eyes, that had before wept for your Departure, and enliven all hearts that had droopt for your Abſence: When Wit ought to have pay'd its choiceſt Tributes in, and Joy have known no Limits, then I hop'd my little Mite would not have been rejected; though my ill Fortune was too hard for me, and I loſt a greater Honour, by your Royal Highneſſes Abſence, than all the Applauſes of the World beſides can make me Reparation for.

Nevertheleſs, I thought my ſelf not quite unhappy, ſo long as I had hopes this way yet to recompence my diſappointment paſt: When I conſider'd alſo that Poetry might claim right to a little Share in your Favour: For *Taſſo*, and *Arioſto*, ſome of the beſt, have made their Names Eternal, by tranſmitting to after Ages the Glory of your Anceſtors: And under the ſpreading of that ſhade, where two of the beſt have planted their Lawrels, how Honoured ſhould I be, who am the worſt, if but a branch might grow for me.

I dare not think of offering at any thing in this Addreſs, that might look like a Panegyrick, for fear, leſt when I have done my beſt, the World ſhould Condemn me, for ſaying too little, and you your ſelf check me, for medling with a Task unfit for my Talent.

For the deſcription of Vertues and Perfections ſo rare as yours are, ought to be done by as deliberate, as skilful a Hand; the Features muſt be drawn very fine, to be like; haſty dawbing will but ſpoil the Picture, and make it ſo unnatural, as muſt want falſe lights to ſet it off: And your Vertue can receive no more Luſtre from Praiſes, than your Beauty can be improv'd by Arts; which as it Charms the braveſt Prince that ever amaz'd the World with his Virtue: So let but all other Hearts enquire into themſelves, and then Judge how it ought to be prais'd.

Your Love too, as none but that great Heroe, who has it, could deſerve it, and therefore, by a particular Lot from Heav'n, was deſtin'd to ſo extraordinary a bleſſing, ſo matchleſs, for its ſelf, and ſo wondrous for it's Conſtancy, ſhall be remembred to your Immortal Honour, when all other Tranſactions of the Age you live in ſhall be forgotten.

But I forget that I am to ask Pardon for the fault I have been all this while Committing: wherefore I beg your Highneſs to forgive me this preſumption, and that you will be pleas'd to think well of one who cannot help reſolving with all the Actions of Life, to endeavour to deſerve it: Nay more, I would beg, and hope it may be granted, that I may through yours never want an Advocate in his Favour, whoſe Heart, and Mind, you have ſo entire a ſhare in; it is my only Portion and my Fortune, I cannot but be happy, ſo long as I have but hopes I may enjoy it, and I muſt be miſerable, ſhould it ever be my ill Fate to loſe it.

This, with Eternal Wiſhes for your Royal Highneſſes Content, Happineſs, and Proſperity, in all Humility is preſented by

Your moſt obedient and devoted Servant,

THO. OTWAY.

PROLOGUE

TO You, great Judges in this Writing Age,
The Sons of Wit, and Patrons of the Stage,
With all those humble Thoughts, which still have sway'd
His Pride, much doubting, trembling and afraid
Of what is to his want of Merit due,
And aw'd by every Excellence in you,
The Author sends to beg you would be kind,
And spare those many Faults you needs must find.
You to whom Wit a Common Foe is grown,
The Thing ye scorn, and publickly disown;
Though now perhaps y'are here for other Ends,
He swears to me ye ought to be his Friends:
For he ne're call'd ye yet insipid Tools;
Nor wrote one line to tell ye you were Fools:
But says of Wit ye have so large a store,
So very much, you never will have more.
He ne're with Libel treated yet the Town,
The Names of honest Men bedawb'd and shown,
Nay, never once lampoon'd the harmless Life
Of Suburb Virgin, or of City Wife.
Satyr's th' Effect of Poetries disease,
Which, sick of a lew'd Age, she vents for Ease,
But now her only Strife should be to please;
Since of ill Fate the baneful Cloud's withdrawn,
And Happiness again begins to dawn;
Since back with Joy and Triumph he is come,
That always drove Fears hence, ne're brought 'em home.
Oft has he plow'd the boist'rous Ocean o're,
Yet ne're more welcome to the longing shoar,
Not when he brought home Victories before.
For then fresh Laurels flourisht on his Brow,
And he comes crown'd with Olive-branches now:
Receive him! Oh receive him as his Friends;
Embrace the Blessings which he Recommends;
Such quiet as your Foes shall ne're destroy;
Then shake off Fears, and clap your hands for Joy.

The Perſons

Repreſented in the Tragedy

MEN.

Acaſto, a Nobleman retired from Court, and living privately in the Country.	By Mr. *Gillow*.
Caſtalio, } His Sons.	By Mr. *Betterton*.
Polydore, } His Sons.	By Mr. *Jo. Williams*.
Chamount, a young Souldier of Fortune.	By Mr. *Smith*.
Erneſto, } Servants in the Family.	By Mr. *Norris*.
Paulino, } Servants in the Family.	By Mr. *Wiltſhire*.
Cordelio, *Polydore*'s Page.	By the little Girl.
Chaplain.	By Mr. *Percival*.

WOMEN.

Monimia, The Orphan left under the Guardian-ſhip of old *Acaſto*.	By Mrs. *Barry*.
Serina, *Acaſto*'s Daughter.	By Mrs. *Boteler*.
Florella, *Monimia*'s Woman.	By Mrs. *Osborn*.

SCENE, *BOHEMIA*.

THE ORPHAN

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Paulino *and* Erneſto.

Paul. 'TIS ſtrange, *Erneſto*, this ſeverity
Should ſtill reign pow'rful in *Acaſto*'s mind,
To hate the Court where he
Was bred and liv'd,
All Honours heap'd on him that Pow'r could give.
Erneſt. 'Tis true, He thither came a private Gentleman,
But young and brave, and of a Family
Ancient and Noble as the Empire holds.
The Honours he has gain'd are juſtly his:
He purchas'd them in War; thrice has he led
An Army againſt the Rebels, and as often
Return'd with Victory; the world has not
A truer Souldier, or a better Subject.
Paul. It was his Vertue that firſt made me ſerve him;
He is the beſt of Maſters, as of Friends:
I know he has lately been invited thither,
Yet ſtill he keeps his ſtubborn purpoſe, cries,
He's old, and willingly would be at reſt:
I doubt there's deep reſentment in his mind,
For the late ſlight his Honour ſuffer'd there.
Ern. Has he not reaſon? When for what he had born,
Long, hard, and faithful Toyl, he might have claim'd
Places in Honour, and employment high;
A huſſing ſhining flatt'ring cringing Coward,
A Canker-worm of Peace, was rais'd above him.
Paul. Yet ſtill he holds Juſt value for the King,
Nor ever Names him but with higheſt reverence.
'Tis Noble that———
Ern. Oh! I have heard him wanton in his praiſe,
Speak things of him might Charm the Ears of Envy.
Paul. Oh may he live 'till Natures ſelf grow old,
And from her Womb no more can bleſs the Earth!
For when he dies, farewell all Honour, Bounty,
All generous Encouragement of Arts,

For Charity her ſelf becomes a Widdow.
Ern. No, he has two Sons that were ordain'd to be
As well his Vertues, as his Fortunes Heirs.
Paul. They're both of Nature mild, and full of ſweetneſs.
They came Twins from the VVomb, and ſtill they live
As if they would go Twins too to the Grave:
Neither has any thing he calls his own,
But of each other's joys as griefs partaking;
So very honeſtly, ſo well they love,
As they were only for each other born.
Ern. Never was Parent in an Offspring happier;
He has a Daughter too, whoſe blooming Age
Promiſes Goodneſs equal to her Beauty.
Paul. And as there is a Friendſhip 'twixt the Brethren,
So has her Infant Nature choſen too
A faithful Partner of her thoughts and wiſhes,
And kind Companion of her harmleſs pleaſures.
Ern. You mean the Beautious Orphan, fair *Monimia!*
Paul. The ſame, the Daughter of the brave *Chamont.*
He was our Lord's Companion in the Wars,
Where ſuch a wondrous Friendſhip grew between 'em
As only Death could end: *Chamont*'s Eſtate
Was ruin'd in our late and Civil Diſcords;
Therefore unable to advance her Fortune,
He left his Daughter to our Maſter's care;
To ſuch a care as ſhe ſcarce loſt a Father.
Ern. Her Brother to the Emperors Wars went early,
To ſeek a Fortune, or a noble Fate;
Whence he with Honour is expected back,
And mighty marks of that great Princes Favour.
Paul. Our Maſter never would permit his Sons
To launch for Fortune in th' uncertain World,
But warnes to avoid both Courts, and Camps,
Where Dilatory Fortune plays the Jilt
With the brave noble honeſt gallant man,
To throw herſelf away on Fools and Knaves.
Ern. They both have forward gen'rous active Spirits:
'Tis daily their Petition to their Father.
To ſend them forth where Glory's to be gotten;
They cry they're weary of their lazy home,
Reſtleſs to do ſomething that Fame may talk of.
To day they chac'd the Boar, and near this time
Should be return'd.

Paul. Oh that's a Royal ſport!
We yet may ſee the old man in a morning,
Luſty as health come ruddy to the Field,
And there purſue the Chace as if he meant
To o'retake Time and bring back Youth again.

[*Ex.* Ern. *and* Paul.

Enter Caſtalio, Polidor, *and Page.*

Caſt. Polidor! our ſport
Has been to day much better for the danger;
When on the brink the foaming Boar I met,
And in his ſide thought to have lodg'd my ſpear,
The deſperate ſavage ruſht within my Force,
And bore me headlong with him down the Rock.

Polid. But then———

Caſt. Ay then, my Brother, my Friend *Polidor*,
Like *Perſeus* mounted on his winged Steed,
Came on, and down the dang'rous precipice leapt
To ſave *Caſtalio*. 'Twas a God-like Act.

Polid. But when I came, I found you Conqueror.
Oh my Heart danc't to ſee your danger paſt!
The heat and fury of the Chace was coold,
And I had nothing in my Mind but Joy.

Caſt. So, *Polidor*, methinks we might in War
Ruſh on together; Thou ſhou'dſt be my guard,
And I'd be thine; what is't could hurt us then?
Now half the Youth of *Europe* are in Armes,
How fulſome muſt it be to ſtay behind,
And dye of rank diſeaſes here at home?

Pol. No, let me purchaſe in my Youth Renown,
To make me lov'd and valu'd when I'm old;
I would be buſie in the World, and learn,
Not like a courſe and uſeleſs dunghill Weed,
Fixt to one Spot, and rot juſt as I grow.

Caſt. Our Father
Has ta'ne himſelf a Surfeit of the World,
And cries it is not ſafe that we ſhould taſt it;
I own I have Duty very pow'rful in me;
And tho' I'd hazard all to raiſe my Name,
Yet he's ſo tender, and ſo good a Father,
I could not do a thing to croſs his will.

Pol. Caſtalio, I have doubts within my heart,

Which you, and only you, can ſatisfy:
Will you be free and candid to your Friend?
Caſt. Have I a Thought my *Polidor* ſhould not know?
What can this mean?
Pol. Nay, I'll conjure you too,
By all the ſtricteſt bonds of Faithful Friendſhip,
To ſhew your Heart as naked in this point
As you would purge you of your Sins to Heaven.
Caſt. I will.
Pol. And ſhould I chance to touch it nearly, bear it
With all the ſuff'rance of a tender Friend.
Caſt. As calmly as the wounded Patient bears
The Artiſt's hand, that Miniſters his Cure.
Pol. That's kindly ſaid. You know our Father's Ward,
The fair *Monimia;* is your heart at peace?
Is it ſo guarded that you could not love her?
Caſt. Suppoſe I ſhould?
Pol. Suppoſe you ſhou'd not, Brother.
Caſt. You'd ſay I muſt not.
Pol. That would ſound too roughly
'Twixt Friends and brothers, as we two are.
Caſt. Is Love a Fault?
Pol. In one of us it may be:
What if I Love her?
Caſt. Then I muſt inform you
I lov'd her firſt, and cannot quit the Claim,
But will preſerve the Birth-right of my Paſſion.
Pol. You will!
Caſt. I will.
Pol. No more, I've done.
Caſt. Why not?
Pol. I told you, I had done;
But you, *Caſtalio*, would diſpute it.
Caſt. No:
Not with my *Polydor*; though I muſt own
My Nature obſtinate and void of ſuff'rance.
Love raigns a very Tyrant in my heart,
Attended on his Throne by all his Guards
Of furious wiſhes fears and nice ſuſpicions.
I could not bear a Rival in my Friendſhip,
I am ſo much in love, and fond of thee.
Pol. Yet you would break this Friendſhip!
Caſt. Not for Crowns.

Pol. But for a Toy you would, a Womans Toy,
Unjuſt *Caſtalio!*
Caſt. Prithee, where's my fault?
Pol. You love *Monimia.*
Caſt. Yes.
Pol. And you would kill me,
If I'm your Rival.
Caſt. No, ſure we're ſuch Friends,
So much one man, that our affections too
Muſt be united and the ſame as we are.
Pol. I doat upon *Monimia.*
Caſt. Love her ſtill;
Win, and enjoy her.
Pol. Both of us cannot.
Caſt. No matter
Whoſe chance it proves, but let's not quarrel for't.
Pol. You would not wed *Monimia*, would you?
Caſt. Wed her!
No! were ſhe all deſire could wiſh, as fair
As would the vaineſt of her Sex be thought,
With Wealth beyond what Woman Pride could waſte,
She ſhould not cheat me of my Freedom. Marry!
When I am old and weary of the World,
I may grow deſperate,
And take a Wife to mortify withal.
Pol. It is an elder Brothers duty ſo
To propagate his family and name:
You would not have yours dye and bury'd with you?
Caſt. Meer Vanity, and ſilly dotage all,
No, let me live at large, and when I dye.
Pol. Who ſhall poſſeſs th' eſtate you leave?
Caſt. My Friend,
If he ſurvives me, if not, my King,
Who may beſtow't again on ſome brave man,
Whoſe Honeſty and Services deſerve one.
Pol. 'Tis kindly offer'd.
Caſt. By yon Heaven, I love
My *Polydor* beyond all worldly Joyes,
And would not ſhock his quiet to be bleſt
With greater happineſs than man e're taſted.
Pol. And by that heaven eternally I ſwear,
To keep the kind *Caſtalio* in my heart.
Whoſe ſhall *Monimia* be?

Caſt. No matter who's.
Pol. Were you not with her privately laſt night?
Caſt. I was, and ſhould have met her here again;
But th'opportunity ſhall now be thine;
My ſelf will bring thee to the Scene of Love;
But have a care by Friendſhip I conjure thee,
That no falſe Play be offer'd to thy Brother.
Urge all thy pow'rs to make thy Paſſion proſper,
But wrong not mine.
Pol. Heav'n blaſt me if I do.
Caſt. If't prove thy Fortune, *Polidor*, to conquer,
(For thou haſt all the Arts of fine perſwaſion!)
Truſt me, and let me know thy Love's ſucceſs,
That I may ever after ſtifle mine.
Pol. Though ſhe be dearer to my ſoul than Reſt
To weary Pilgrims, or to Miſers Gold,
To great Men Pow'r or wealthy Cities Pride,
Rather than wrong *Caſtalio* I'd forget her.
For if ye pow'rs have happineſs in ſtore,
When ye wold ſhower down joyes on *Polydor*,
In one great bleſſing all your bounty ſend,
That I may never loſe ſo dear a Friend.

[*Ex.* Caſt. Pol. *manet Page.*

Enter Monimia.

Mon. So ſoon return'd from hunting? This fair Day
Seems as if ſent t'invite the World abroad.
Paſst not *Caſtalio* and *Polydor* this way?
Pag. Madam, juſt now.
Mon. Sure my ill Fate's upon me.
Diſtruſt and heavineſs ſit round my heart,
And Apprehenſion ſhocks my timerous Soul.
Why was not I laid in my peaceful Grave
With my poor Parents? and at Reſt as they are?
Inſtead of that, I'm wand'ring into cares.
Caſtalio! O *Caſtalio!* thou haſt caught
My fooliſh heart; and like a tender Child,
That truſts his play-thing to another hand,
I fear its harm, and fain would have it back.
Come near *Cordelio*, I muſt chide you, Sir.
Pag. Why, Madam, have I done you any wrong?
Mon. I never ſee you now; you have been kinder;
Sate by my Bed, and ſung me pretty Songs:

Perhaps I've been ungrateful: here's Mony for you:
Will you oblige me? Shall I ſee you of'ner?
Pag. Madam, indeed I'd ſerve you with my Soul;
But in a morning when you call me to you,
As by your bed I ſtand and tell you ſtories,
I am aſham'd to ſee your ſwelling Breaſts,
It makes me bluſh, they are ſo very white.
Mon. Oh men for flattery and deceit renown'd!
Thus when y'are young, ye learn it all like him,
'Till as your years encreaſe, that ſtrengthens too,
T'undo poor Maids, and make our ruin eaſie.
Tell me, *Cordelio*, for thou haſt oft heard
Their friendly Converſe, and their boſom ſecrets,
Sometimes, at leaſt, have they not talkt of me?
Pag. Oh Madam! Very wickedly they have talkt:
But I'm afraid to name it, for they ſay
Boys muſt be whipt that tell their Maſters ſecrets.
Mon. Fear not, *Cordelio!* It ſhall ne're be known;
For I'll preſerve the ſecret as 'twere mine.
Polydor cannot be ſo kind as I.
I'll furniſh thee for all thy harmleſs ſports
VVith pretty Toys, and thou ſhalt be my Page.
Pag. And truly, Madam, I had rather be ſo.
Methinks you love me better than my Lord,
For he was never half ſo kind as you are.
What muſt I do?
Mon. Inform me how th' haſt heard
Caſtalio, and his Brother uſe my Name.
Pag. VVith all the tenderneſs of Love,
You were the Subject of their laſt diſcourſe.
At firſt I thought it would have Fatal prov'd;
But as the one grew hot the other coold,
And yielded to the frailty of his Friend;
At laſt, after much ſtrugling 'twas reſolv'd.
Mon. VVhat, good *Cordelio?*
Pag. Not to quarrel for you.
Mon. I would not have 'em, by my deareſt hopes,
I would not be the argument of ſtrife.
But ſurely my *Caſtalio* wo'nt forſake me,
And make a Mockery of my eaſie Love.
VVent they together?
Pag. Yes, to ſeek you, Madam.
Caſtalio promis'd *Polydor* to bring him

VVhere he alone might meet you,
And fairly try the Fortune of his Wiſhes.
Mon. Am I then grown ſo cheap, juſt to be made
A common ſtake, a prize for love in jeſt?
Was not *Caſtalio* very loth to yield it,
Or was it *Polydor*'s unruly Paſſion,
That heighten'd the debate?
Pag. The fault was *Polydor*'s.
Caſtalio play'd with love and ſmiling ſhew'd
The pleaſure, not the pangs of his deſire.
He ſaid no Woman's ſmiles ſhould buy his Freedom;
And Marriage is a mortifying thing.
Mon. Then I am ruin'd, if *Caſtalio*'s falſe.
Where is their Faith, or Honour to be found?
Ye Gods, that Guard the Innocent, and guid
The weak; protect, and take me to your care.
Oh but I love him: There's the Rock will wrack me!
Why was I made with all my Sexe's Softneſs,
Yet want the Cunning to conceal its follies?
I'll ſee *Caſtalio*, tax him with his falſehoods,
Be a true Woman, rail, protect my Wrongs;
Reſolve to hate him, and yet love him ſtill.

Enter Caſtalio *and* Polydor.

He comes, the Conquerour comes! lye ſtill, my Heart,
And learn to bear thy injuries with Scorn.
Caſt. Madam, my Brother begs he may have leave
To tell you ſomething that concerns you nearly;
I leave you as becomes me, and withdraw.
Mon. My Lord *Caſtalio!*
Caſt. Madam!
Mon. Have you purpos'd
To abuſe me palpably? What means this uſage?
Why am I left with *Polydor* alone?
Caſt. He beſt can tell you. Buſineſs of Importance
Calls me away, I muſt attend my Father.
Mon. Will you then leave me thus?
Caſt. But for a moment.
Mon. It has been otherwiſe; the time has been,
When buſineſs might have ſtay'd, and I been hea'd.
Caſt. I could for ever hear thee; but this time
Matters of ſuch odd circumſtances preſs me,
That I muſt go—— [*Ex.* Caſt.

Mon. Then go, and if't be poſſible, for ever.
Well, my Lord *Polydor*, I gueſs your buſineſs,
And read the ill-natur'd purpoſe in your eyes.
Pol. If to deſire you more than Miſer's Wealth,
Or dying men an hour of added life,
If ſofteſt Wiſhes, and a heart more true,
Then ever ſuffer'd yet for love diſdain'd,
Speak an ill Nature, you accuſe me juſtly.
Mon. Talk not of Love, my Lord, I muſt not hear it.
Pol. Who can behold ſuch Beauty, and be ſilent?
Deſire firſt taught us words: Man, when created,
At firſt alone long wander'd up and down,
Forlorn, and ſilent as his Vaſſal Beaſts;
But when a Heav'n-born Maid, like you, appear'd,
Strange Pleaſures fill'd his eyes, and fir'd his heart,
Unloos'd his Tongue, and his firſt talk was Love.
Mon. The firſt created pair, indeed, were bleſt;
They were the only Objects of each other,
Therefore he Courted her; and her alone:
But in this peopled World of Beauty, where
There's roving Room, where you may Court, and ruin
A thouſand more, why need you talk to me?
Pol. Oh! I could talk to thee for ever: Thus
Eternally admiring, fix and gaze
On thoſe dear Eyes, for every glance they ſend
Darts through my Soul, and almoſt gives enjoyment.
Mon. How can you labour thus for my undoing?
I muſt confeſs, indeed, I owe you more
Than ever I can hope to think to pay.
There alwayes was a Friendſhip 'twixt our Families;
And therefore when my tender Parents dy'd,
Whoſe ruin'd Fortunes too expir'd with them,
Your Fathers Pity, and his Bounty, took me,
A poor and helpleſs Orphan, to his care.
Pol. 'Twas Heav'n ordain'd it ſo, to make me happy.
Hence with this peeviſh Vertue, 'tis a cheat,
And thoſe who taught it firſt were Hypocrites.
Come, theſe ſoft tender Limbs were made for yielding.
Mon. Here on my knees by heav'ns bleſt pow'r I ſwear, [*Kneels.*
If you perſiſt, I never henceforth will ſee you,
But rather wander through the world a begger,
And live on ſordid ſcraps at proud mens doors;
For though to Fortune loſt, I'll ſtill inherit

My Mothers Vertues, and my Fathers Honour.
Pol. Intolerable Vanity! your Sex
VVas never in the right; y'are alwayes falſe,
Or ſilly; even your dreſſes are not more
Fantaſtick than your appetites: you think
Of nothing twice: Opinion you have none.
To Day y'are nice, to morrow not ſo free;
Now Smile, then Frown; now ſorrowful, then glad;
Now pleas'd, now not; and all you know not why!
Vertue you affect, Inconſtancy's your Practice,
And when your looſe deſires once get dominion,
No hungry Churle feeds courſer at Feaſt;
Every rank Fool goes down——
Mon. Indeed, my Lord,
I own my Sexes follies; I have 'em all,
And to avoid its faults, muſt fly from you:
Therefore believe me, could you raiſe me high
As moſt fantaſtick VVoman's wiſh could reach,
And lay all Natures Riches at my feet;
I'd rather run a Salvage in the VVoods
Amongſt brute Beaſts, grow wrinckled and deform'd,
As wildneſs and moſt rude neglect could make me,
So I might ſtill enjoy my Honours ſafe
From the deſtroying Wiles of faithleſs Men.—— [*Ex.* Mon.
Pol. VVho'd be that ſordid fooliſh thing call'd man,
To cringe thus, fawn, and flatter for a Pleaſure,
VVhich Beaſts enjoy ſo very much above him?
The luſty Bull ranges through all the Field,
And from the Herd ſingling his Female out,
Enjoyes her, and abandons her at VVill.
It ſhall be ſo, I'll yet poſſeſs my Love,
VVait on, and watch her looſe unguarded hours;
Then when her roving thoughts have been abroad,
And brought in wanton wiſhes to her heart;
I'th' very Minute when her Vertue nods,
I'll ruſh upon her in a ſtorm of Love,
Beat down her Guard of Honour all before me,
Surfeit on Joys till even deſire grows ſick;
Then by long Abſence liberty regain,
And quite forget the pleaſure and the pain.
[*Ex.* Pol. *and Page.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Acaſto, Caſtalio, Polydor, *Attendants*.

Acaſt. TO-day has been a Day of Glorious ſport.
VVhen you, *Caſtalio*, and your Brother left me,
Forth from the Thickets ruſht another Boar,
So large, he ſeem'd the Tyrant of the VVoods,
VVith all his dreadful Briſtles rais'd up high,
They ſeem'd a Grove of ſpears upon his Back;
Foaming he came at me, where I was poſted,
Beſt to obſerve which way hee'd lead the Chace.
VVhetting his huge long Tusks, and gaping wide,
As if he already had me for his prey;
'Till brandiſhing my well-poys'd Javelin high,
With this bold Executing arm, I ſtruck
The ugly brindled Monſter to the heart.
Caſt. The Actions of your life were always wond'rous.
Acaſt. No flattery, Boy! an honeſt man can't live by't,
It is a little ſneaking Art, which Knaves
Uſe to cajole and ſoften Fools withal;
If thou haſt flatt'ry in thy Nature, out with't,
Or ſend it to a Court, for there 'twill thrive.
Pol. VVhy there?
Acaſt. 'Tis, next to mony current there;
To be ſeen daily in as many Forms
As there are ſorts of Vanities, and Men;
The ſuperſtitious States-man has his ſneer
To ſmooth a poor Man off with that can't bribe him;
The grave dull Fellow of ſmall buſineſs ſooths
The Humoriſt, and will needs admire his VVit:
Who without ſpleen could ſee a hot-brain'd *Atheiſt*
Thanking a ſurly Doctor for his Sermon,
Or a Grave Councellor meet a ſmooth young Lord,
Squeeze him by the hand, and praiſe his good Complexion?
Pol. Courts are the places where beſt manners flouriſh;
VVhere the deſerving ought to riſe, and Fools
Make ſhow. Why ſhould I vex and chaſe my ſpleen,
To ſee a gawdy Coxcomb ſhine, when I
Have ſeen enough to ſooth him in his follies,
And ride him to advantage as I pleaſe?——

Acaſt. VVho merit ought indeed to riſe i'th'world,
But no wiſe man that's honeſt ſhould expect.
VVhat Man of Senſe would rack his generous mind,
To practice all the baſe Formalities
And Forms of buſineſs, force a grave ſtarch't face,
VVhen he's a very Libertine in's heart?
Seem not to know this or that man in publick,
VVhen privately perhaps they meet together,
And lay the Scene of ſome brave Fellows Ruin.
Such things are done———

Caſt. Your Lordſhips wrongs have been
So great, that you with Juſtice may complain;
But ſuffer us, whoſe younger minds ne're felt
Fortune's deceits, to Court her as ſhe's fair:
VVere ſhe a common Miſtreſs, kind to all,
Her worth would ceaſe, and half the world grow idle.

Acaſt. Go to, y'are Fools, and know me not; I've learnt
Long ſince to bear, revenge, or ſcorn my wrongs,
According to the value of the doer.
You both would fain be great, and to that end
Deſire to do things worthy your Ambition.
Go to the Camp, preferments nobleſt Mart,
VVhere Honour ought to have the faireſt play, you'll find
Corruption, envy, diſcontent, and Faction,
Almoſt in every Band: How many men
Have ſpent their bloud in their dear Countries ſervice,
Yet now pine under want, while ſelfiſh ſlaves,
That ev'n would cut their throats, whom now they fawn on,
Like deadly Locuſts eat the Honey up,
Which thoſe induſtrious Bees ſo hardly toyl'd for?

Caſt. Theſe Precepts ſuit not with my Active mind,
Methinks I would be buſie.

Pol. So would I,
Not loyter out my Life at home, and know
No farther than one proſpect gives me leave.

Acaſt. Buſie your minds then, ſtudy Arts and Men:
Learn how to value Merits though in Rags,
And ſcorn a proud ill-manner'd Knave in Office.

Enter Serina, Monimia *and Maid.*

Ser. My Lord, my Father!

Acaſt. Bleſſings on my Child,
My little Cherub, what haſt thou to ask me?

Ser. I bring you, Sir, moſt glad and welcome News:
The young *Chamont*, whom you've ſo often with'd for,
Is juſt arriv'd and entring.
Acaſt. By my Soul,
And all my Honours, he's moſt dearly welcome:
Let me receive him like his Fathers Friend.

Enter Chamont.

Welcome, thou Relick of the beſt lov'd man,
VVelcome from all the Turmoile, and the hazards
Of certain danger, and uncertain Fortune;
VVelcome as happy Tidings after Fears.
Cham. VVords would but wrong the Gratitude I owe you.
Should I begin to ſpeak, my ſoul's ſo full,
That I ſhould talk of nothing elſe all day.
Mon. My Brother!
Cham. Oh my Siſter! let me hold thee
Long in my Armes. I've not beheld thy Face
Theſe many days: by night I've often ſeen thee
In gentle Dreams, and ſatisfied my Soul
VVith fancy'd Joy, 'till morning cares awak'd me.
Another Siſter! ſure it muſt be ſo;
Though, I remember well, I had but one:
But I feel ſomething in my heart that prompts,
And tells me ſhe has claim and intereſt there.
Acaſt. Young Souldier, you've not only ſtudy'd VVar,
Courtſhip, I ſee, has been your practice too,
And may not prove unwelcome to my Daughter.
Cham. Is ſhe your Daughter? then my heart told true!
And I'm at leaſt her Brother by Adoption:
For you have made your ſelf to me a Father,
And by that Patent I have leave to love her.
Ser. Monimia, thou haſt told me, men are falſe,
VVill flatter, feign, and make an Art of love:
Is *Chamont* ſo? No, ſure he's more than man,
Something that's near Divine, and Truth dwells in him.
Acaſt. Thus happy, who would envy pompous pow'r,
The luxury of Courts, or wealth of Cities?
Let there be Joy through all the Houſe this day!
In every Room let Plenty flow at large,
It is the Birth-day of my Royal Maſter.
You have not viſited the Court, *Chamont*,
Since your Return?

Cham. I have no buſineſs there,
I have not ſlaviſh Temperance enough
T'attend a Fav'rites heels, and watch his ſmiles;
Bear an ill Office done me to my Face,
And thank the Lord that wrong'd me for his favour. [*To his Sons.*
Acaſt. This you could do.
Caſt. I'd ſerve my Prince.
Acaſt. Who'd ſerve him?
Caſt. I would, my Lord.
Pol. And I both would.
Acaſt. Away.
He needs not any Servants ſuch as you!
Serve him! he merits more than man can do!
He is ſo good, praiſe cannot ſpeak his worth:
So merciful, ſure he ne're ſlept in wrath;
So juſt, that were he but a private man,
He could not do a wrong. How would you ſerve him?
Caſt. I'd ſerve him with my Fortune here at home,
And ſerve him with my perſon in his wars,
Watch for him, fight for him, bleed for him.
Pol. Die for him,
As every true-born loyal Subject ought.
Acaſt. Let me embrace ye both. Now by the ſouls
Of my brave Anceſtors, I'm truly happy;
For this be ever bleſt my Marriage-day,
Bleſt be your Mothers memory that bore you,
And double bleſt be that auſpicious Hour
That gave ye Birth. Yes, my aſpiring Boys,
Ye ſhall have buſineſs; when your Maſter wants you,
You cannot ſerve a Nobler; I have ſerv'd him;
In this old body yet the marks remain
Of many wounds. I've with this Tongue proclaim'd
His Right, ev'n in the Face of ranck Rebellion,
And when a foul-mouth'd Traytor once prophan'd
His ſacred name, with my good Sabir drawn,
Ev'n at the Head of all his giddy rout,
I ruſht, and clove the Rebel to the Chine.

Enter Servant.

Ser. My Lord, th'expected Gueſts are juſt arriv'd.
Acaſt. Go you, and give 'em Welcome and Reception.
Cham. My Lord, I ſtand in need of your aſſiſtance
In ſomething that concerns my Peace and Honour.

Acaſt. Spoke like the Son of that brave man I lov'd:
So freely friendly we converſt together.
Whate're it be, with confidence impart it.
Thou ſhalt command my Fortune and my Sword.
Cham. I dare not doubt your Friendſhip nor your Juſtice,
Your Bounty ſhewn to what I hold moſt dear,
My Orphan ſiſter, muſt not be forgotten!
Acaſt. Pr'ythee, no more of that; it grates my Nature.
Cham. When our dear Parents dy'd, they dy'd together,
One Fate ſurpriz'd 'em, and one Grave receiv'd 'em:
My Father with his dying breath bequeath'd
Her to my Love: my Mother, as ſhe lay
Languiſhing by him, call'd me to her ſide,
Took me in her fainting Arms, wept and embrac'd me,
Then preſs'd me cloſe, and as ſhe obſerv'd my Tears,
Kiſt 'em away; ſaid ſhe, *Chamont*, my Son,
By this and all the Love I ever ſhew'd thee,
Be careful of *Monimia*, watch her Youth,
Let not her wants betray her to diſhonour;
Perhaps kind Heav'n may raiſe ſome friend. [*Then ſigh'd.*
Kiſt me again; ſo bleſt us and expir'd.
Pardon my grief.
Acaſt. It ſpeaks an honeſt Nature.
Cham. The Friend Heav'n rais'd was you, you took her up
An Infant, to the deſart world expos'd,
And prov'd another Parent.
Acaſt. I've not wrong'd her.
Cham. Far be it from my Fears.
Acaſt. Then why this Argument?
Cham. My Lord, my Nature's jealous, and you'l bear it.
Acaſt. Go on.
Cham. Great Spirits bear misfortunes hardly:
Good Offices claim Gratitude; and Pride,
Where Pow'r is wanting, will uſurp a little,
And make us (rather than be thought behind hand)
Pay over-price.
Acaſt. I cannot gueſs your drift;
Diſtruſt you me?
Cham. No, but I fear her weakneſs
May make her pay a debt at any rate;
And to deal freely with your Lordſhips goodneſs,
I've heard a Story lately much diſturbs me.
Acaſt. Then firſt charge her; and if th'offence be found

Within my reach, tho' it ſhou'd touch my Nature,
In my own Off-ſpring, by the dear remembrance
Of thy brave Father, whom my heart rejoyc'd in,
I'd proſecute it with ſevereſt Vengeance.
Cham. I thank you from my Soul.
Mon. Alas my Brother!
What have I done? and why do you abuſe me?
My Heart quakes in me; in your ſettled Face
And clouded Brow methinks I ſee my Fate:
You will not kill me!
Cham. Pr'ythee, why doſt talk ſo?
Mon. Look kindly on me then, I cannot bear
Severity; it daunts, and does amaze me:
My heart's ſo tender, ſhould you charge me roughly
I ſhould but weep, and anſwer you with ſobbing.
But uſe me gently like a loving brother,
And ſearch through all the Secrets of my Soul.
Cham. Fear nothing, I will ſhew my ſelf a Brother,
A tender, loving, and a honeſt Brother.
Y'ave not forgot our Father?
Mon. I ſhall never.
Cham. Then you'll remember too, he was a man
That liv'd up to the ſtandard of his Honour,
And priz'd that Jewel more than Mines of Wealth:
He'd not have done a ſhameful thing but once,
Though kept in darkneſs from the World, and hidden,
He could not have forgiven it to himſelf;
This was the only Portion that he left us;
And I more glory in't, than if poſſeſt
Of all that ever Fortune threw on Fools.
'Twas a large Truſt, and muſt be manag'd nicely;
Now if by any chance, *Monimia*,
You have ſoyl'd this gem, and taken from its value,
How will y' account with me?
Mon. I challenge Envy,
Malice, and all the Practices of Hell,
To cenſure all the Actions of my paſt
Unhappy Life, and taint me if they can!
Cham. I'll tell thee then; Three Nights ago, as I
Lay muſing in my Bed, all darkness round me,
A ſudden damp ſtruck to my heart, cold ſweat
Dew'd all my Face, and trembling ſeiz'd my Limbs:
My Bed ſhook under me, the Curtains ſtarted,

And to my tortur'd Fancy there appear'd
The form of Thee, thus Beautious as thou art,
Thy garments flowing looſe, and in each hand
A wanton Lover, which by turns careſs'd thee
With all the freedom of unbounded pleaſure:
I ſnatch'd my Sword, and in the very Moment
Darted it at the Fantome, ſtrait it left me:
Then roſe and call'd for Lights, when, O Dire Omen!
I found my weapon had the arras pierc'd,
Juſt where that famous Tale was interwoven,
How the unhappy *Theban* ſlew his Father.

Mon. And for this cauſe my Vertue is ſuſpected!
Becauſe in Dreams your Fancy has been ridden,
I muſt be tortur'd waking!

Cham. Have a care;
Labour not to be juſtified too faſt:
Hear all, and then let Juſtice hold the ſcale.
What follow'd was the Riddle that confounds me:
Through a cloſe Lane, as I purſu'd my Journey,
And meditated on the laſt night's Viſion,
I ſpy'd a wrinckled Hagg, with Age grown double,
Picking dry ſticks, and mumbling to herſelf;
Her Eyes with ſcalding Rheum were gall'd and red;
Cold Palſy ſhook her head, her hands ſeem'd wither'd,
And on her crooked ſhoulders had ſhe wrapt
The tatter'd Remnant of an old ſtrip'd hanging,
Which ſerv'd to keep her carkaſs from the cold;
So there was nothing of a piece about her:
Her lower weeds were all o're courſely patch'd
With diff'rent colour'd Rags, black, red, white, yellow,
And ſeem'd to ſpeak variety of Wretchedneſs;
I ask'd her of my Way, which ſhe inform'd me;
Then crav'd my Charity, and bad me haſten
To ſave a Siſter: At that word I ſtarted.

Mon. The common Cheat of Beggers every day!
They flock about our Doors, pretend to Gifts
Of prophecy, and telling Fools their Fortunes.

Cham. Oh! but ſhe told me ſuch a Tale, *Monimia*,
As in it bore great Circumſtances of Truth;
Caſtalio and *Polydor*, my Siſter.

Mon. Hah!

Cham. What, alter'd! does your courage fail you!
Now by my Fathers Soul the Witch was honeſt;

Anſwer me, if thou haſt not loſt to them
Thy Honour at a ſordid Game.
Mon. I Will,
I muſt; ſo hardly my Misfortune loads me,
That both have offer'd me their Loves moſt true.
Cham. And 'tis as true too, they have both undone Thee.
Mon. Though they both with earneſt Vows
Have preſt my heart, if e're in thought I yielded
To any but *Caſtalio!*
Cham. But *Caſtalio?*
Mon. Still will you croſs the Line of my Diſcourſe!
Yes, I confeſs that he has won my Soul
By generous Love, and honourable Vows:
Which he this day appointed to compleat,
And make himſelf by holy Marriage mine.
Cham. Art thou then ſpotleſs? haſt thou ſtill preſerv'd
Thy Vertue white, without a Blot untainted?
Mon. When I'm unchaſt, may Heav'n reject my Prayers!
Or more, to make me wretched, may you know it!
Cham. Oh then, *Monimia*, art thou dearer to me
Than all the Comforts ever yet bleſt man,
And let not Marriage bait thee to thy Ruin.
Truſt not a man; we are by Nature falſe,
Diſſembling, ſubtle, cruel and unconſtant:
When a Man talks of Love, with caution truſt him;
But if he ſwears, he'l certainly deceive thee:
I charge thee let no more *Caſtalio* ſooth thee.
Avoid it as thou would'ſt preſerve the peace
Of a poor Brother, to whoſe Soul th'art precious.
Mon. I will!
Cham. Appear as cold, when next you meet, as great Ones
When Merit begs, then ſhalt thou ſee how ſoon
His heart will cool, and all his Pains grow eaſie. [*Ex.* Cha.
Mon. Yes, I will try him; torture him ſeverely;
For, oh *Caſtalio!* thou too much haſt wrong'd me,
In leaving me to *Polydor*'s ill uſage.
He comes; and now for once, oh Love ſtand Neuter,
Whilſt a hard part's perform'd! For I muſt tempt,
Wound his ſoft Nature, though my own Heart akes for't. [*Ex.*

Enter Caſtalio.

Caſt. Monimia, Monimia!——She's gone;
And ſeem'd to part with anger in her eyes;

I am a Fool; and ſhe has found my Weakneſs;
She uſes me already like a Slave
Faſt bound in chains, to be chaſtis'd at will:
'Twas not well done to trifle with my Brother:
I might have truſted him with all the ſecret,
Open'd my ſilly Heart, and ſhewn it bare.
But then he loves her too; but not like me.
I am a doating honeſt Slave, deſign'd
For Bondage, Marriage bonds, which I have ſworn
To wear: It is the onely thing I e're
Hid from his Knowledge; and he'l ſure forgive
The firſt Tranſgreſſion of a wretched Friend
Betray'd to Love, and all its little follies.

Enter Polydor, *and Page at the Door.*

Pol. Here place your ſelf, and watch my Brother throughly:
If he ſhould chance to meet *Monimia*, make
Juſt obſervation of each word and action;
Paſs not on circumſtance without remark:
Sir, 'tis your Office, do't, and bring me word. [*Ex.* Pol.

Enter Monimia.

Caſt. Monimia, my Angel, 'twas not kind
To leave me like a Turtle here alone,
To droop and mourn the abſence of my Mate.
When thou art from me every place is deſart,
And I, methinks, am Salvage and forlorn;
Thy Preſence only 'tis can make me bleſt,
Heal my unquiet mind, and tune my Soul.

Mon. Oh the bewitching Tongues of faithleſs men!
'Tis thus the falſe *Hyæna* makes her moan,
To draw the pitying Traveller to her Den;
Your ſex are ſo, ſuch falſe diſſemblers all,
With ſighs and plaints y'entice poor Womens Hearts,
And all that pity you, are made your Prey.

Caſt. What means my Love? Oh, how have I deſerv'd
This Language from the Soveraign of my Joyes!
Stop, ſtop thoſe Tears, *Monimia*, for they fall
Like baneful dew from a diſtemper'd sky;
I feel 'em chill me to the very Heart.

Mon. Oh, you are falſe, *Caſtalio*, moſt forlorn.
Attempt no farther to delude my Faith;
My heart is fixt, and you ſhall ſhake't no more.

Caſt. Who told you ſo? what Hell-bred Villain durſt
Prophane the Sacred Buſineſs of my Love?
Mon. Your Brother, knowing on what terms I'm here,
Th' unhappy Object of your Fathers Charity,
Licentiouſly diſcours'd to me of Love,
And durſt affront me with his brutal Paſſion.
Caſt. 'Tis I have been to blame, and only I,
Falſe to my Brother and unjuſt to Thee.
For, oh! he loves Thee too, and this day own'd it,
Taxt me with mine, and claim'd a right above me.
Mon. And was your Love ſo very tame to ſhrink,
Or rather than loſe him abandon me?
Caſt. I knowing him precipitate and raſh,
To calm his heat, and to conceal my Happineſs;
Seem'd to comply with his unruly will;
Talkt as he talkt, and granted all he ask't;
Leſt he in Rage might have our Loves betray'd,
And I for ever had *Monimia* loſt.
Mon. Could you then? did you? can you own it too?
'Twas poorly done, unworthy of your ſelf;
And I can never think you meant me fair.
Caſt. Is this *Monimia*? ſurely no! 'till now
I ever thought her Dove-like, ſoft, and kind.
Who truſts his Heart with Woman's ſurely loſt:
You were made Fair on purpoſe to undo us,
Whilſt greedily we ſnatch th' alluring Bait,
And ne're diſtruſt the poyſon that it hides.
Mon. When Love ill-plac'd would find a means to break.
Caſt. It never wants pretences or excuſe.
Mon. Man therefore was a Lord-like Creature made,
Rough as the Winds, and as inconſtant too:
A lofty Aſpect given him for command,
Eaſily ſoften'd, when he would betray:
Like conquering Tyrants, you our Breaſts invade,
Where you are pleas'd to forage for a While;
But ſoon you find new conqueſts out, and leave
The ravag'd Province ruinate and waſte.
If ſo, *Caſtalio*, you have ſerv'd my Heart,
I find that Deſolation's ſettled there,
And I ſhall ne're recover Peace again.
Caſt. Who can hear this, and bear an equal mind!
Since you will drive me from you, I muſt go;
But, oh *Monimia*, when th' haſt baniſh'd me,

No creeping ſlave, though tractable and dull,
As artful Woman for her ends would chuſe,
Shall ever dote as I have done: For oh!
No Tongue my Pleaſure nor my Pain can tell,
'Tis Heav'n to have Thee, and without Thee Hell.
Mon. Caſtalio! ſtay! we muſt not part. I find
My Rage ebbs out, and Love flows in apace.
Theſe little Quarrels Love muſt needs forgive,
They rouſe up drowſie thoughts, and wake my Soul.
Oh! charm me with the Muſick of thy Tongue;
I'm ne're ſo bleſt as when I hear thy Vows,
And liſten to the Language of thy Heart.
Caſt. Where am I! ſurely Paradiſe is round me!
Sweets planted by the hand of Heav'n grow here,
And every ſence is full of thy Perfection.
To hear thee ſpeak might calm a mad man's Frenzy,
'Till by attention he forgot his ſorrows;
But to behold thy Eyes, th' amazing Beauties
Might make him rage again with Love, as I do.
To touch thee's Heav'n, but to enjoy thee, oh!
Thou Nature's whole perfection in one piece!
Sure framing thee Heav'n took unuſual care,
As its own Beauty it deſign'd thee Fair;
And form'd thee by the beſt lov'd Angel there. [*Ex.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Polydor, *and Page.*

Pol. WERE they ſo kind? Expreſs it to me all
In words, may make me think I ſaw it too.
Pag. At firſt I thought they had been mortal Foes;
Monimia rag'd, *Caſtalio* grew diſturb'd,
Each thought the other wrong'd, yet both ſo haughty,
They ſcorn'd Submiſſion, though Love all the while
The Rebel plaid, and ſcarce cou'd be contain'd.
Pol. But what ſucceeded?
Pag. Oh 'twas wondrous pretty!
For of a ſudden all the Storm was paſt,
A gentle Calm of Love ſucceeded in;

Monimia ſigh'd and bluſht, *Caſtalio* ſwore;
As you, my Lord, I well remember, did
To my young Siſter in the Orange Grove,
When I was firſt prefer'd to be your Page.
Pol. Happy *Caſtalio!* Now, by my great Soul,
M'Ambitious Soul, that Languiſhes to glory,
I'll have her yet, by my beſt hopes I will.
She ſhall be mine in ſpight of all her Arts.
But for *Caſtalio* why was I refus'd?
Has he ſupplanted me by ſome foul play,
Traduc'd my Honour? Death! he durſt not do't.
It muſt be ſo: we parted, and he met her,
Half to compliance brought by me, ſurpriz'd
Her ſinking Vertue 'till ſhe yielded quite:
So Poachers baſely pick up tir'd Game,
Whilſt the fair Hunter's cheated of his Prey.
Boy!
Page. My Lord!
Pol. Go to your Chamber, and prepare your Lute;
Find out ſome Song to pleaſe me, that diſcribes
Womans Hypocriſies, their ſubtle Wiles,
Betraying ſmiles, feign'd tears, inconſtancies,
Their painted outſides, and corrupted minds,
The ſum of all their follies, and their falſhoods.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Oh the unhappyeſt Tidings Tongue e're told!
Pol. The matter!
Serv. Oh! your Father, my good Maſter,
As with his Gueſts he ſat in mirth rais'd high,
And chas'd the Goblins round the joyful Board,
A ſudden trembling ſeiz'd on all his Limbs;
His Eyes diſtorted grew; His Viſage pale!
His Speech forſook him; Life it ſelf ſeem'd fled,
And all his Friends are waiting now about him.

Enter Acaſto *leaning on two.*

Acaſt. Support me, give me Air; I'll yet recover;
'Twas but a ſlip decaying Nature made,
For ſhe grows weary near her Journeys end.
Where are my Sons? come near, my *Polidore;*
Your Brother! where's *Caſtalio?*

Serv. My Lord,
I've ſearch'd, as you commanded, all the houſe,
He or *Monimia* are not to be found.
Acaſt. Not to be found! then where are all my Friends? 'tis well,
I hope they'll pardon an unhappy fault
M' unmannerly infirmity has made!
Death could not come in a more welcome hour,
For I'm prepar'd to meet him, and methinks
Would live and dye with all my Friends about me.

Enter Caſtalio.

Caſt. Angels preſerve my deareſt Father's Life,
Bleſs it with long and uninterrupted days!
Oh! may he live 'till time it ſelf decay,
Till good Men wiſh him dead, or I offend him!
Acaſt. Thank you, *Caſtalio;* give me both your hands,
And bear me up, I'd walk: So, now methinks
I appear as great as *Hercules* himſelf,
Supported by the Pillars he had rais'd.
Caſtal. My Lord, your Chaplain.
Acaſt. Let the good Man enter.
Chap. Heaven guard your Lordſhip, and reſtore your Health.
Acaſt. I have provided for thee, if I dye.
No fawning! 'tis a Scandal to thy Office.
My Sons, as thus united, ever live,
And for the Eſtate, you'll find when I am dead
I have divided it betwixt you both
Equally parted, as you ſhar'd my love;
Only to ſweet *Monimia* I've bequeath'd
Ten thouſand Crowns, a little Portion for her,
To wed her honourably as ſhe's born.
Be not leſs Friends becauſe you're Brothers; ſhun
The man that's ſingular, his mind's unſound,
His Spleen o're-weighs his Brains; but above all
Avoid the politick, the factious Fool,
The buſie, buzzing, talking, hardn'd Knave,
The quaint ſmooth Rogue, that ſins againſt his Reaſon;
Calls ſawcy loud Suſpicion, publick Zeal,
And Mutiny the Dictates of his ſpirit:
Be very careful how ye make new Friends.
Men read not Morals now, 'twas a Cuſtom.
But all are to their Fathers Vices born:
And in their Mothers Ignorance are bred.

Let Marriage be the laſt mad thing ye doe,
For all the Sins and Follies of the paſt.
If you have Children, never give them knowledge,
'Twill ſpoil their Fortune; Fools are all the faſhion.
If you've Religion, keep it to your ſelves.
Atheiſts will elſe make uſe of Toleration,
And laugh you out on't; never ſhew Religion,
Except ye mean to paſs for Knaves of Conſcience,
And cheat believing Fools that think ye honeſt.
Ser. My Father!
Acaſt. My heart's Darling!
Ser. Let my Knees
Fix to the Earth. Ne'er let my Eyes have reſt,
But wake and weep 'till Heav'n reſtore my Father!
Acaſt. Riſe to my Arms, and thy kind Prayers are anſwer'd,
For thou'rt a wond'rous extract of all Goodneſs,
Born for my Joy, and no Pain's felt when near thee.
Chamont!
Cham. My Lord, may't prove not an unlucky Omen:
Many I ſee are waiting round about you,
And I am come to ask a Bleſſing too.
Acaſt. May'ſt thou be happy!
Cham. Where?
Acaſt. In all thy Wiſhes!
Cham. Confirm me ſo, and make this Fair One mine.
I am unpractis'd in the Trade of Courtſhip,
And know not how to deal Love out with Art;
Onſets in Love ſeem beſt like thoſe in War,
Fierce, reſolute, and done with all the force;
So I would open my whole heart at once,
And pour out the abundance of my Soul.
Acaſt. What ſays *Serina?* can'ſt thou love a Souldier?
One born to Honour, and to Honour bred;
One that has learn'd to treat ev'n Foes with kindneſs;
To wrong no good mans Fame, nor praiſe himſelf.
Ser. Oh! name not Love, for that's ally'd to Joy,
And Joy muſt be a ſtranger to my heart,
When you're in danger. May *Chamonts* good Fortune
Render him lovely to ſome happier Maid!
Whilſt I at friendly diſtance ſee him bleſt,
Praiſe the kind Gods, and wonder at his Virtues.
Acaſt. Chamont, purſue her, conquer and poſſeſs her,
And, as my Son, a third of all my Fortune

Shall be thy Lot.
But keep thy Eyes from wandring man of frailty.
Beware the dangerous Beauty of the wanton,
Shun their enticements; Ruin like a Vulture
Waits on their Conqueſts: Falſhood too's their Buſineſs,
They put falſe Beauty off to all the World;
Uſe falſe endearments to the Fools that love 'em,
And when they marry, to their ſilly Husbands
They bring falſe Virtue, broken Fame and Fortune.

Monim. Hear ye that, my Lord?

Polyd. Yes, my fair Monitor, old men always talk thus.

Acaſt. *Chamont*, you told me of ſome doubts that preſt you.
Are you yet ſatisfied that I am your Friend!

Cham. My Lord, I would not loſe that ſatisfaction
For any bleſſing I could wiſh for.
As to my fears, already I have loſt 'em;
They ne're ſhall vex me more, nor trouble you.

Acaſt. I thank you. Daughter, you muſt do ſo too.
My Friends 'tis late, or we would yet be company
For my diſorder ſeems all paſt and over,
And I methinks begin to feel new health.

Caſt. Would you but reſt, it might reſtore you quite.

Acaſt. Yes, I'll to Bed; old men muſt humour weakneſs.
Let me have Muſick then to lull and chaſe
This melancholly thought of Death away.
Good-night! my Friends, Heav'n guard ye all! good-night!
To morrow early we'll ſalute the Day,
Find out new pleaſures, and redeem loſt time.

[*Ex. all but* Chamont *and* Chaplain.

Cham. Hiſt, hiſt, Sir *Gravity*, a word with you.

Chap. With me, Sir!

Cham. If you're at leaſure, Sir; we'll waſt an hour.
'Tis yet too ſoon to ſleep, and 'twill be charity
To lend your Converſation to a Stranger.

Chap. Sir, you're a Souldier?

Cham. Yes.

Chap. I love a Souldier,
And had been one my ſelf, but that my old Parents
Would make me what you ſee of me; yet I'm honeſt,
For all I wear black.

Cham. And that's a wonder.
Have you had long dependance on this Family?

Chap. I have not thought it ſo, becauſe my time's
Spent pleaſantly, My Lord's not haughty nor imperious,
Nor I gravely whimſical; he has good nature,
And I have manners:
His Sons too are civil to me, becauſe
I do not pretend to be wiſer than they are;
I meddle with no mans buſineſs but my own;
I riſe in a morning early, ſtudy moderately,
Eat and drink chearfully, live ſoberly,
Take my innocent pleaſures freely,
So meet with reſpect, and am not the jeſt of the Family.
Cham. I'm glad you are ſo happy.
A pleaſant Fellow this, and may be uſeful.
Knew you my Father the old *Chamont?*
Chap. I did, and was moſt ſorry when we loſt him.
Cham. Why? didſt thou love him?
Ch. Ev'ry body lov'd him; beſides, he was my maſters Friend.
Cham. I could embrace thee for that very Notion.
If thou didſt love my Father, I could think
Thou wouldſt not be an Enemy to me.
Chap. I can be no mans Foe.
Cham. Then prithee tell me,
Think'ſt thou the Lord *Caſtalio* loves my Siſter?
Nay, never ſtart. Come, come, I know thy Office
Opens thee all the Secrets of the Family.
Then if thou art honeſt, uſe this Freedom kindly.
Chap. Love your Siſter!
Cham. Ay, Love her.
Chap. Sir, I never askt him,
And wonder you ſhould ask it me.
Cham. Nay, but th'art an Hypocrite; is there not one
Of all thy Tribe that's honeſt in your Schools?
The pride of your Superiours makes ye Slaves:
Ye all live loathſome ſneaking ſervile Lives;
Not free enough to practiſe generous Truth,
Though ye pretend to teach it to the World.
Chap. I would deſerve a better thought from you.
Cham. If thou wouldſt have me not contemn thy Office
And Character, think all thy Brethren Knaves,
Thy Trade a Cheat, and thou its worſt Profeſſour,
Inform me; for I tell thee, Prieſt, I'll know.
Chap. Either he loves her, or he much has wrong'd her.
Cham. How wrong'd her? have a care: for this may lay

A Scene of miſchief to undo us all.
But tell me, wrong'd her, ſaid'ſt thou?
Chap. Ay, Sir, wrong'd her.
Cham. This is a Secret worth a Monarchs Fortune:
What ſhall I give thee for't! thou dear Phyſitian
Of ſickly Souls, unfold this Riddle to me,
And comfort mine———
Chap. I would hide nothing from you willingly.
Cham. Nay, then again thou'rt honeſt. Would'ſt thou tell me?
Chap. Yes, if I durſt.
Cham. Why, what affrights thee?
Chap. You do,
VVho are not to be truſted with the Secret.
Cham. VVhy, I am no Fool.
Chap. So indeed you ſay.
Cham. Prithee, be ſerious then.
Chap. You ſee I am ſo.
And hardly ſhall be mad enough to Night,
To truſt you with my Ruin.
Cham. Art thou then
So far concern'd in't? What has been thy Office?
Curſe on that formal ſteady Villains Face!
Juſt ſo do all Bawds look; nay, Bawds, they ſay,
Can pray upon occaſion, talk of Heav'n,
Turn up their Gogling Eye-balls, rail at Vice,
Diſſemble, lye, and preach like any Prieſt.
Art thou a Bawd?
Chap. Sir, I'm not often us'd thus.
Cham. Be juſt then.
Chap. So I will be to the Truſt
That's laid upon me.
Cham. By the rev'renc'd Soul
Of that great honeſt man that gave me Being,
Tell me but what thou know'ſt concerns my Honour,
And if I e're reveal it to thy wrong,
May this good Sword ne're do me right in Battel!
May I ne're know that bleſſed peace of mind,
That dwells in good and pious men, like thee!
Chap. I ſee your temper's mov'd, and I will truſt you.
Cham. Wilt thou?
Chap. I will; but if it ever 'ſcape you——
Cham. It never ſhall.
Chap. Swear then.

Cham. I do by all
That's dear to me, by th'Honour of my Name,
And that Power I ſerve, it never ſhall.
Chap. Then this good Day, when all the Houſe was buſie,
When mirth and kind rejoycing fill'd each Room,
As I was walking in the Grove I met them.
Cham. VVhat, met them in the Grove together? tell me.
How? walking, ſtanding, ſitting, lying hah!
Chap. I by their own Appointment met them there,
Receiv'd their Marriage vows, and joyn'd their hands.
Cham. How! married!
Chap. Yes, Sir.
Cham. Then my Soul's at Peace:
But why would you delay ſo long to give it?
Chap. Not knowing what Reception it may find
With old *Acaſto*; may be I was too cautious
To truſt the ſecret from me.
Cham. What's the Cauſe
I cannot gueſs, tho' 'tis my Siſter's Honour.
I do not like this Marriage
Huddled i'th'dark, and done at too much Venture:
The buſineſs looks with an unlucky Face.
Keep ſtill the ſecret; for it ne're ſhall 'ſcape me,
Not ev'n to them, the new-match'd Pair. Farewell.
Believe my Truth and know me for thy Friend. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Caſtalio, *and* Monimia.

Caſt. Young *Chamont*, and the Chaplain! ſure 'tis they!
No matter what's contriv'd, or who conſulted,
Since my *Monimia*'s mine; tho' this ſad Look
Seems no good boading Omen to our Bliſs,
Elſe, prithee, tell me why that Look caſt down?
Why that ſad ſigh as if thy heart were breaking?
Mon. Caſtalio, I am thinking what we've done.
The Heavenly Powers were ſure diſpleas'd to-day?
For at the Ceremony as we ſtood,
And as your Hand was kindly joyn'd with mine,
As the good Prieſt pronounc't the Sacred Words,
Paſſion grew big, and I could not forbear,
Tears drown'd my Eyes, and trembling ſeiz'd my Soul.
What ſhould that mean?
Caſt. Oh thou art tender all!
Gentle and kind as ſympathizing Nature!

When a ſad Story has been told, I've ſeen
Thy little Breaſts with ſoft Compaſſion ſwell'd,
Shove up and down, and heave like dying Birds;
But now let fear be baniſh'd, think no more
Of danger, for there's ſafety in my Arms;
Let them receive thee: Heav'n grow jealous now;
Sure ſhe's too good for any Mortal Creature!
I could grow wild, and praiſe thee ev'n to madneſs.
But wherefore do I dally with my Bliſs?
The Night's far ſpent, and day draws on apace;
To Bed my Love, and wake 'till I come thither.
Pol. So hot, my Brother? [Polydore *at the Door.*
Mon. 'Twill be impoſſible:
You know your Fathers Chamber's next to mine,
And the leaſt noiſe will certainly alarm him.
Caſt. Impoſſible? impoſſible? alas!
Is't poſſible to live one hour without thee?
Let me behold thoſe Eyes; they'l tell me truth.
Haſt thou no longing? Art thou ſtill the ſame
Cold, Icy Virgin? No; th'art alter'd quite.
Haſte, haſte to Bed, and let looſe all thy Wiſhes.
Mon. 'Tis but one Night, my Lord; I pray be rul'd.
Caſt. Try if th'aſt Power to ſtop a flowing Tide,
Or in a Tempeſt make the Seas be Calm;
And when that's done I'll Conquer my deſires.
No more, my Bleſſing. What ſhall be the ſign!
When ſhall I come? For to my Joyes I'll ſteal,
As if I ne're had paid my Freedom for them.
Mon. Juſt three ſoft ſtroakes upon the Chamber door;
And at that Signal you ſhall gain Admittance:
But ſpeak not the leaſt word; for if you ſhould,
'Tis ſurely heard, and all will be betray'd.
Caſt. Oh! doubt it not *Monimia*, our Joyes
Shall be as ſilent as th' Extatick Bliſs
Of Souls, that by Intelligence converſe:
Immortal pleaſures ſhall our ſenſes drown,
Thought ſhall be loſt, and ev'ry Power diſſolv'd:
Away, my Love; firſt take this kiſs. Now haſte.
I long for that to come, yet grudge each minute paſt. [*Ex.* Mon.
My Brother wandring too ſo late this way!
Pol. Caſtalio!
Caſt. My *Polydore*, how doſt thou?
How does Our Father; is he well recover'd?

Pol. I left him happily repos'd to Reſt;
He's ſtill as gay as if his life were young.
But how does fair *Monimia?*
Caſt. Doubtleſs well.
A Cruel Beauty with her conqueſts pleas'd
Is always joyful and her mind in health.
Pol. Is ſhe the ſame *Monimia* ſtill ſhe was?
May we not hope ſhe's made of mortal Mould?
Caſt. She's not VVoman elſe:
Tho' I'm grown weary of this tedious hoping;
We've in a barren deſart ſtray'd too long.
Pol. Yet may relief be unexpected found,
And Loves ſweet Manna cover all the field.
Met ye to day?
Caſt. No, She has ſtill avoided me,
Her Brother too is jealous of her grown,
And has been hinting ſomething to my Father.
I wiſh I'd never medl'd with the matter,
And would enjoyn thee, *Polidore*——
Pol. To what?
Caſt. To leave this Peeviſh Beauty to her ſelf.
Pol. What, quit my Love? as ſoon I'd quit my Poſt
In fight, and like a Coward run away.
No, by my Stars I'll chaſe her 'till ſhe yields
To me, or meets her Reſcue in another.
Caſt. Nay, ſhe has Beauty that might ſhake the Leagues
Of mighty Kings, and ſet the World at odds:
But I have wond'rous Reaſons on my ſide,
That would perſwade thee, were they known.
Pol. Then ſpeak 'em.
What are they? Came ye to her Window here
To learn 'em now? *Caſtalio*, have a care;
Uſe honeſt dealing with your Friend and Brother.
Believe me, I'm not with my Love ſo blinded,
But can diſcern your purpoſe to abuſe me.
Quit your Pretences to her.
Caſt. Grant I do;
You love Capitulations, *Polydore*,
And but upon Conditions would oblige me.
Pol. You ſay, you've Reaſons. Why are they Concealed?
Caſt. To Morrow I may tell you.
It is a matter of ſuch Circumſtance,
As I muſt well Conſult e're I reveal:

But, prithee, ceaſe to think I would abuſe thee,
Till more be known.
Pol. When you, *Caſtalio*, ceaſe
To meet *Monimia* unknown to me,
And then deny it ſlaviſhly, I'll ceaſe
To think *Caſtalio* Faithleſs to his Friend.
Did I not ſee you part this very moment?
Caſt. It ſeems yo've watch't me then?
Pol. I ſcorn the Office.
Caſt. Prithee, avoid a thing thou may'ſt repent.
Pol. That is henceforward making Leagues with you.
Caſt. Nay, if y'are angry, *Polydore*, Good-Night.
Pol. Good Night, *Caſtalio*, if y'are in ſuch haſte.
He little thinks I've overheard th' Appointment:
But to his Chamber's gone to wait a while,
Then come and take poſſeſſion of my Love.
This is the utmoſt Point of all my Hope,
Or now ſhe muſt, or never can be mine.
O! for a means now how to Counterplot,
And diſappoint this happy Elder Brother.
In every thing we do, or undertake,
He ſoars above me, mount what height I can,
And keeps the ſtart he got of me in Birth.
Cordelio!

Enter Page.

Pag. My Lord!
Pol. Come hither, Boy.
Thou haſt a pretty forward Lying Face,
And may'ſt in time Expect preferment; canſt thou
Pretend to Secreſie, Cajole and Flatter
Thy Maſters Follies, and aſſiſt his pleaſures?
Pag. My Lord, I could do any thing for you,
And ever be a very Faithful Boy.
Command, what e're's your Pleaſure I'll obſerve.
Be it to run, or watch; or to convey
A Letter to a Beautious Ladys Boſom;
At leaſt I am not dull, and ſoon ſhould learn.
Pol. 'Tis pity then thou ſhould'ſt not be employ'd.
Go to my Brother, he's in's Chamber now
Undreſſing, and preparing for his reſt;
Find out ſome means to keep him up a while:
Tell him a pretty Story that may pleaſe
His Ear: Invent a Tale, no matter what:

If he ſhould ask of me, tell him I'm gone
To bed, and ſent you there to know his pleaſure
Whether he'l hunt to-morrow. Well ſaid *Polydore;*
Diſſemble with thy Brother: That's one Point.
But do not leave him 'till he's in his Bed;
Or if he Chance to walk again this way,
Follow and do not quit him, but ſeem fond
To do him little offices of Service.
Perhaps at laſt it may offend him; then
Retire, and wait 'till I come in. Away:
Succeed in this, and be employ'd again.

Pag. Doubt not, my Lord: he has been always kind
To me; would often ſet me on his knees,
Then give me Sweat-Meats, call me pretty Boy,
And askt me what the Maids talkt of at Nights.

Pol. Run quickly then, and proſperous be thy Wiſhes. [*Ex. Page.*
Here I'm alone and fit for miſchief; now
To cheat this brother, will't be honeſt, that
I heard the Sign ſhe order'd him to give.
Oh for the Art of *Proteus*, but to change
The happy *Polydore* to bleſt *Caſtalio!*
She's not ſo well acquainted with him yet,
But I may fit her Arms, as well as he.
Then when I'm happily poſſeſt of more
Than ſenſe can think, all looſen'd into Joy,
To hear my diſappointed Brother come,
And give the unregarded Signal; Oh!
What a malicious pleaſure will that be!
Juſt three ſoft ſtroaks againſt the Chamber door:
But ſpeak not the leaſt word, for if you ſhould,
It is ſurely heard, and we are both betray'd.
How I adore a Miſtreſs that contrives
With care to lay the buſineſs of her Joyes,
One that has wit to charm the very Soul!
And give a double Reliſh to delight!
Bleſt Heav'n aſſiſt me but in this dear hour.
And my kind Starrs be but propitious now,
Diſpoſe of me hereafter as you pleaſe.
Monimia! Monimia! [*Gives the Sign.*
[*Maid at the Window.*] Whoe's there?
Pol. 'Tis I.
Maid. My Lord *Caſtalio?*
Pol. The ſame,

How does my Love, my dear *Monimia?*
Maid. Oh!
She wonders much at your unkind delay;
You've ſtaid ſo long that at each little Noiſe
The Wind but makes, ſhe asks if you are coming.
Pol. Tell her I'm here, and let the Door be open'd. [*Maid Deſcends.*
Now boaſt, *Caſtalio*, Triumph now, and tell
Thy ſelf ſtrange Stories of a promis'd Bliſs. [*The Door unbolts.*
It opens: hah! what means my trembling fleſh!
Limbs, do your Office and ſupport me well,
Bear me to her, then fail me if you can.

Enter Caſtalio *and Page.*

Pag. Indeed, my Lord, 'twill be a lovely Morning,
Pray let us hunt.
Caſt. Go, you're an Idle Pratler,
I'l ſtay at home to morrow; if your Lord
Thinks fit, he may command my Hounds: go leave me,
I muſt to Bed.
Pag. I'll wait upon your Lordſhip,
If you think fit, and ſing you to repoſe.
Caſt. No, my kind Boy, the Night is too far waſted,
My ſenſes too are quite diſrob'd of thought,
And ready all with me to go to reſt.
Good-night: commend me to my Brother.
Pag. Oh!
You never heard the laſt new Song I learnt;
It is the fineſt, prettieſt Song indeed,
Of my Lord and my Lady, you know who, that were caught
Together, you know where. My Lord, indeed it is.
Caſt. You muſt be whipt Youngſter, if you get ſuch
Songs as thoſe are. What means
This Boye's Impertinence to Night?
Pag. Why, what muſt I Sing, pray, my dear Lord?
Caſt. Pſalms, Child, Pſalms.
Pag. Oh dear me! Boys that go to School learn Pſalms, but Pages that are better bred Sing Lampoons.
Caſt. Well, leave me; I'm weary.
Pag. Oh! but you promis'd me laſt time I told you what Colour my Lady *Monimia*'s Stockings were of, and that She garter'd them above knee, that you would give me a little Horſe to go a hunting upon, ſo you did. I'll tell you no more Stories, except you keep your word with me.
Caſt. Well go, you Trifler, and to morrow ask me.

Pag. Indeed, my Lord, I can't abide to leave you.
Caſt. Why, wert thou inſtructed to attend me?
Pag. No, no, indeed, indeed, my Lord, I was not;
But I know what I know.
Caſt. What doſt thou know? Death! what can all this mean?
Pag. Oh! I know who loves ſomebody.
Caſt. What's that to me, Boy?
Pag. Nay, and I know who loves you too.
Caſt. That's a wonder, prithee tell it me.
Pag. 'Tis——'tis——I know who——but will
You give me the Horſe then?
Caſt. I will, my Child.
Pag. It is my Lady *Monimia*, look you, but don't you Tell her I told you: She'll give me no more play-things then. I heard her ſay ſo as ſhe lay a-bed, Man.
Caſt. Talkt ſhe of me when in her bed, *Cordelio?*
Pag. Yes, and I ſung her the Song you made too.
And ſhe did ſo ſigh, and ſo look with her Eyes;
And her Breaſts did ſo lift up and down; I could have found
In my Heart to have beat 'em, for they made me aſham'd.
Caſt. Heark, what's that Noiſe?
Take this, be gone, and leave me.
You Knave, you little flatterer, get you gone. [*Ex. Page.*
Surely it was a Noiſe. Hiſt——only Fancy.
For all is huſht, as Nature were retired,
And the perpetual Motion ſtanding ſtill.
So much ſhe from her work appears to ceaſe,
And every warring Element's at peace;
All the wild Herds are in their Coverts coucht;
The Fiſhes to their Banks or Ouze repair'd,
And to the murmurs of the Waters ſleep;
The ſeeling Ayr's at reſt, and feels no noiſe,
Except of ſome ſoft Breaths among the Trees,
Rocking the harmleſs birds that reſt upon 'em.
'Tis now that guided by my Love I go,
To take Poſſeſſion of *Monimia*'s Arms.
Sure *Polydore*'s by this time gone to bed.
At Midnight thus the Us'rer ſteals untrackt,
To make a Viſit to his hoarded Gold,
And Feaſt his Eyes upon the ſhining Mammon: [*Knocks.*
She heares me not, ſure ſhe already ſleeps.
Her wiſhes could not brook my ſo long Delay,
And her poor heart has beat it ſelf to reſt. [*Knocks again.*

Monimia! my Angel———hah———not yet——
How long's the ſofteſt Moment of delay
To a Heart Impatient of it's Pangs like mine,
In ſight of eaſe, and panting to the Goal? [*Knocks again.*
Once more———
Maid. Who's there,
That Comes thus rudely to diſturb our Reſt?
Caſt. 'Tis I.
Maid. Who are you, what's your Name?
Caſt. Suppoſe
The Lord *Caſtalio.*
Maid. I know you not.
The Lord *Caſtalio* has no buſineſs here.
Caſt. Hah! have a care; what can this mean?
Whoo-e're thou art, I charge thee to *Monimia* fly;
Tell her I'm here and wait upon my doom.
Maid. Who e're ye are, ye may repent this outrage.
My Lady muſt not be diſturb'd. Good Night!
Caſt. She muſt, tell her ſhe ſhall, go, I'm in haſte,
And bring her tydings from the ſtate of Love;
Th'are all in conſultation met together,
How to reward my Truth, and Crown her Vows.
Maid. Sure the man's mad.
Caſt. Or this will make me ſo:
Obey me, or by all the wrongs I ſuffer,
I'll ſcale the Window and come in by force,
Let the ſad Conſequence be what it will;
This Creatures trifling folly makes me mad.
Maid. My Ladies anſwer is, you may depart,
She ſays ſhe knows you: You are *Polydore,*
Sent by *Caſtalio,* as you were to-day,
T'affront and do her violence again.
Caſt. I'll not believe't.
Maid. You may, Sir.
Caſt. Curſes blaſt thee!
Maid. Well 'tis a fine cool Evening, and I hope
May cure the raging Feaver in your Blood.
Good-night.
Caſt. And farewel all that's juſt in Woman!
This is contriv'd, a ſtudied Trick to abuſe
My eaſie nature, and torment my mind;
Sure now ſh'as bound me faſt, and means to Lord it.
To rein me hard, and ride me at her will,

Till by degrees ſhe ſhape me into Fool
For all her future uſe's. Death and Torment!
'Tis impudence to think my Soul will bear it.
Oh I could grow ev'n wild, and tear my hair:
'Tis well, *Monimia*, that thy Empire's ſhort;
Let but to morrow, but to morrow come,
And try if all thy Arts appeaſe my wrong;
Till when be this deteſted place my Bed, [*Lyes down.*
Where I will ruminate on Womans Ills,
Laugh at my ſelf, and curſe th' inconſtant Sex.
Faithleſs *Monimia!* Oh *Monimia!*

Enter Erneſto.

Erneſto. Either
My Senſe has been deluded, or this way
I heard the ſound of ſorrow; 'tis late night,
And none, whoſe mind's at peace, would wander now.
Caſt. Who's there?
Ern. A Friend.
Caſt. If thou art ſo, retire,
And leave this place, for I would be alone.
Ern. Caſtalio! My Lord, why in this poſture,
Stretch'd on the Ground? Your honeſt true old Servant,
Your poor *Erneſto* cannot ſee you thus;
Riſe I beſeech you.
Caſt. If thou art *Erneſto*,
As by thy honeſty thou ſeem'ſt to be,
Once leave me to my Folly.
Ern. I can't leave you,
And not the reaſon know of your diſorders.
Remember how when young I in my Arms
Have often born you, pleas'd you in your pleaſures,
And ſought an early ſhare in your Affection.
Do not diſcard me now, but let me ſerve you.
Caſt. Thou canſt not ſerve me.
Ern. Why?
Caſt. Becauſe my thoughts
Are full of Woman; thou poor Wretch, art paſt 'em.
Ern. I hate the Sex.
Caſt. Then I'm thy Friend *Erneſto.* [*Riſes.*
I'd leave the World for him that hates a Woman,
Woman the fountain of all Humane Frailty!
VVhat mighty Ills have not been done by VVoman?

VVho was't betray'd the Capitol? A VVoman.
VVho loſt *Mark Antony* the VVorld? A Woman.
Who was the Cauſe of a long ten years War,
And laid at laſt *Old-Troy* in Aſhes? Woman.
Deſtructive, damnable, deceitful Woman.
Woman to Man firſt as a Bleſſing giv'n,
VVhen Innocence and Love were in their Primes,
Happy a while in Paradiſe they lay,
But quickly VVoman long'd to go aſtray;
Some fooliſh new Adventure needs muſt prove,
And the firſt Devil ſhe ſaw ſhe chang'd her Love;
To his Temptations lewdly ſhe inclin'd
Her Soul, and for an Apple damn'd Mankind.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Acaſto *ſolus.*

Acaſt. BLeſt be the Morning that has brought me health;
A happy Reſt has ſoftned pain away,
And I'll forget it, though my mind's not well.
A heavy melancholly clogs my heart,
I droop and ſigh, I know not why. Dark-dreams,
Sick Fancies Children, have been over-buſie,
And all the Night play'd Farces in my Brains;
Methought I heard the Midnight-Raven cry,
Wak'd with th'imagin'd Noiſe, my Curtains ſeem'd
To ſtart, and at my Feet my Sons appear'd
Like Ghoſts, all pale and ſtiff: I ſtrove to ſpeak,
But could not: ſuddenly the Forms were loſt,
And ſeem'd to vaniſh in a bloudy Cloud;
'Twas odd, and for the preſent ſhook my thoughts,
But was th'effect of my diſtemper'd bloud;
And when the Health's diſturb'd, the mind's unruly.

Enter Polydore.

Good Morning, *Polydore.*
Pol. Heav'n keep your Lordſhip.
Acaſt. Have you yet ſeen *Caſtalio* to day?
Pol. My Lord, 'tis early day, he's hardly riſen.
Acaſt. Go, call him up, and meet me in the Chapel. [*Ex.* Pol.

I cannot think all has gone well to night;
For as I waking lay (and ſure my ſenſe
Was then my own) methought I heard my Son
Caſtalio's Voice; but it ſeem'd low and mournful,
Under my Window too I thought I heard it;
M'untoward fancy could not be deceiv'd
In every thing; and I will ſearch the truth out.

Enter Monimia, *and her Maid.*

Already up, *Monimia!* you Roſe
Thus early ſurely to out-ſhine the Day!
Or was there any thing that croſt your reſt?
They were naughty thoughts that wou'd not let you ſleep.
Mon. What ever are my thoughts, my Lord, I've learnt
By your Example to correct their Ills,
And Morn, and Evening, give up th' Account.
Acaſt. Your Pardon, Sweet one, I upbraid you not;
Or if I would, you are ſo good I could not.
Though I'm deceiv'd, or you are more fair to Day;
For Beauty's heighten'd in your Cheeks, and all
Your Charmes ſeem up, and ready in your Eyes.
Mon. The little ſhare I have's ſo very mean,
That it may eaſily admit Addition;
Though you, my Lord, ſhould moſt of all beware
To give it too much praiſe, and make me proud.
Acaſt. Proud of an Old man's praiſes! No *Monimia!*
But if my Pray'rs can work thee any good,
Thou ſhalt not want the largeſt ſhare of 'em:
Heard you no Noiſe to Night?
Mon. Noiſe! my good Lord!
Acaſt. Ay! about Midnight.
Mon. Indeed my Lord, I don't remember any.
Acaſt. You muſt ſure! went you early to reſt?
Mon. About the wonted Hour. Why this enquiry? [*Aſide.*
Acaſt. And went your Maid to bed too?
Mon. My Lord, I gueſs ſo;
I've ſeldom known her diſobey my Orders.
Acaſt. Sure Goblins then, Fairyes haunt the dwelling;
I'll have enquiry made through all the Houſe,
But I'll find out the Cauſe of theſe Diſorders.
Good Day to thee, *Monimia*——I'll to Chapel. [*Ex.* Acaſto.
Mon. I'll but diſpatch ſome Orders to my Woman,
And wait upon your Lordſhip there.

I fear the Prieſt has plaid us falſe; if ſo,
My poor *Caſtalio* loſes all for me;
I wonder though he made ſuch haſte to leave me;
Was't not unkind, *Florella*! ſurely 'twas!
He ſcarce afforded one kind parting Word,
But went away ſo cold: the kiſs he gave me
Seem'd the forc'd Complement of fated Love.
Would I had never marry'd!

Maid. Why?

Mon. Methinks
The Scene's quite alter'd; I am not the ſame;
I've bound up for my ſelf a weight of Cares,
And how the burden will be born none knows.
A Husband may be Jealous, rigid, falſe;
And ſhould *Caſtalio* e're prove ſo to me,
So tender is my Heart, ſo nice my Love,
'Twould ruin and diſtract my reſt for ever.

Maid. Madam, he's coming.

Mon. Where, *Florella?* where?
Is he returning? To my Chamber lead;
I'll meet him there; The Myſteries of our Love
Should be kept private as Religious Rites,
From the unhallow'd View of Common Eyes. [*Ex.* Mon. *and Maid.*

Enter Caſtalio.

Caſt. Wiſht Morning's come! And now upon the plains
And diſtant Mountains, where they feed their Flocks,
The happy Shepherds leave their Homely Huts,
And with their Pipes proclaim the new-born day.
The luſty *Swain* comes with his well-fill'd Scrip
Of Healthful Viands, which, when hunger calls,
With much content, and appetite he eats,
To follow in the Field's his daily Toil,
And dreſs the grateful Glebe, that yields him Fruits.
The Beaſts that under the Warm Hedges ſlept,
And weather'd out the cold bleak Night, are up,
And looking towards the Neighb'ring Paſtures, raiſe
The Voice, and bid their fellow Bruites Good-morrow;
The chearful Birds too, on the tops of Trees,
Aſſemble all in Quoires, and with their Notes
Salute and welcome up the riſing Sun.
There's no Condition ſure ſo curſt as mine;
I'm marry'd! 'Sdeath! I'm ſped. How like a Dog

Look'd *Hercules*, thus to a Diſtaff chain'd?
Monimia! oh *Monimia!*

Enter Monimia, *and Maid.*

Mon. I come,
I fly to my ador'd *Caſtalio*'s Arms,
My wiſhes Lord. May every Morn begin
Like this; and with our Days our Loves renew.
Now I may hope y'are ſatisfy'd——— [*Looking Languiſhingly on him.*
Caſt. I am
Well ſatisfy'd, that thou art——Oh———
Mon. What? ſpeak:
Art thou not well, *Caſtalio?* Come lean
Upon my Breaſts, and tell me where's thy pain.
Caſt. 'Tis here! 'tis in my Head; 'tis in my Heart,
'Tis every where; it rages like a madneſs;
And I moſt wonder how my reaſon holds.
Nay, wonder not, *Monimia:* the Slave
You thought you had ſecur'd within my Breaſt,
Is grown a Rebel, and has broke his Chain,
And now he walks there like a Lord at large.
Mon. Am I not then your VVife, your lov'd *Monimia?*
I once was ſo, or I've moſt ſtrangely dream't.
VVhat ayles my Love?
Caſt. VVhate're thy Dreams have been,
Thy waking Thoughts ne're meant *Caſtalio* well.
No more, *Monimia*, of your Sexes Arts,
They are uſeleſs all: I'm not that pliant Tool,
That neceſſary Utenſil you'd make me,
I know my Charter better——I am Man,
Obſtinate Man; and will not be enſlav'd.
Mon. You ſhall not fear't: Indeed my Nature's eaſie.
I'll ever live your moſt obedient VVife,
Nor ever any priviledge pretend
Beyond your will; for that ſhall be my Law;
Indeed I will not.
Caſt. Nay, you ſhall not, Madam,
By yon bright Heav'n, you ſhall not; all the day
I'll play the Tyrant, and at Night forſake thee;
'Till by afflictions and continued Cares,
I've worn thee to a homely houſehold Drudge:
Nay, if I've any too, thou ſhalt be made
Subſervient to all my looſer Pleaſures,

For thou haſt wrong'd *Caſtalio*.
Mon. No more:
Oh kill me here, or tell me my offence,
I'll never quit you elſe; but on theſe Knees,
Thus follow you all Day, 'till th'are worn bare,
And hang upon you like a drowning Creature.
Caſtalio———
Caſt. Away; Laſt night, laſt night.
Mon. It was our wedding Night.
Caſt. No more, forget it.
Mon. VVhy? Do you then repent?
Caſt. I do.
Mon. Oh Heav'n!
And, will you leave me thus? help, help, *Florella*.
[*He draggs her to the Door and breaks from her.*
Help me to hold this yet lov'd cruel Man.
Oh my heart breaks——I'm dying. Oh——ſtand off;
I'll not indulge this woman's weakneſs; ſtill
Chaſt, and Fomented, let my Heart ſwell on,
'Till with its Injuries it burſt, and ſhake
VVith the Dire blow this Priſon to the Earth.
Maid. VVhat ſad Miſtake has been the cauſe of this?
Mon. Caſtalio: Oh! how often has he ſwore,
Nature ſhould change, the Sun and Stars grow dark,
E're he would falſifie his Vows to me.
Make haſte, Confuſion, then: Sun loſe thy light,
And Stars drop dead with Sorrow to the Earth;
For my *Caſtalio*'s falſe.
Maid. Unhappy Day!
Mon. Falſe as the VVind, the VVater, or the VVeather;
Cruel as Tygers o're their trembling prey.
I feel him in my breaſt, he tears my heart,
And at each ſigh he drinks the guſhing blood;
Muſt I be long in pain?

Enter Chamont.

Cham. In Tears, *Monimia!*
Mon. VVho e're thou art,
Leave me alone to my belov'd Deſpair.
Cham. Lift up thy Eyes, and ſee who comes to cheer thee.
Tell me the ſtory of thy VVrongs, and then
See if my ſoul has Reſt 'till thou haſt juſtice.
Mon. My Brother!

Cham. Yes, *Monimia*, if thou think'ſt
That I deſerve the Name, I am thy Brother.
Mon. Oh *Caſtalio!*
Cham. Hah!
Name me that Name again! My Souls on fire
'Till I know all: There's meaning in that name.
I know he is thy Husband: Therefore truſt me
VVith all the following truth——
Mon. Indeed, *Chamont*,
There's nothing in it but the fault of Nature:
I'm often thus ſeiz'd ſuddenly with grief,
I know not why.
Cham. You uſe me ill, *Monimia;*
And I might think with Juſtice moſt ſeverely
Of this unfaithful dealing with your Brother.
Mon. Truly I am not to blame: Suppoſe I'm fond,
And grieve, for what as much may pleaſe another.
Should I upbraid the deareſt Friend on Earth
For the firſt fault? you wou'd not do ſo: wou'd you?
Cham. Not, if I'd cauſe to think it was a Friend.
Mon. VVhy do you then call this unfaithful dealing?
I ne're conceal'd my ſoul from you before:
Bear with me now, and ſearch my wounds no farther,
For every probing pains me to the heart.
Cham. 'Tis ſign there's danger in't, and muſt be prevented:
Where's your new Husband? Still that thought diſturbs you.
VVhat, onely anſwer me with tears? *Caſtalio!*
Nay, now they ſtream,
Cruel unkind *Caſtalio!* is't not ſo?
Mon. I cannot ſpeak, grief flows ſo faſt upon me,
It choaks, and will not let me tell the cauſe.
Oh!
Cham. My *Monimia*, to my Soul thou'rt dear,
As Honour to my Name: Dear as the light
To eyes but juſt reſtor'd, and heald of blindneſs.
Why wilt thou not repoſe within my breaſt
The anguiſh that torments thee?
Mon. Oh! I dare not.
Cham. I have no friend but thee: we muſt confide,
In one another: Two unhappy Orphans,
Alas, we are; and when I ſee thee grieve,
Methinks it is a part of me that ſuffers.
Mon. Oh ſhould'ſt thou know the cauſe of my lamenting,

I am ſatisfy'd, *Chamont*, that thou would'ſt ſcorn me;
Thou would'ſt deſpiſe the abject loſt *Monimia*,
No more would'ſt praiſe this Beauty; but
When in ſome Cell diſtracted, as I ſhall be,
Thou ſeeſt me lye; theſe unregarded Locks
Matted like Furies Treſſes; my poor Limbs
Chain'd to the Ground, and 'ſtead of the delights
Which happy Lovers taſte, my Keeper's ſtripes,
A Bed of Straw, and a courſe wooden diſh
Of wretched ſuſtenance; when thus thou ſee'ſt me,
Prithee have Charity and pity for me.
Let me enjoy this thought.
Cham. Why wilt thou rack
My Soul ſo long, *Monimia?* Eaſe me quickly;
Or thou wilt run me into madneſs firſt.
Mon. Could you be ſecret?
Cham. Secret as the Grave.
Mon. But when I've told you, will you keep your fury
Within its bounds? Will you not do ſome raſh
And horrid miſchief? for indeed, *Chamont*,
You would not think how hardly I've been us'd
From a near Friend; from one that has my Soul
A Slave, and therefore treats it like a Tyrant.
Cham. I will be calm; but has *Caſtalio* wrong'd thee?
Has he already waſted all his Love?
What has he done? quickly; for I'm all trembling
With expectation of a horrid Tale.
Mon. Oh! could you think it!
Cham. What?
Mon. I fear he'll kill me.
Cham. Hah!
Mon. Indeed I do; he's ſtrangely cruel to me,
Which if it laſts, I'm ſure muſt break my heart.
Cham. What has he done?
Mon. Moſt barbarouſly us'd me:
Nothing ſo kind as he, when in my Arms;
In thouſand kiſſes, tender Sighs and Joys,
Not to be thought again, the night was waſted;
At dawn of day he roſe, and left his Conqueſt.
But when we met, and I with open Arms
Ran to embrace the Lord of all my wiſhes,
Oh then!———
Cham. Go on!

Mon. He threw me from his Breaſt,
Like a deteſted ſin.
Cham. How?
Mon. As I hung too
Upon his Knees, and begg'd to know the cauſe,
He dragg'd me like a Slave upon the Earth,
And had no Pity on my Cries.
Cham. How! did he
Daſh thee diſdainfully away with Scorn!
Mon. He did; and more I fear, will ne're be Friends,
Though I ſtill love him with unbated Paſſion.
Cham. VVhat, throw thee from him!
Mon. Yes, indeed he did.
Cham. So may this Arm
Throw him to th' Earth, like a dead Dog deſpis'd;
Lameneſs and Leproſie, Blindneſs and Lunacy,
Poverty, Shame, Pride, and the Name of Villain
Light on me, if, *Caſtalio*, I forgive thee.
Mon. Nay, now, *Chamont*, art thou unkind as he is?
Didſt thou not promiſe me thou would'ſt be calm?
Keep my diſgrace conceal'd? why ſhould'ſt thou kill him?
By all my Love, this Arm ſhould do him Vengeance.
Alas, I love him ſtill, and though I ne're
Claſp him again within theſe longing Arms,
Yet bleſs him, bleſs him (Gods) where e're he goes.

Enter Acaſto.

Acaſt. Sure ſome ill Fate is towards me; in my houſe
I only meet with oddneſs and diſorder;
Each Vaſſal has a wild diſtracted face;
And looks as full of buſineſs as a block-head
In times of danger: Juſt this very moment
I met *Caſtalio* too——
Cham. Then you met a Villain.
Acaſt. Hah!
Cham. Yes, a Villain.
Acaſt. Have a care, young Souldier,
How thou'rt too buſie with *Acaſto*'s Fame?
I have a Sword my Arms good old Acquaintance
Villain, to thee——
Cham. Curſe on thy ſcandalous Age,
Which hinders me to ruſh upon thy Throat,
And tear the Root up of that Curſed Bramble!

Acaſt. Ungrateful Ruffian! ſure my good old Friend
Was ne're thy Father; nothing of him's in thee:
What have I done in my unhappy Age,
To be thus us'd? I ſcorn to upbraid thee, Boy,
But I could put thee in remembrance——
Cham. Do.
Acaſt. I ſcorn it——
Cham. No, I'll calmly hear the Story,
For I would fain know all, to ſee which Scale
Weighs moſt—Hah, is not that good old *Acaſto?*
What have I done? Can you forgive this Folly?
Acaſt. Who doſt thou ask it?
Cham. 'Twas the rude over flowing
Of too much Paſſion; pray, my Lord, forgive me. [*kneels.*
Acaſt. Mock me not, Youth; I can revenge a wrong.
Cham. I know it well; but for this thought of mine,
Pity a mad man's Frenzy, and forget it.
Acaſt. I will; but henceforth, prithee be more kind. [*Raiſes him.*
Whence came the Cauſe?
Cham. Indeed I've been to blame,
But I'll learn better; for you've been my Father:
You've been her Father too—— [*Takes* Mon. *by the Hand.*
Acaſt. Forbear the Prologue——
And let me know the ſubſtance of thy Tale.
Cham. You took her up a little tender Flower,
Juſt ſprouted on a Bank, which the next Froſt
Had nipt; and with a careful loving Hand,
Tranſplanted her into your own fair Garden,
Where the Sun always ſhines: there long ſhe flouriſh'd,
Grew ſweet to Senſe, and lovely to the Eye,
'Till at the laſt a Cruel Spoiler came,
Cropt this fair Roſe, and rifled all its Sweetneſs,
Then caſt it like a loathſome Weed away.
Acaſt. You talk to me in Parables; *Chamont,*
You may have known that I'm no wordy Man;
Fine Speeches are the Inſtruments of Knaves
Or Fools, that uſe 'em, when they want good ſenſe;
But honeſty
Needs no Diſguiſe nor Ornament; be plain.
Cham. Your Son——
Acaſt. I've two, and both I hope have honour.
Cham. I hope ſo too——but——
Acaſt. Speak.

Cham. I muſt inform you,
Once more, *Caſtalio*——
Acaſt. Still *Caſtalio!*
Cham. Yes,
Your Son *Caſtalio* has wrong'd *Monimia.*
Acaſt. Hah! wrong'd her?
Cham. Marry'd her.
Acaſt. I'm ſorry for't.
Cham. Why ſorry?
By yon bleſt Heav'n there's not a Lord
But might be proud to take her to his heart.
Acaſt. I'll not deny't.
Cham. You dare not, by the Gods,
You dare not; all your Family combin'd
In one damn'd Falſe-hood to out-do *Caſtalio*,
Dare not deny't.
Acaſt. How has *Caſtalio* wrong'd her?
Cham. Ask that of him: I ſay, my Siſter's wrong'd:
Monimia my Siſter, born as high
And noble as *Caſtalio*——Do her Juſtice,
Or by the Gods, I'll lay a Scene of Blood,
Shall make this Dwelling horrible to Nature.
I'll do't; hark you, my Lord, your Son *Caſtalio*
Take him to your Cloſet, and there teach him manners.
Acaſt. You ſhall have Juſtice,
Cham. Nay——I will have Juſtice.
Who'll ſleep in ſafety that has done me wrong?
My Lord, I'll not diſturb you to repeat
The Cauſe of this; I beg you (to preſerve
Your Houſe's Honour) ask it of *Caſtalio.*
Acaſt. I will.
Cham. 'Till then farewel—— [*Ex.* Cham.
Acaſt. Farewel, proud Boy.
Monimia!
Mon. My Lord.
Acaſt. You are my Daughter.
Mon. I am, my Lord, if you'll vouchſafe to own me.
Acaſt. When you'll complain to me, I'll prove a Father. [*Ex.* Acaſto.
Mon. Now I'm undone for ever: Who on Earth
Is there ſo wretched as *Monimia?*
Firſt by *Caſtalio* cruelly forſaken;
I've loſt *Acaſto* now: His parting frowns
May well inſtruct me, Rage is in his heart;

I ſhall be next abandon'd to my Fortune,
Thruſt out a naked Wanderer to the World,
And branded for the miſchievous *Monimia*;
What will become of me? My cruel Brother
Is framing miſchiefs too, for ought I know,
That may produce Bloodſhed, and horrid Murder:
I would not be the Cauſe of one mans Death,
To reign the Empreſs of the Earth; nay, more,
I'd rather loſe for ever my *Caſtalio*,
My dear unkind *Caſtalio*.

Enter Polydore.

Pol. *Monimia*, weeping!
So morning Dews on new blown Roſes Lodge,
By the Sun's amorous heat to be exhal'd.
I come, my Love, to kiſs all ſorrow from thee.
What mean theſe ſighs? And why thus beats thy Heart?
Mon. Let me alone to ſorrow: 'Tis a cauſe
None e're ſhall know; but it ſhall with me dye.
Pol. Happy, *Monimia*, he, to whom theſe ſighs,
Theſe tears, and all theſe languiſhings are paid!
I am no ſtranger to your deareſt ſecret;
I know your heart was never meant for me,
That Jewel's for an Elder Brother's price.
Mon. My Lord!
Pol. Nay, wonder not; laſt Night I heard
His Oaths, your Vows, and to my torment ſaw
Your wild Embraces: Heard th' appointment made:
I did, *Monimia*, and I curſt the ſound.
Wilt thou be ſworn, my Love? wilt thou be ne're
Unkind again?
Mon. Baniſh ſuch fruitleſs hopes!
Have you ſworn conſtancy to my undoing?
Will you be ne're my Friend again?
Pol. What means my Love?
Mon. Away; what meant my Lord
Laſt Night?
Pol. Is that a queſtion now to be demanded?
I hope *Monimia* was not much diſpleas'd.
Mon. Was it well done to treat me like a Proſtitute,
T' aſſault my Lodging at the dead of night,
And threaten me, if I deny'd admittance?——
You ſaid you were *Caſtalio*——

Pol. By thoſe eyes
It was the ſame; I ſpent my time much better;
I tell thee, ill natur'd Fair One, I was poſted
To more Advantage on a pleaſant hill
Of ſpringing Joy, and everlaſting ſweetneſs.
Mon. Hah——have a care——
Pol. Where is the danger near me?
Mon. I fear you're on a Rock will wreck your Quiet,
And drown your ſoul in Wretchedneſs for ever;
A thouſand horrid thoughts crowd on my memory.
Will you be kind and anſwer me one queſtion?
Pol. I'd truſt thee with my life on thoſe ſoft Breaſts;
Breathe out the Choiceſt ſecrets of my heart;
'Till I had nothing in it left but Love.
Mon. Nay, I'll Conjure you by the Gods, and Angels,
By the honour of your name, that's moſt concern'd,
To tell me, *Polydore*, and tell me truly,
Where did you reſt laſt Night?
Pol. Within thy arms
I triumpht: Reſt had been my Foe.
Mon. 'Tis done—— [*She faints.*
Pol. She faints! No help! who waits? a Curſe
Upon my Vanity, that could not keep
The ſecret of my happineſs in ſilence.
Confuſion! we ſhall be ſurpriz'd anon,
And conſequently all muſt be betray'd.
Monimia! ſhe breaths——*Monimia*——
Mon. Well——
Let miſchiefs multiply! Let every hour
Of my loath'd life yield me encreaſe of horror!
Oh let the Sun to theſe unhappy eyes
Ne're ſhine again, but be eclips'd for ever!
May every thing I look on ſeem a prodigy,
To fill my Soul with terrors, 'till I quite
Forget I ever had Humanity,
And grow a Curſer of the works of Nature!
Pol. What means all this?
Mon. Oh, *Polydore*, if all
The Friendſhip e're you vow'd to good *Caſtalio*
Be not a falſehood, if you ever lov'd
Your Brother, you've undone your ſelf and me.
Pol. Which way can Ruin reach the Man that's Rich,
As I am in poſſeſſion of thy Sweetneſs?

Mon. Oh, I'm his Wife.
Pol. What ſays *Monimia!* hah!
Speak that again.
Mon. I am *Caſtalio*'s Wife.
Pol. His marry'd, wedded Wife?
Mon. Yeſter-dayes Sun
Saw it perform'd
Pol. And then have I enjoy'd
My Brother's Wife.
Mon. As ſurly as we both
Muſt taſte of miſery, that guilt is thine.
Pol. Muſt we be miſerable then?
Mon. Oh!
Pol. Oh! thou may'ſt yet be happy.
Mon. Couldſt thou be
Happy, with ſuch a Weight upon thy Soul.
Pol. It may be yet a ſecret: I'll go try
To reconcile and bring *Caſtalio* to thee,
Whilſt from the VVorld I take my ſelf away,
And waſte my life in Penance for my Sin.
Mon. Then thou wouldſt more undo me: heap a load
Of added Sins upon my wretched head:
Wouldſt thou again have me betray thy Brother,
And bring pollution to his Arms? curſt thought!
Oh when ſhall I be mad indeed!
Pol. Nay, then
Let us embrace, and from this very Moment
Vow an Eternal miſery together.
Mon. And wilt thou be a very faithful wretch?
Never grow fond of chearful peace again?
Wilt thou with me ſtudy to be unhappy,
And find out ways how to encreaſe affliction?
Pol. We'll inſtitute new Arts unknown before,
To vary Plagues, and make 'em look like new ones.
Firſt, if the Fruit of our deteſted Joy,
A Child be born, it ſhall be murder'd——
Mon. No,
Sure, that may live.
Pol. Why?
Mon. To become a thing
More wretched than its Parents, to be branded
With all our Infamy, and Curſe its Birth.

Pol. That's well contriv'd; then thus let's go together,
Full of our guilt, diſtracted where to roam,
Like the firſt wretched Pair expell'd their Paradiſe.
Let's find ſome Place where Adders neſt in VVinter,
Loathſome and Venomous: where poiſons hang
Like Gums againſt the VValls; where VVitches meet
By night, and feed upon ſome pamper'd Imp,
Fat with the Blood of Babes: There we'll inhabit,
And live up to the height of deſperation;
Deſire ſhall languiſh like a withering Flower,
And no diſtinction of the Sex be thought of.
Horrors ſhall fright me from thoſe pleaſing harms,
And I'll no more be caught with Beauties Charms,
But when I'm dying take me in thy Armes. [*Ex.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Caſtalio *lying on the ground.*

SONG.

COME, all ye Youths, whoſe Hearts e're bled
By cruel Beauties Pride,
Bring each a Garland on his Head,
Let none his Sorrows hide,
But hand in hand around me move,
Singing the ſaddeſt Tales of Love;
And ſee, when your Complaints ye joyn,
If all your Wrongs can equal mine.

2.

The happieſt Mortal once was I,
My heart no Sorrows knew.
Pity the Pain with which I dye,
But ask not whence it grew.
Yet if a tempting Fair you find
That's very lovely, very kind,
Tho' bright as Heaven, whoſe ſtamp ſhe bears,
Think of my Fate, and ſhun her Snares.

Caſt. See where the Deer trot after one another,
Male, Female, Father, Daughter, Mother, Son,
Brother and Siſter mingled all together;
No Diſcontent they know, but in delightful
VVildneſs and freedom, pleaſant Springs, freſh Herbage,
Calm Harbours, luſty health and innocence,
Enjoy their portion; if they ſee a man,
How will they turn together all, and gaze
Upon the Monſter——
Once in a Seaſon too they taſte of Love:
Only the Beaſt of Reaſon is its Slave,
And in that Folly drudges all the year.

Enter Acaſto.

Acaſt. Caſtalio! Caſtalio!
Caſt. VVho's there
So wretched but to name *Caſtalio!*
Acaſt. I hope my meſſage may ſucceed.
Caſt. My Father,
'Tis Joy to ſee you, though where ſorrow's Nouriſht.
Acaſt. I'm come in Beauties Cauſe; you'll gueſs the reſt.
Caſt. A Woman! if you love my Peace of Mind,
Name not a woman to me; but to think
Of woman were enough to taint my Brains,
'Till they foment to Madneſs! Oh! my Father.
Acaſt. What Ayles my Boy?
Caſt. A woman is the thing
I would forget, and blot from my Remembrance.
Acaſt. Forget *Monimia!*
Caſt. She to chooſe: *Monimia!*
The very ſound's ungrateful to my ſence.
Acaſt. This might ſeem ſtrange; but you I've found will
Hide your Heart from me; you dare not truſt to your Father.
Caſt. No more *Monimia!*
Acaſt. Is ſhe not your VVife?
Caſt. So much the worſe: who loves to hear of VVife?
VVhen you would give all worldly Plagues a Name
VVorſe than they have already, call 'em VVife:
But a new-married wife's a ſeeming Miſchief,
Full of her ſelf: VVhy, what a deal of horror
Has that poor Wretch to come, that wedded yeſterday?
Acaſt. Caſtalio, you muſt go along with me,
And ſee *Monimia*.

Caſt. Sure, my Lord but mocks me:
Go ſee *Monimia!* Pray, my Lord, excuſe me;
And leave the Conduct of this part of Life
To my own Choice.
Acaſt. I ſay, no more diſpute.
Complaints are made to me, that you have wrong'd her.
Caſt. VVho has complain'd?
Acaſt. Her Brother to my face proclaim'd her wrong'd,
And in ſuch terms they've warm'd me.
Caſt. What terms? her Brother! Heaven!
Where learnt ſhe that?
VVhat, does ſhe ſend her Hero with Defiance?
He durſt not ſure affront you?
Acaſt. No not much.
But——
Caſt. Speak, what ſaid he?
Acaſt. That thou wert a Villain:
Methinks I would not have thee thought a Villain.
Caſt. Shame on the ill-manner'd Brute;
Your age ſecur'd him, he durſt not elſe have ſaid ſo.
Acaſt. By my Sword,
I would not ſee thee wrong'd, and bear it vilely:
Though I have paſt my word ſhe ſhall have Juſtice.
Caſt. Juſtice! to give her Juſtice wou'd undo her:
Think you this Solitude I now had choſen,
Left joys juſt opening to my ſenſe, ſought here
A place to curſe my Fate in, meaſur'd out
My Grave at length, wiſht to have grown one piece
With this cold Clay, and all without a Cauſe?

Enter Chamont.

Cham. Where is the Hero famous and renown'd
For wronging Innocence, and breaking Vows;
Whoſe mighty ſpirit, and whoſe ſtubborn heart,
No woman can appeaſe, nor man provoke?
Acaſt. I gueſs, *Chamont*, you come to ſeek *Caſtalio.*
Cham. I come to ſeek the Husband of *Monimia.*
Caſt. The Slave is here.
Cham. I thought e're now to'ave found you
Attoning for the Ills you've done *Chamont:*
For you have wrong'd the deareſt part of him.
Monimia, young Lord, weeps in this Heart;

And all the Tears thy Injuries have drawn
From her poor Eyes are drops of Blood from hence.
Caſt. Then you are *Chamont?*
Cham. Yes, and I hope no Stranger
To great *Caſtalio.*
Caſt. I've heard of ſuch a Man
That has been very buſie with my Honour:
I own I'm much indebted to you, Sir,
And here return the Villain back again
You ſent me by my Father.
Cham. Thus I'll thank you. [*Draws.*
Acaſt. By this good Sword, who firſt preſumes to Violence
Makes me his Foe—— [*Draws and interpoſes.*
Young Man, it once was thought. [*To* Caſtalio.
I was fit Guardian of my Houſe's Honour,
And you might truſt your ſhare with me——For you, [*To* Cham.
Young Soldier, I muſt tell you, you have wrong'd me:
I promis'd you to do *Monimia* right;
And thought my word a Pledge, I would not forfeit:
But you, I find, would fright us to Performance.
Caſt. Sir, in my younger years with Care you taught me,
That brave Revenge was due to injur'd Honour;
Oppoſe not then the Juſtice of my Sword,
Leſt you ſhould make me jealous of your Love.
Cham. Into thy Father's Arms thou fly'ſt for ſafety,
Becauſe thou know'ſt the place is ſanctify'd,
With the Remembrance of an ancient Friendſhip.
Caſt. I am a Villain if I will not ſeek thee,
'Till I may be reveng'd for all the Wrongs
Done me by that ungrateful Fair thou plead'ſt for.
Cham. She wrong'd thee! by the Fury in my Heart,
Thy Father's Honour's not above *Monimia*'s;
Nor was thy Mother's Truth and Vertue fairer.
Acaſt. Boy, don't diſturb the Aſhes of the dead
With thy capricious Follies: The remembrance
Of the lov'd Creature, that once fill'd theſe Arms——
Cham. Has not been wrong'd.
Caſt. It ſhall not.
Cham. No, nor ſhall
Monimia, thou a helpleſs Orphan, deſtitute
Of Friends and Fortune, though th' unhappy Siſter
Of poor *Chamont*, whoſe Sword is all his Portion,
Be oppreſt by thee, thou proud imperious Traytor.

Caſt. Hah! ſet me free.
Cham. Come both.

Enter Serina.

Ser. Alas! alas!
The cauſe of theſe diſorders my *Chamont?*
Who is't has wronged thee?
Caſt. Now where art thou fled
For ſhelter?
Cham. Come from thine, and ſee what ſafeguard
Shall then betray my Fears.
Ser. Cruel *Caſtalio*,
Sheath up thy angry Sword, and don't affright me:
Chamont, let once *Serina* calm thy Breaſt;
If any of my Friends have done thee injuries,
I'll be reveng'd, and love thee better for't.
Caſt. Sir, if you'd have me think you did not take
This opportunity to ſhew your Vanity,
Let's meet ſome other time, when by our ſelves
We fairly may diſpute our wrongs together.
Cham. 'Till then, I am *Caſtalio*'s Friend.
Caſt. Serina,
Farewell, I wiſh much happineſs attend you.
Ser. Chamont's the deareſt thing I have on Earth;
Give me *Chamont*, and let the world forſake me.
Cham. Witneſs the Gods, how happy I'm in thee!
No beauteous Bloſſom of the fragrant Spring,
Though the fair Child of Nature newly born,
Can be ſo lovely. Angry, unkind *Caſtalio*,
Suppoſe I ſhould a while lay by my Paſſions,
And be a begger in *Monimia*'s Cauſe,
Might I be heard?
Caſt. Sir, 'twas my laſt requeſt,
You wou'd (though you I find will not) be ſatisfi'd:
So in a Word, *Monimia* is my ſcorn;
She baſely ſent you here to try my fears;
That was your buſineſs.
No artful Proſtitute, in Falſhoods practis'd,
To make advantage of her Coxcombs Follies,
Could have done more——Diſquiet vex her for't.
Cham. Farewell.
Caſt. Farewell——My Father, you ſeem troubled.
Acaſt. VVould I'ad been abſent when this boiſt'rous brave

Came to diſturb thee thus: I'm griev'd I hinder'd
Thy juſt Reſentment——But *Monimia*——
Caſt. Damn her.
Acaſt. Don't curſe her.
Caſt. Did I?
Acaſt. Yes.
Caſt. I'm ſorry for't.
Acaſt. Methinks, as if I gueſs the fault's but ſmall,
It might be pardon'd.
Caſt. No.
Acaſt. What has ſhe done?
Caſt. That ſhe's my Wife, may Heav'n and you forgive me.
Acaſt. Be reconcil'd then.
Caſt. No.
Acaſt. Go ſee her.
Caſt. No.
Acaſt. I'll ſend and bring her hither.
Caſt. No.
Acaſt. For my ſake,
Caſtalio, and the quiet of my age.
Caſt. Why will you urge a thing my Nature ſtarts at?
Acaſt. Prithee forgive her.
Caſt. Lightnings firſt ſhall blaſt me.
I tell you, were ſhe proſtrate at my Feet,
Full of her Sexes beſt diſſembled ſorrows,
And all that wondrous Beauty of her own,
My Heart might break, but it ſhould never ſoften.

Enter Florella.

Flor. My Lord, where are you? Oh *Caſtalio!*
Acaſt. Hark.
Caſt. VVhat's that?
Flor. Oh ſhew me quickly, where's *Caſtalio!*
Acaſt. VVhy, what's the Buſineſs?
Flor. Oh the poor *Monimia!*
Caſt. Hah!
Acaſt. What's the matter?
Flor. Hurry'd by deſpair,
She flies with fury over all the houſe,
Through every Room of each apartment, crying,
VVhere's my *Caſtalio?* give me my *Caſtalio!*
Except ſhe ſees you, ſure ſhee'l grow diſtracted.

Caſt. Hah! will ſhe? does ſhe name *Caſtalio?*
And with ſuch tenderneſs? Conduct me quickly
To the poor lovely mourner. Oh my Father!
Acaſt. Then wilt thou go? bleſſings attend thy purpoſe.
Caſt. I cannot hear *Monimia*'s Soul's in ſadneſs,
And be a man; my heart will not forget her.
But do not tell the world you ſaw this of me.
Acaſt. Delay not then, but haſte and chear thy Love.
Caſt. Oh I will throw m'impatient Armes about her,
In her ſoft Boſom ſigh my Soul to peace,
'Till through the panting breaſt ſhe finds the way
To mould my heart, and make it what ſhe will.
Monimia! Oh! [*Ex.* Acaſt. Caſt.

Enter Monimia.

Mon. Stand off, and give me Room,
I will not reſt till I have found *Caſtalio*,
My wiſhes Lord comely as riſing Day,
Amidſt ten thouſand eminently known.
Flowers ſpring where e're he treads, his Eyes,
Fountains of brightneſs, cheering all about him!
VVhen will they ſhine on me?——O ſtay my Soul!
I cannot dye in peace 'till I have ſeen him.

Caſtalio *re-Enters.*

Caſt. VVho talks of dying with a Voice ſo ſweet,
That life's in love with it?
Mon. Hark! 'tis he that anſwers;
So in a Camp though at the dead of night,
If but the Trumpet's chearful noiſe is heard,
All at the ſignal leap from downey reſt,
And every Heart awakes, as mine does now.
VVhere art thou?
Caſt. Here, my Love.
Mon. No nearer, leſt I vaniſh.
Caſt. Have I been in a Dream then all this while!
And art thou but the ſhadow of *Monimia!*
Why doeſt thou fly me thus?
Mon. Oh! were it poſſible that we could drown
In dark Oblivion but a few paſt hours,
We might be happy.
Caſt. Is't then ſo hard, *Monimia*, to forgive
A Fault, where humble Love, like mine, implores thee?

For I muſt love thee, though it prove my ruin.
Which way ſhall I Court thee?
What ſhall I do to be enough thy Slave,
And ſatisfy the lovely pride that's in thee?
I'll kneel to thee, and weep a flood before thee,
Yet prithee, Tyrant, break not quite my heart;
But when my task of Penitence is done,
Heal it again, and Comfort me with Love.
Mon. If I am dumb, *Caſtalio*, and want words,
To pay thee back this mighty tenderneſs;
It is becauſe I look on thee with horror,
And cannot ſee the man I ſo have wrong'd.
Caſt. Thou haſt not wrong'd me.
Mon. Ah! alas, thou talk'ſt
Juſt as thy poor Heart thinks; have not I wrong'd thee!
Caſt. No.
Mon. Still thou wander'ſt in the dark, *Caſtalio*;
But wilt e're long ſtumble on horrid Danger.
Caſt. What means my Love!
Mon. Couldſt thou but forgive me!
Caſt. What?
Mon. For my fault laſt night; Alas, thou canſt not.
Caſt. I can, and do.
Mon. Thus Crawling on the Earth
Would I that Pardon meet; the only thing
Can make me view the Face of Heaven with hope.
Caſt. Then let's draw near.
Mon. Ah me!
Caſt. So in the Fields,
When the deſtroyer has been out for Prey,
The ſcatter'd Lovers of the Feather'd Kind,
Seeking when danger's paſt to meet again,
Make moan, and call, by ſuch degrees approach;
'Till joying thus they bill, and ſpread their Wings,
Murmuring Love, and Joy, their fears are over.
Mon. Yet have a Care, be not too fond of Peace,
Left in Purſuance of the goodly quarry,
Thou meet a diſappointment diſtracts thee.
Caſt. My better Angel, then do thou inform me,
What danger threatens me, and where it lyes:
Why didſt thou (prithee ſmile and tell me why)
When I ſtood waiting underneath the Window,
Quaking with fierce and violent deſires;

The dropping dews fell cold upon my head,
Darkneſs enclos'd, and the Winds whiſtl'd round me;
Which with my mournful ſighs made ſuch ſad Muſick
As might have mov'd the hardeſt heart; Why wert thou
Deaf to my Cryes, and ſenſeleſs of my pains?
Mon. Did I not beg thee to forbear inquiry?
Read'ſt thou not ſomething in my face, that ſpeaks
Wonderful change, and Horror from within me?
Caſt. Then there is ſomething yet which I've not known;
What doſt thou mean by horrour, and forbearance
Of more inquiry? tell me, I beg thee, tell me:
And do not betray me to a ſecond madneſs.
Mon. Muſt I?
Caſt. If labouring in the pangs of death,
Thou would'ſt do any thing to give me eaſe;
Unfold this riddle e're my thoughts grow wild,
And let in Fears of ugly form upon me.
Mon. My heart won't let me ſpeak it; but remember,
Monimia, poor *Monimia* tells you this,
We ne're muſt meet again———
Caſt. What means my deſtiny?
For all my good or evil Fate dwells in thee:
Ne're meet again!
Mon. No, never.
Caſt. Where's the pow'r
On Earth, that dares not look like thee, and ſay ſo?
Thou art my heart's inheritance, I ſerv'd
A long and painful, faithful ſlavery for thee:
And who ſhall rob me of the dear bought bleſſing?
Mon. Time will clear all, but now let this content you:
Heav'n has decreed, and therefore I've reſolv'd,
(VVith Torment I muſt tell it thee, *Caſtalio*)
Ever to be a Stranger to thy Love;
In ſome far diſtant Country waſte my life,
And from this day to ſee thy Face no more.
Caſt. Where am I? ſure I wander midſt Inchantment,
And never more ſhall find the way to reſt;
But, oh *Monimia*, art th' indeed reſolv'd,
To puniſh me with everlaſting abſence?
Why turn'ſt thou from me? I'm alone already;
Methinks I ſtand upon a naked beach,
Sighing to winds, and to the Seas complaining,
Whilſt afar off the Veſſel ſailes away,

VVhere all the Treaſure of my Soul's embarqu'd;
VVilt thou not turn—Oh could thoſe eyes but ſpeak
I ſhould know all, for Love is pregnant in 'em;
They ſwell, they preſs their beams upon me ſtill:
VVilt thou not ſpeak? if we muſt part for ever,
Give me but one kind word to think upon,
And pleaſe my ſelf withal, whilſt my heart's breaking.
Mon. Ah poor *Caſtalio!* [*Ex.* Mon.
Caſt. Pity, by the Gods,
She pities me; then thou wilt go eternally?
What means all this? why all this ſtir to plague
A ſingle Wretch? If but your Word can ſhake
This World to Atomes, why ſo much ado
With me? think me but dead, and lay me ſo.

Enter Polydore.

Pol. To live, and live a Torment to my ſelf,
VVhat Dog would bear't that knew but his Condition?
VVe have little knowledge, and that makes us Cowards,
Becauſe it cannot tell us what's to come.
Caſt. VVho's there?
Pol. VVhy, what art thou?
Caſt. My Brother *Polydore!*
Pol. My Name is *Polydore.*
Caſt. Canſt thou inform me?
Pol. Of what?
Caſt. Of my *Monimia?*
Pol. No. Good-day.
Caſt. In haſte?
Methinks my *Polydore* appears in ſadneſs.
Pol. Indeed and ſo to me does my *Caſtalio.*
Caſt. Do I?
Pol. Thou doſt.
Caſt. Alas! I've wondrous reaſon;
I'm ſtrangely alter'd, Brother, ſince I ſaw thee.
Pol. Why?
Caſt. Oh, to tell thee would but put thy heart
To pain; let me embrace thee but a little,
And weep upon thy Neck; I would repoſe
VVithin thy friendly boſom all my Follies,
For thou wilt pardon 'em, becauſe th'are mine.
Pol. Be not too credulous, conſider firſt,
Friends may be falſe. Is there no Friendſhip falſe?

Caſt. VVhy doſt thou ask me that? does this appear
Like a falſe Friendſhip, when with open Arms
And ſtreaming Eyes I run upon thy Breaſt?
Oh 'tis in thee alone I muſt have Comfort.
Pol. I fear, *Caſtalio*, I have none to give thee.
Caſt. Doſt thou not love me then?
Pol. Oh, more than Life:
I never had a thought of my *Caſtalio*
Might wrong the Friendſhip we had vow'd together.
Haſt thou dealt ſo by me?
Caſt. I hope I have.
Pol. Then tell me why this mourning, this diſorder?
Caſt. Oh, *Polydore*, I know not how to tell thee;
Shame riſes in my Face, and interrupts
The Story of my Tongue.
Pol. I grieve my Friend
Knows any thing which he's aſham'd to tell me;
Or did'ſt thou e're conceal thy thoughts from *Polydore?*
Caſt. Oh, much too oft;
But let me here conjure thee,
By all the kind Affection of a Brother,
(For I'm aſham'd to call my ſelf thy Friend)
Forgive me.
Pol. Well, go on.
Caſt. Our Deſtiny contriv'd
To plague us both with one unhappy Love!
Thou like a Friend, a conſtant generous Friend,
In its firſt pangs didſt truſt me with thy Paſſion,
Whilſt I ſtill ſmooth'd my pain with ſmiles before thee,
And made a Contract I ne're meant to keep.
Pol. How!
Caſt. Still new ways I ſtudy'd to abuſe thee,
And kept thee as a ſtranger to my Paſſion,
'Till yeſterday I wedded with *Monimia.*
Pol. Ah, *Caſtalio*, was that well done?
Caſt. No, to conceal it from thee, was much a fault.
Pol. A fault! when thou haſt heard
The Tale I'll tell, what wilt thou call it then?
Caſt. How my heart throbs!
Pol. Firſt, for thy Friendſhip, Traytor,
I cancel't thus; after this day I'll ne're
Hold truſt, or converſe, with the falſe *Caſtalio:*
This, witneſs Heav'n.

Caſt. What will my Fate do with me?
I've loſt all happineſs, and know not why:
What means this, Brother?
Pol. Perjur'd, treacherous Wretch,
Farewell.
Caſt. I'll be thy Slave, and thou ſhalt uſe me
Juſt as thou wilt, do but forgive me.
Pol. Never.
Caſt. Oh! think a little what thy heart is doing;
How from our Infancy we hand in hand
Have trod the Path of Life, in Love together;
One Bed has held us, and the ſame deſires,
The ſame Averſions ſtill imploy'd our thoughts:
When e're had I a Friend, that was not *Polydore*'s?
Or *Polydore* a Foe, that was not mine?
Ev'n in the Womb we embrac'd, and wilt thou now,
For the firſt Fault, abandon and forſake me,
Leave me amidſt Afflictions to my ſelf,
Plung'd in the gulf of grief, and none to help me?
Pol. Go to *Monimia*, in her Arms thou'lt find
Repoſe; She has the Art of healing ſorrows.
Caſt. What Arts?
Pol. Blind Wretch, thou Husband! there's a queſtion;
Go to her fulſom bed, and wallow there,
'Till ſome hot Ruffian, full of luſt and wine,
Come ſtorm thee out, and ſhew thee what's thy Bargain.
Caſt. Hold there, I charge thee.
Pol. Is ſhe not a——
Caſt. Whore?
Pol. Ay, Whore; I think that word needs no explaining.
Caſt. Alas, I can forgive ev'n this to thee;
But let me tell thee, *Polydore*, I'm griev'd
To find thee guilty of ſuch low Revenge,
To wrong that Vertue which thou couldſt not ruin!
Pol. It ſeems I lye then.
Caſt. Should the braveſt Man
That e're wore Conquering Sword, but dare to whiſper
What thou proclaim'ſt, he were the worſt of Lyars:
My Friend may be miſtaken.
Pol. Damn the Evaſion;
Thou mean'ſt the worſt, and he's a baſe born Villain
That ſaid I ly'd.

Caſt. Do, draw thy Sword, and thruſt it thro' my Heart.
There is no Joy in Life; if thou art loſt.
A baſe born Villain!
Pol. Yes, thou never cam'ſt
From old *Acaſto*'s Loyns; the Midwife put
A Cheat upon my Mother, and inſtead
Of a true Brother, in the Cradle by me
Plac'd ſome courſe Peaſants Cub, and thou art he.
Caſt. Thou art my Brother ſtill.
Pol. Thou ly'ſt.
Caſt. Nay, then: [*He draws.*
Yet I am Calm.
Pol. A Coward's always ſo.
Caſt. Ah——ah——that ſtings home: Coward!
Pol. Ay, baſe born Coward, Villain.
Caſt. This to thy heart then, tho' my Mother bore thee.
[*Fight,* Polydore *drops his Sword, and runs on* Caſtalio.
Pol. Now my *Caſtalio* is again my Friend.
Caſt. What have I done! My Sword is in thy Breaſt.
Pol. So I would have it be, thou beſt of men,
Thou kindeſt Brother, and thou trueſt Friend.
Caſt. Ye Gods, we're taught, that all your works are Juſtice:
Y'are painted merciful, and Friends to innocence:
If ſo, then why theſe plagues upon my head?
Pol. Blame not the Heav'ns; here lyes thy Fate, *Caſtalio;*
Th'are not the Gods, 'tis *Polydore* has wrong'd thee;
I've ſtain'd thy Bed, thy ſpotleſs Marriage Joys
Have been polluted by thy Brothers Luſt.
Caſt. By thee!
Pol. By me; laſt night the horrid deed
Was done; when all things ſlept, but Rage and Inceſt.
Caſt. Now, where's *Monimia?* Oh!

Enter Monimia.

Mon. I'm here, who calls me?
Methought I heard a Voice
Sweet as the Shepherd's Pipe upon the Mountains,
When all his little Flock's at feed before him.
But what means this? here's Blood.
Caſt. Ay, Brother's Bloud;
Art thou prepar'd for everlaſting pains?
Pol. O let me charge thee by th'Eternal juſtice,
Hurt not her tender Life!

Caſt. Not kill her? Rack me,
Ye Powers above, with all your choiceſt Torments,
Horror of mind, and pains yet uninvented,
If I not practice cruelty upon her,
And treat revenge ſome way yet never known.
Mon. That Task my ſelf have finiſht, I ſhall dye
Before we part: I've drunk a healing draught
For all my Cares, and never more ſhall wrong thee.
Pol. Oh, ſhe's innocent.
Caſt. Tell me that Story,
And thou wilt make a wretch of me indeed.
Pol. Hadſt thou, *Caſtalio*, us'd me like a Friend,
This ne're had happen'd; hadſt thou let me know
Thy Marriage, we had all now met in Joy:
But ignorant of that,
Hearing th'appointment made, inrag'd to think
Thou hadſt out-done me in ſucceſsful Love,
I in the dark went and ſupply'd thy place;
Whilſt all the Night midſt our triumphant Joys,
The trembling, tender, kind, deceiv'd *Monimia*,
Embrac'd, Careſt, and call'd me her *Caſtalio*.
Caſt. And all this is the Work of my own Fortune:
None but my ſelf cou'd e're have been ſo curſt.
My Fatal Love, alas! has ruin'd thee
Thou faireſt, goodlieſt Frame the Gods e're made,
Or ever humane eyes and hearts ador'd;
I've murder'd too my Brother.
Why wouldſt thou ſtudy ways to damn me further,
And force the ſin of Parricide upon me?
Pol. 'Twas my own Fault, and thou art innocent;
Forgive the barbarous treſpaſs of my Tongue,
'Twas a hard violence; I cou'd have dy'd
With Love of thee, ev'n when I us'd thee worſt;
Nay, at each word that my Diſtraction utter'd,
My heart recoyl'd, and 'twas half death to ſpeak 'em.
Mon. Now, my *Caſtalio*, the moſt dear of men,
Wilt thou receive pollution to thy Boſom,
And cloſe the eyes of one that has betray'd thee?
Caſt. Oh I'm th' unhappy wretch, whoſe curſed Fate
Has weigh'd thee down into deſtruction with him;
Why then thus kind to me?
Mon. When I'm laid low i'th'Grave, and quite forgotten,
May'ſt thou be happy in a fairer Bride;

But none can ever love thee like *Monimia*.
When I am dead, as preſently I ſhall be,
(For the grim Tyrant graſps my heart already)
Speak well of me; and if thou find ill tongues
Too buſie with my Fame, don't hear me wrong'd;
'Twill be a noble Juſtice to the memory
Of a poor Wretch once honour'd with thy Love.
How my head ſwims! 'Tis very dark. Good night. [*Dyes.*

Caſt. If I ſurvive thee! what a thought was that!
Thank Heav'n I go prepar'd againſt that Curſe.

Enter Chamont, *diſarm'd, and ſeiz'd by* Acaſto *and Servants.*

Cham. Gape Hell, and ſwallow me to quick Damnation,
If I forgive your Houſe, if I not live
An Everlaſting plague to thee, *Acaſto*,
And all thy Race. Y'have ore power'd me now;
But hear me, Heav'n!——Ah! here's the Scene of Death,
My Siſter, my *Monimia!* Breathleſs! now,
Ye Powers above, if y'have Juſtice, ſtrike,
Strike Bolts thro' me, and thro' the curſt *Caſtalio*.

Acaſt. My *Polydore*.

Pol. Who calls?

Acaſt. How cam'ſt thou wounded?

Caſt. Stand off thou hot-brain'd boiſterous noiſy Ruffian,
And leave me to thy ſorrows.

Cham. By the Love
I bore her living, I will ne're forſake,
But here remain 'till my heart burſt with ſobbing.

Caſt. Vaniſh I charge thee, or—— [*Draws a Dagger.*

Cham. Thou canſt not kill me,
That would be kindneſs, and againſt thy Nature.

Acaſt. What means *Caſtalio?* Sure thou wilt not pull
More ſorrows on thy Aged Father's Head.
Tell me, I beg you, tell me the ſad cauſe
Of all this ruin.

Pol. That muſt be my Task;
But 'tis too long for one in Pains to tell;
You'll in my Cloſet find the Story written
Of all our woes. *Caſtalio*'s innocent,
And ſo's *Monimia*, only I'm to blame:
Inquire no farther.

Caſt. Thou unkind *Chamont*,
Unjuſtly haſt purſu'd me with thy hate,

And ſought the life of him that never wrong'd thee:
Now if thou wilt embrace a noble vengeance,
Come join with me and curſe.
Cham. What?
Caſt. Firſt thy ſelf,
As I do, and the hour that gave thee birth:
Confuſion and diſorder ſeize the World,
To ſpoil all truſt and converſe amongſt men;
'Twixt Families ingender endleſs fewds,
In Countrys needleſs fears, in Cities factions,
In States Rebellion, and in Churches Schiſm:
'Till all things move againſt the courſe of Nature;
'Till Form's diſſolv'd, the Chain of Cauſes broken,
And the Originals of Being loſt.
Acaſt. Have Patience.
Caſt. Patience! preach it to the Winds,
To roaring Seas, or raging Fires; the Knaves
That teach it laugh at ye, when ye believe 'em.
Strip me of all the common needs of Life,
Scald me with Leproſie, let Friends forſake me,
I'll bear it all; but curſt to the Degree
That I am now, 'tis this muſt give me patience:
Thus I find reſt, and ſhall complain no more. [*Stabs himſelf.*
Pol. Caſtalio! Oh!
Caſt. I come.
Chamont, to thee my birth-right I bequeath:
Comfort my Mourning Father, heal his griefs;
Acaſto *faints into the Arms of a Servant.*
For I perceive they fall with weight upon him.
And for *Monimia*'s ſake, whom thou wilt find
I never wrong'd, be kind to poor *Serina.*
Now all I beg, is, lay me in one Grave
Thus with my Love. Farewell, I now am——nothing. [*Dies.*
Cham. Take care of good *Acaſto*, whilſt I go
To ſearch the means by which the Fates have plagu'd us.
'Tis thus that Heav'n it's Empire does maintain,
It may Afflict, but man muſt not Complain.

EPILOGUE

YOU've ſeen one Orphan ruin'd here, and I
May be the next, if old Acaſto *dye:*
Should it prove ſo, I'd fain amongſt you find,
Who 'tis would to the Fatherleſs be kind.
To whoſe protection might I ſafely go?
Is there amongſt you no good-Nature? No.
What ſhould I do? ſhould I the Godly ſeek,
And go a Conventicling twice a Week?
Quit the lewd Stage, and its prophane Pollution,
Affect each Form and Saint-like Inſtitution,
So draw the Brethren all to Contribution?
Or ſhall I (as I gueſs the Poet may
Within theſe three days) fairly run away?
No, to ſome City-Lodgings I'll retire,
Seem very grave, and privacy deſire
'Till I am thought ſome Heireſs rich in Lands,
Fled to eſcape a cruel Guardian's hands;
Which may produce a Story worth the telling
Of the next Sparks that go a Fortune-ſtealing.

THE

Souldiers Fortune

A COMEDY

Acted by their

ROYAL HIGHNESSES SERVANTS

AT THE

DUKE's Theatre

Written by THOMAS OTWAY

Quem recitas meus eſt, O Fidentine, libellus;
Sed male cum recitas incipit eſſe tuus
[*Martial.* I. 39.]

Source

LANGBAINE, *An Account of the English Dramatick Poets*, Oxford, 1691, sums up the various hints which Otway has used for this comedy as follows:

"There are several passages in this Play, that have been touch'd before by others: As for Instance, the Plot of My Lady *Dunce*, making her Husband the Agent in the Intrigue between *Beaugard* and her, to convey the Ring and Letter, is the Subject of other Plays before this; as *The Fawne*, and *Flora's Vagaries:* and the Original Story is in *Boccace's* Novels, Day 3. Nov. 3. Sir *Jolly* boulting out of his Closet, and surprising his Lady and *Beaugard* kissing, and her Deportment thereupon; is borrowed from *Scarron's Comical Romance*, in the Story of *Millamant*, or *The Rampant Lady*, p. 227, tho' by the way, that Story is not in the *French* Copy, and I suppose was not writ by *Scarron;* but was rather translated from *Les Amours des Dames Illustres de nôtre Siècle.* The Behaviour of *Bloody-bones*, is like the *Bravo*, in the *Antiquary;* and that of *Courtine* at *Silvia's* Balcony, like *Monsieur Thomas* his carriage to his Mistress, in that Play of *Fletcher's* so called." All these points have been dealt with in detail in the Introduction. It should be noted that Langbaine writes "Sir *Jolly* boulting . . ."; but this should be "Sir *Davy*."

Theatrical History

THE *Souldier's Fortune*, the most successful of Otway's comedies, was produced at Dorset Garden early in 1680. The King saw the play upon the first of March that year, and possibly this was the original performance. It proved enormously successful, and Downes records: "*The Soldiers Fortune Wrote by Mr.* Otway. *Then the Fond Husband, by Mr.* Durfey. These two Comedies took extraordinary well, and being perfectly *Acted*, got the Company great Reputation and Profit."

A Fond Husband; or, The Plotting Sisters, one of Durfey's merriest comedies, was produced at Dorset Garden in the spring of 1676 (licensed for printing, 15 June, 1676), and Steele in *The Guardian* (82; 15 June, 1713) says: "This comedy was honoured with the presence of King Charles the Second three of its first five nights." It kept the boards until the middle of the eighteenth century.

9 November, 1682, we find that King Charles was at the theatre to see *The Souldiers Fortune*. He was accompanied by the Queen, and her Maids of Honour.

28 May, 1705, at Drury Lane, *The Souldier's Fortune* is announced as "not acted 5 years."

As time went on it naturally became necessary that Otway's comedy should be recast, and on 9 March, 1708, at Drury Lane, Beaugard was played by Powell, than whom, Cibber tells us, none could more happily hit a good deal of loose humour; Courtine, Wilks; Sir Davy Dunce, Ben Johnson; Sir Jolly Jumble, William Bullock, the "best comedian since Nokes and Leigh"; Fourbin, Bowen; Lady Dunce, Frances Maria Knight; Sylvia, the beautiful Jane Rogers.

On 17 January, 1716, at Drury Lane, *The Souldier's Fortune* is billed as "Not acted 7 years." Mills was Beaugard; Wilks and Johnson repeated their rôles of Courtine and Sir Davy Dunce; the facetious Joe Miller, Sir Jolly; Norris, Fourbin; Susanna Mountfort, Lady Dunce; and Miss Santlow, who afterwards married Barton Booth, Sylvia.

At Lincoln's Inn Fields *The Souldier's Fortune*, "Never acted there," was produced on 9 January, 1722, and given six times that season. Quin played Beaugard; Lacy Ryan, Courtine; Christopher Bullock, Sir Davy, in which part he made his last appearance; Jemmy Spiller, Fourbin; Hall, Bloody Bones; Mrs. Seymour, Lady Dunce; and Wilks' daughter, Mrs. Bullock, Sylvia.

On 8 March, 1748, at Covent Garden, for Giffard's benefit, Thomas Baker's *Tunbridge-Walks; or, The Yeoman of Kent*, was revived after an interval of fifteen years, Giffard himself playing Reynard, and his wife Hillaria. This was followed by *The Souldier's Fortune*, never before performed, being Otway's comedy cut down to a couple of acts. Gibson acted Beaugard; Anderson, Courtine; Collins, Sir Davy Dunce; Dunstall, Sir Jolly; Bencraft, Fourbin; Mrs. Dunstall, Lady Dunce; and Mrs. Bland, Sylvia.

Tunbridge-Walks was played on the tenth and twelfth of March, but without the afterpiece, which was not repeated. As might have been expected, the rifacimento of Otway's comedy did not please. It was found impossible to tinker at his scenes without wit and vigour evaporating in the process.

Davies in his *Dramatic Miscellanies*, London, 1784 (III, p. 232), says: "Garrick, above thirty years since, revived [Otway's] Soldier's Fortune; but, so changed were the manners of the times, that the actors with Woodward at their head, were severely treated by the audience." There is certainly an error here. Davies alludes to *Friendship in Fashion*, which was revived for one night only at Drury Lane, 22 January, 1750.

The Dedication

Mr. *Bentley*,

I Have often (during this Plays being in the Preſs) been importun'd for a Preface; which you, I ſuppoſe, would have ſpeak ſomething in Vindication of the Comedy: Now to pleaſe you, Mr. *Bentley*, I will as briefly as I can ſpeak my mind upon that occaſion, which you may be pleas'd to accept of, both as a Dedication to your ſelf, and next as a Preface to the Book.

And I am not a little proud, that it has happen'd into my thoughts to be the firſt who in theſe latter years has made an Epiſtle Dedicatory to his Stationer: It is a Complement as reaſonable as it is Juſt. For, Mr. *Bentley*, you pay honeſtly for the Copy; and an Epiſtle to you is a ſort of an Acquittance, and may be probably welcome; when to a Perſon of higher Rank and Order, it looks like an Obligation for Praiſes, which he knows he does not deſerve, and therefore is very unwilling to part with ready Money for.

As to the Vindication of this Comedy, between Friends and Acquaintance, I believe it is poſſible, that as much may be ſaid in its behalf, as heretofore has been for a great many others. But of all the Apiſh qualities about me, I have not that of being fond of my own Iſſue; nay, I muſt confeſs my ſelf a very unnatural Parent, for when it is once brought into the World, E'en let the Brat ſhift for it ſelf, I ſay.

The Objections made againſt the merit of this poor Play, I muſt confeſs, are very grevious.

Firſt, Says a Lady, that ſhall be nameleſs, becauſe the World may think civilly of her; Fogh! oh *Sherru*, 'tis ſo filthy, ſo bawdy, no modeſt Woman ought to be ſeen at it: Let me dye, it has made me ſick: When the World lies, Mr. *Bentley*, if that very Lady has not eaſily digeſted a much ranker morſel in a little Ale-houſe towards *Paddington*, and never made a Face at it: But your true Jilt is a Creature that can extract Bawdy out of the chaſteſt ſence, as eaſily as a Spider can Poiſon out of a Roſe: They know true Bawdy, let it be ever ſo much conceal'd, as perfectly as *Falſtaff* did the true Prince by inſtinct: They will ſeparate the true Metal from the Allay let us temper it as well as we can: ſome Women are the Touchſtones of filthineſs. Though I have heard a Lady (that has more modeſty than any of thoſe ſhe Criticks, and I am ſure more wit) ſay, She wonder'd

at the impudence of any of her Sex, that would pretend to underſtand the thing call'd Bawdy. So Mr. *Bentley*, for ought I perceive, my Play may be innocent yet, and the Lady miſtaken in pretending to the knowledge of a Myſtery above her; though, to ſpeak honeſtly, ſhe has had beſides her Wit a liberal Education; and, if we may credit the World, has not buried her Talent neither.

This is, Mr. *Bentley*, all I can ſay in behalf of my Play: Wherefore I throw it into Your Arms; make the beſt of it you can; praiſe it to your Cuſtomers; Sell ten thouſand of them, if poſſible, and then you will compleat the Wiſhes of

Your Friend and Servant,

THO. OTWAY.

PROLOGUE

By the Lord *Falkland.*

FOrſaken Dames, with leſs concern, reflect
On their inconſtant Hero's cold neglect,
Than we (provok'd by this ungrateful Age)
Bear the hard Fate of our abandon'd Stage;
With Grief we ſee you raviſht from our Arms,
And curſe the feeble Vertue of our Charms:
Curſe your falſe hearts, for none ſo falſe as they,
And curſe the Eyes that ſtole thoſe hearts away.
Remember, faithleſs Friends, there was a time,
(But oh the ſad Remembrance of our Prime!)
When to our arms with eager Joys ye flew,
And we believ'd your treach'rous Hearts as true
As e're was Nymph of ours to one of you.
But a more pow'rful Saint enjoys ye now;*
Fraught with ſweet ſins and abſolutions too:
To her are all your pious Vows addreſt,
She's both your Loves, and your Religion's Teſt,
The faireſt Prelate of her time, and beſt.
We own her more deſerving far then we,
A juſt excuſe for your inconſtancy.
Yet 'twas unkindly done to leave us ſo;
Firſt to betray with Love, and then undo,
A horrid Crime y' are all addicted to.
Too ſoon, alas! your Appetites are cloy'd,
And Phillis *rules no more, when once enjoy'd:*
But all raſh Oaths of Love and conſtancy,
With the too-ſhort forgotten Pleaſures die:
Whilſt ſhe, poor Soul, robb'd of her deareſt eaſe,
Still drudges on, with vain deſire to pleaſe;
And reſtleſs follows you from place to place,
For Tributes due to her Autumnal Face.
Deſerted thus by ſuch ungrateful men,
How can we hope you'll e're return agen?
Here's no new Charm to tempt ye as before,
Wit now's our only Treaſure left in ſtore,
And that's a Coyn will paſs with you no more:
You who ſuch dreadful Bullies would appear,
(True Bullyes! quiet when there's danger near)
Shew your great Souls in damning Poets here.

* Pope Joan.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Capt. *Beaugard*,	Mr. *Betterton*.
Courtine,	Mr. *Smith*.
Sir *Davy Dunce*,	Mr. *Nokes*.
Sir *Jolly Jumble*,	Mr. *Leigh*.
Fourbin, a Servant to *Beaugard*,	Mr. *Jevon*.
Bloody-Bones,	Mr. *Richards*.
Vermin, Servant to Sir *Davy*,	A Boy.
Lady *Dunce*,	Mrs. *Barry*.
Sylvia,	Mrs. *Price*.
Maid.	

A Conſtable and Watch.

SCENE, *LONDON*.

THE SOULDIERS FORTUNE

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Beaugard, Courtine, *and* Fourbin.

Beaugard.

A POX o' Fortune! Thou art always teizing me about Fortune: Thou riſeſt in a Morning with ill luck in thy Mouth; nay, never eateſt a Dinner, but thou ſigheſt two hours after it, with thinking where to get the next. Fortune be damn'd ſince the worlds ſo wide.

Cour. As wide as it is; 'tis ſo throng'd and cramm'd with Knaves and Fools, that an honeſt man can hardly get a living in it.

Beau. Do, rail, *Courtine*, do: it may get thee employment.

Cour. At you I ought to rail; 'twas your fault we left our Employments abroad, to come home and be Loyal: and now we as Loyally ſtarve for it.

Beau. Did not thy Anceſtors do it before thee, man? I tell thee, Loyalty and Starving are all one. The old Cavaliers got ſuch a trick of it in the King's Exile that their poſterity could never thrive ſince.

Cour. 'Tis a fine Equipage I am lik'd to be reduc'd to; I ſhall be e're long as greaſy as an *Alſatia* Bully; this a flopping Hat, pin'd up on one ſide, with a ſandy weather-beaten Perruque, dirty Linen, and to compleat the Figure, a long ſcandalous Iron Sword jarring at my Heels; like a——

Beau. Snarling thou meaneſt like it's Maſter.

Cour. My Companion's the worthy Knight of the moſt Noble Order of the Poſt: Your Peripatetrick Philoſophers of the Temple walks, Rogues in Rags, and yet not honeſt; Villains that undervalue Damnation, ſtill forſwear themſelves for a Dinner, and hang their Fathers for half a Crown.

Beau. I am aſham'd to hear a Souldier talk of Starving.

Cour. Why, what ſhall I do? I can't ſteal——

Beau. Though thou canſt not ſteal, thou haſt other vices enough for any Induſtrious young fellow to live comfortably upon.

Cour. What wouldſt thou have me turn Raſcal, and run cheating up and down the Town for a livelihood? I would no more keep a Blockhead company, and endure his Nauſeous non-ſenſe in hopes to get him, than I

would be a druge to an old Woman with Rheumatick Eyes, hollow Teeth, and ſtinking breath, for a penſion: Of all Rogues I would not be a fool-monger.

Beau. How well this niceneſs becomes thee! I'd fain ſee thee ee'n turn Parſon in a pet, o'purpoſe to rail at all thoſe vices which I know thou naturally art fond of. Why ſurely an Old Ladies penſion need not be ſo deſpicable in the eyes of a disbanded Officer, as times go, Friend.

Cour. I am glad, *Beaugard*, you think ſo.

Beau. Why thou ſhalt think ſo too, man; be rul'd by me, and I'll bring thee into good company, Families, *Courtine*, Families, and ſuch Families, where formality's a ſcandal, and pleaſure is the bus'neſs; where the Women are all Wanton, and the Men are all Witty, you Rogue.

Cour. What ſome of your Worſhip's *Wapping* Acquaintance, that you made laſt time you came over for recruits, and Spirited away your Land-ladies Daughter a Volunteering with you into *France*.

Beau. I'll bring thee, *Courtine*, where Cuckoldom's in credit, and lewd-neſs laudable, where thou ſhalt wallow in pleaſures and preferments, revel all day, and every Night lye in the Armes of melting beauty, ſweet as Roſes, and as Springs refreſhing.

Cour. Prithee don't talk thus; I had rather thou wouldſt tell me where new Levies are to be rais'd: a Pox of Whores, when a man has not Money to make 'em Comfortable.

Beau. That ſhall ſhower upon us in abundance; and for inſtance, know to thy everlaſting amazement, all this dropt out of the Clouds to day!

Cour. Hah! Gold by this light!——

Four. Out of the Clouds!——

Beau. Ay, Gold! does it not ſmell of the ſweet hand that ſent it? ſmell—ſmell you Dog—— [*To* Fourbin.

[Fourbin *ſmells to the handful of Gold, and gathers up ſome pieces in his Mouth.*

Four. Truly, Sir, of Heavenly ſweetneſs, and very refreſhing.

Cour. Dear *Beaugard*, if thou haſt any good Nature in thee; if thou wouldſt not have me hang my ſelf before my time, tell me where the Devil haunts that helpt thee to this, that I may go make a bargain with him preſently: Speak, ſpeak, or I am a loſt Man.

Beau. Why thou muſt know this Devil, which I have given my Soul to already, and muſt I ſuppoſe have my Body very ſpeedily, lives I know not where, and may for ought I know be a real Devil; but if it be 'tis the beſt natur'd Devil under *Beelzebubs* Dominion, that I'll ſwear to.

Cour. But how came the gold, then?

Beau. To deal freely with my Friend, I am lately happen'd into the acquaintance of a very Reverend pimp, as fine a diſcreet ſober gray bearded old Gentleman as one would wiſh, as good a natur'd publick

ſpirited Perſon as the Nation holds; one that is never ſo happy as when he is bringing good people together, and promoting civil underſtanding betwixt the ſexes: Nay, rather than want employment, he will go from one end of the Town to t'other to procure my Lords little Dog to be civil to my Ladies little languiſhing Bitch.

Cour. A very worthy Member of the Common-Wealth:

Beau. This noble Perſon one day——but *Fourbin* can give you a more particular account of the matter; ſweet Sir, if you pleaſe tell us the Story of the firſt encounter betwixt you and Sir *Jolly Jumble*; you muſt know that's his Title.

Four. Sir, it ſhall be done——walking one day upon the *Piazza* about three of the Clock i' th' after Noon, to get me a Stomach to my dinner, I chanc'd to encounter a Perſon of goodly preſence, and worthy appearance; his Beard and Hair white, grave and comely, his countenance ruddy, Plump, ſmooth and cheerful; who perceiving me alſo equipt as I am with a meen and Air which might well inform him I was a Perſon of no inconſiderable quality, came very reſpectfully up to me, and after the uſual ceremonies between Perſons of parts and breeding had paſt, very humbly enquired of me what is it a Clock—I preſently underſtood by the Queſtion that he was a Man of Parts and Buſineſs, told him, I did preſume it was at moſt but nicely turn'd of three.

Beau. Very Court-like, civil, quaint, and new, I think.

Four. The freedom of comerce encreaſing, after ſome little inconſiderable queſtions *pour paſſer le temps*, and ſo he was pleaſed to offer me the courteſie of a glaſs of Wine: I told him I very ſeldom drank, but if he ſo pleas'd, I would do my ſelf the honour to preſent him with a diſh of meat at an eating Houſe hard by, where I had an intereſt.

Cour. Very well: I think this Squire of thine *Beaugard*, is as accompliſht a Perſon as any of the employment I ever ſaw.

Beau. Let the Rogue go on.

Four. In ſhort we agreed and went together: As ſoon as we entred the Room, I am your moſt humble Servant, Sir, ſays he——I am the meaneſt of your Vaſſals, Sir, ſaid I——I am very happy in lighting into the acquaintance of ſo worthy a Gentleman as you appear to be, Sir, ſayd he again——worthy, Sir *Jolly*, then came I upon him again o' t'other ſide (for you muſt know by that time I had gropt ont his Title) I kiſs your hands from the bottom of my heart, which I ſhall be always ready to lay at your Feet.

Cour. Well, *Fourbin*, and what reply'd the Knight then?

Four. Nothing, he had nothing to ſay; his ſenſe was tranſported with admiration of my parts: ſo we ſat down, and after ſome pauſe, he deſired to know by what title he was to diſtinguiſh the perſon that had ſo highly honoured him.

Beau. That is as much as to ſay, Sir, whoſe Raſcal you were.

Four. Sir, you may make as bold with your poor Slave as you pleaſe ——I told him thoſe that knew me well were pleas'd to call me the Chevalier *Fourbin*, that I was a Cadet of that Ancient Family of the *Fourbinois*; and that I had the honour of ſerving the great Monarch of *France* in his Wars in *Flanders*, where I contracted great Familiarity and intimacy with a gallant officer of the *Engliſh* Troops in that ſervice, one Captain *Beaugard*.

Beau. Oh, Sir, you did me too much honour. What a true-bred Rogue's this!——

Cour. Well, but the Money, *Fourbin* the Money.

Four. Beaugard, hum *Beaugard* ſays he!—ay it muſt be ſo,——a black man, is he not?—ay, ſays I, blackiſh—a dark brown——full Fac't——yes——a ſly ſubtle obſerving eye?——the ſame——a ſtrong-built well-made man?——right——a develliſh fellow for a Wench, a deviliſh fellow for a Wench, I warrant him; a thundring Rogue upon occaſion, *Beaugard!* a Thundering Fellow for a Wench, I muſt be acquainted with him.

Cour. But to the money, the money, man, that's the thing I would be acquainted withall.

Beau. This civil Gentleman of the Chevaliers acquaintance comes yeſterday morning to my Lodging, and ſeeing my Picture in Miniature upon the Toylet, told me with the greateſt exſtaſie in the World, that was the thing he came to me about: He told me there was a Lady of his acquaintance had ſome favourable thoughts of me, and I gad, ſays he, ſhe's a hummer; ſuch a *Bona Roba*, ah-h-h. So without more ado begs me to lend it him till dinner, (for we concluded to eat together) ſo away he ſcuttled with as great joy as if he had found the Philoſophers ſtone.

Cour. Very well.

Beau. At *Locket's* we met again: Where after a thouſand grimaces to ſhew how much he was pleaſed, inſtead of my Picture, preſents me with the contents aforeſaid; and told me the Lady deſir'd me to accept of 'em for the Picture, which ſhe was much tranſported withall, as well as with the Original.

Cour. Hah!

Beau. Now, whereabouts this taking quality lies in me, the Devil take me Ned if I know: But the Fates, Ned, the Fates!

Cour. A Curſe on the Fates! Of all Strumpets, Fortunes the baſeſt; 'twas Fortune made me a Souldier, a Rogue in red, the grievance of the Nation; Fortune made the peace juſt when we were upon the brink of a War; then Fortune disbanded us, and loſt us two Months pay: Fortune gave us Debentures inſtead of ready Money, and by very good Fortune I ſold mine, and loſt heartily by it, in hopes the grinding ill-natur'd dog that bought it will never get a ſhilling for't——

Beau. Leave off thy railing for ſhame, it looks like a Cur that barks for want of bones. come, times may mend, and an honeſt Souldier be in faſhion again.

Cour. Theſe greaſie fat unwieldly wheeting Rogues that live at home, and brood over their bags, when a fit of fear's upon 'em, then if one of us paſs but by, all the Family is ready at the door to cry, Heaven's bleſs you, Sir, the Laird go along with you.

Beau. Ah good men, what pity 'tis ſuch proper Gentlemen ſhould ever be out of Employment.

Cour. But when the bus'neſs is over, then every Pariſh Bawd that goes but to a Conventicle twice a Week, and pays but ſcot and lot to the Pariſh, ſhall roar out, fogh, ye Lowſy Red-coat rake hells! hout ye Caterpillars, ye Locuſts of the Nation; you are the Dogs that would enſlave us all, plunder our Shops, and raviſh our Daughters, ye Scoundrels.

Beau. I muſt confeſs raviſhing ought to be regulated, it would deſtroy commerce, and many a good Sober Matron about this Town might loſe the ſelling of her Daughter's Maiden-head, which were a great grievance to the people, and a particular Branch of property loſt, *Fourbin.*

Four. Your Worſhip's pleaſure?

Beau. Run like a Rogue as you are, and try to find Sir *Jolly*, and deſire him to meet me at the blew Poſts in the Hay-Market about 12; we'll Dine together: I muſt inquire farther into yeſterday's adventure; in the mean time, Ned, here's half the prize to be doing withall; old friends muſt preſerve Correſpondence; we have ſhar'd good Fortune together, and bad ſhall never part us.

Cour. Well, thou wilt certainly die in a Ditch for this: Haſt thou no more grace then, to be a true Friend? nay, to part with thy Money to thy Friend? I grant you, a Gentleman may ſwear and lye for his Friend, pimp for his Friend, hang for his Friend, and ſo forth; but to part with ready money is the devil.

Beau. Stand aſide either I am miſtaken, or yonder's Sir *Jolly* coming: Now, *Courtine*, will I ſhew thee the Flower of Knighthood. Ah, Sir *Jolly!*

Enter Sir Jolly.

Sir *Jol.* My Hero! my darling! my Ganimede! how doſt thou? Strong! wanton! luſty! rampant! hah, ah, ah! She's thine, Boy, odd ſhe's thine, plump, ſoft, ſmooth, wanton! hah, ah, ah! Ah Rogue! ah Rogue! here's ſhouldiers, here's ſhape! there's a Foot and Leg, here's a Leg, here's a Leg——Qua-a-a-a-a.

[*Squeaks like a Cat, and tickles* Beaugard's *Legs.*

Cour. What an old Goat's this?

Sir *Jol.* Child, Child, Child, who's that? a friend of thine? a friend o' thine? A pretty fellow, odd a very pretty fellow, and a ſtrong dog I'll

warrant him. How doſt do dear heart? prithee let me kiſs thee, I'll ſwear and vow I will kiſs thee; ha, ha, he, he, he, he, a Toad, a Toad, ah Toa-a-a-ad——

Cour. Sir, I am your humble Servant.

Beau. But the Lady, Sir *Jolly*, that Lady, how does the Lady, what ſays the Lady, Sir *Jolly?*

Sir *Jol.* What ſays the Lady! why ſhe ſays—ſhe ſays—odd ſhe has a delicate Lip, ſuch a Lip, ſo red, ſo hard, ſo plump, ſo blub; I fancy I am eating Cherries every time I think on't—and for her Neck and Breaſts, and her—odds Life; I'll ſay no more, not a word more, but I know, I know——

Beau. I am ſorry for that with all my Heart; do you know, ſay you, Sir, and would you put off your mumbled orts, your offal upon me?——

Sir *Jol.* Huſh, huſh, huſh! have a care; as I live and breathe, not I; alack and well-a-day, I am a poor old fellow, decay'd and undone: All's gone with me, Gentlemen, but my good Nature; odd I love to know how matters go though now and then, to ſee a pretty Wench and a young Fellow Towze and Rowze and Frouze and Mowze; odd I love a young fellow dearly, faith dearly——

Cour. This is the moſt extraordinary rogue I ever met withall.

Beau. But Sir *Jolly*, in the firſt place, you muſt know, I have ſworn never to marry.

Sir *Jol.* I would not have thee, man, I am a Bachelour my ſelf, and have been a whore Maſter all my life; beſides ſhe's married already man, her Husband's an old greaſie, untoward, ill-natur'd, ſlovenly, Tobacco-taking Cuckold; but plaguy Jealous.

Beau. Already a Cuckold, Sir *Jolly*.

Sir *Jol.* No; that ſhall be, my Boy, thou ſhalt make him one, and I'll pimp for thee dear heart; and ſhan't I hold the door, ſhan't I peep? hah, ſhan't I, you devil, you little dog, ſhan't I?——

Beau. What is't, I'd not grant to oblige my Patron?

Sir *Jol.* And then doſt hear, I have a Lodging for thee in my own houſe; doſt hear, old Soul, in my own houſe; She lives the very next door Man, there's but a Wall to part her Chamber and thine; and then for a peep-hole, odds fiſh I have a peep-hole for thee; 'sbud I'll ſhew thee, I'll ſhew thee——

Beau. But when, Sir *Jolly?* I am in haſte, impatient.

Sir *Jol.* Why this very night, Man: poor Rogue's in haſte, poor Rogue; but hear you——

Cour. The matter?

Sir *Jol.* Shan't we dine together?

Beau. With all my heart.

Sir *Jol.* The Maw begins to empty, get you before, and beſpeak Dinner

at the blew poſts; while I ſtay behind and gather up a diſh of Whores for a deſert.

Cour. Be ſure that they be lew'd, drunken, ſtripping Whores, Sir *Jolly*, that won't be affectedly ſqueamiſh and troubleſome.

Sir *Jol.* I warrant you.

Cour. I love a well diſciplin'd Whore that ſhews all the tricks of her profeſſion with a wink, like an old Souldier that underſtands all his exerciſe by beat of Drum.

Sir *Jol.* Ay Thief, ſay'ſt thou ſo! I muſt be better acquainted with that fellow; he has a notable Noſe, a hard brawny Carle—true and truſty, and mettle I'll warrant him.

Beau. Well, Sir *Jolly*, you'l not fail us?

Sir *Jol.* Fail ye! am I a Knight? hark ye Boys: I'll muſter this evening ſuch a Regiment of Rampant, Roaring, Royſterous Whores, that ſhall make more noiſe than if all the Cats in the Hay-Market were in Conjunction: Whores ye Rogues that ſhall ſwear with you, drink with you, talk Bawdy with you, fight with you, ſcratch with you, lye with you, and go to the Devil with you. Shan't we be very merry, hah!——

Cour. As merry as Wine, Women and Wickedneſs can make us.

Sir *Jol.* Odd that's well ſaid again, very well ſaid; as merry as Wine, Women and wickedneſs can make us: I love a fellow that is very wicked dearly; methinks there's a ſpirit in him, there's a ſort of tantara rara; tantara rara, ah, ah h h; well, and won't ye, when the Women come, won't ye, and ſhall I not ſee a little ſport amongſt you? well get ye gone; ah Rogues, ah Rogues, da, da, I'll be with you, da, da——

[*Ex.* Beaugard *and* Courtine.

Enter ſeveral Whores, and three Bullies.

1 *Bul.* In the Name of Satan, what Whores are thoſe in their Copper trim, yonder?

1 *Whore.* Well, I'll ſwear, Madam, 'tis the fineſt Evening: I love the Mall mightily.

2 *Bul.* Let's huzza the Bulkers.

2 *Whore.* Really, and ſo do I; becauſe there's alwaies good company, and one meets with ſuch civilitys from every body.

3 *Bul.* Damn'd Whores, hout you filthies.

3 *Whore.* Ay, and then I love extreamly to ſhew my ſelf here, when I am very fine, to vex thoſe poor Devils that call themſelves Vertues, and are very ſcandalous and Crapiſh, I'll ſwear; O Crimine, who's yonder! Sir *Jolly Jumble*, I vow.

1 *Bul.* Fogh! let's leave the naſty Sowes to Fools and Diſeaſes.

1 *Whore.* Oh *Papa, Papa!* where have you been theſe two days, *Papa?*

2 *Whore.* You are a precious *Father* indeed, to take no more care of your *Children;* we might be dead for all you, you naughty *Dady*, you.

Sir *Jol.* Dead, my poor Fubſes! odd I had rather all the Relations I have were dead, a dad I had: Get you gone you little Devil's Bubbies; oh Law there's Bubbies! odd I'll bite 'em, odd I will.

1 *Whore.* Nay, fye, *Papa;* I ſwear you'l make me angry, except you carry us, and treat us to Night; you have promis'd me a treat this Week, won't you *Papa?*

2 *Whore.* Ay, won't you, *Dad.*

Sir *Jol.* Odds ſo, odds ſo, well remember'd! get you gon, don't ſtay talking; get you gone, yonder's a great Lord, the Lord *Beaugard*, and his Couzin the Baron, the Count, the Marquiſs, the Lord knows what, Monſieur *Courtine* newly come to Town, odds ſo.

3 *Whore.* Oh Law, where *Dady*, where? Oh dear, a Lord.

1 *Whore.* Well you are the pureſt *Papa;* but where be dey mun, *Papa*——

Sir *Jol.* I won't tell you, you Jipſies, ſo I won't—*except you tickle me*—'sbud they are brave fellows, all Tall, and not a bit ſmall; odd one of 'em has a deviliſh deal of Monie.

1 *Whore.* Oh dear, but which is he, *Papa?*

2 *Whore.* Shan't I be in Love with him, *Dady?*

Sir *Jol. What no body tickle me! no body tickle me?* not yet, tickle me a little *Mally*—tickle me a little *Jenny*—do. He, he, he, he, he, he—— [*They tickle him.*] No more, oh dear, oh dear! poor Rogues, ſo, ſo, no more. Nay, if you do, if you do, odd I'l, I'l, I'l——

3 *Whore.* What will you do trow?

Sir *Jol.* Come along with me, come along with me, ſneak after me at a diſtance, that no bodie take notice; Swinging fellows *Mally*——Swinging fellows *Jenny*, a Deviliſh deal of Monie: get you afore then you little dippappers, ye Waſps, ye wagtails, get you gon, I ſay ſwinging fellows—— [*Ex. Sir* Jolly *with the Whores.*

Enter Lady Dunce and Sylvia.

L. *Dunce.* Dye a Maid, *Sylvia*, fie for ſhame! what a ſcandalous reſolution's that? five thouſand Pounds to your Portion, and leave it all to Hoſpitals, for the innocent recreation hereafter of leading Apes in Hell? fie for ſhame!

Sylv. Indeed ſuch another charming Animal as your Conſort, Sir *David*, might do much with me; 'tis an unſpeakable bleſſing to lye all Night by a Horſe-load of diſeaſes; a beaſtly, unſavory, old, groaning, grunting, wheazing Wretch, that ſmells of the Grave he is going to already. From ſuch a curſe and Hair-Cloath next my Skin good Heaven deliver me.

L. *Dunce.* Thou miſtakeſt the uſe of a Husband, *Silvia*: They are not

meant for Bedfellows; heretofore indeed 'twas a fulſom faſhion, to ly o'nights with a Husband; but the world's improv'd, and Cuſtom's alter'd.

Sylv. Pray inſtruct me then what the uſe of a Husband is.

L. *Dunce.* Inſtead of a Gentleman-Uſher for Ceremonies ſake to be in waiting on ſet days, and particular occaſions; but the Friend, Cozen, is the Jewel unvaluable.

Sylv. But, Sir *David*, Madam, will be difficult to be ſo Govern'd; I am miſtaken if his Nature is not too Jealous to be blinded.

L. *Dunce.* So much the better; of all, the jealous Fool is eaſieſt to be deceived: For obſerve, where there's jealouſie there's always fondneſs; which if a Woman, as ſhe ought to do, will make the right uſe of the Husband's fears ſhall not ſo awake him on one ſide, as his dotage ſhall blind him on the other.

Sylv. Is your Piece of mortality ſuch a doteing Doddle? is he ſo very fond of you?

L. *Dunce.* No, but he has the vanity to think that I am very fond of him; and if he be jealous, 'tis not ſo much for fear I do abuſe, as that in time I may, and therefore impoſes this confinement on me; though he has other divertiſements that take him off from my injoyment, which make him ſo loathſome no Woman but muſt hate him.

Sylv. His private divertiſements I am a ſtranger to.

L. *Dunce.* Then for his Perſon 'tis incomparably odious; he has ſuch a breath, one kiſs of him were enough to cure the fits of the Mother, 'tis worſe than *Aſa foetida.*

Sylv. Oh hideous!

L. *Dunce.* Every thing that's naſty he affects, clean Linnen he ſays is unwholeſome; and to make him more charming, he's continually eating of Garlike and chewing Tobacco.

Sylv. Fogh! this is love! this is the bleſſing of Matrimony.

L. *Dunce.* Rail not ſo unreaſonably againſt love, *Silvia.* As I have dealt freely, and acknowledged to thee the paſſion I have for *Beaugard*, ſo me-thinks, *Silvia* need not conceal her good thoughts of her Friend. Do not I know *Courtine* ſticks in thy ſtomach?

Sylv. If he does I'll aſſure you he ſhall never get to my heart. But can you have the Conſcience to love another man now you are married? what do you think will become of you?

L. *Dunce.* I tell thee, *Sylvia*, I was never married to that Engine we have been talking of: my parents indeed made me ſay ſomething to him after a Prieſt once, but my heart went not along with my tongue, I minded not what it was; for my thoughts, *Sylvia*, for theſe ſeven years have been much better imploy'd——*Beaugard!* Ah curſe on the day that firſt ſent him into *France!*

Sylv. Why ſo, I beſeech you?

L. *Dunce.* Had he ſtay'd here, I had not been ſacrificed to the Arms of this monument of Man, for the bed of death could not be more cold, then his has been: he would have deliver'd me from the Monſter, for even then I loved him, and was apt to think my kindneſs not neglected.

Sylv. I find indeed your Ladyſhip has good thoughts of him.

L. *Dunce.* Surely 'tis impoſſible to think too well of him, for he has wit enough to call his good nature in queſtion, and yet good nature enough to make his wit ſuſpected.

Sylv. But how do you hope ever to get ſight of him? Sir *David*'s watchfulneſs is invincible. I dare ſwear he wou'd ſmell out a Rival if he were in the houſe, only by natural inſtinct, as ſome that always ſweat when a Cat's in the Room. Then again, *Beaugard*'s a Souldier, and that's a thing the old Gentleman you know loves dearly.

L. *Dunce.* There lies the greateſt comfort of my uneaſie life; he is one of thoſe Fools forſooth, that are led by the Noſe by Knaves to rail againſt the King and the Government, and is mightily fond of being thought of a party. I have had hopes this twelve month to have heard of his being in the Gate-Houſe for Treaſon.

Sylv. But I find only your ſelf the Priſoner all this while.

L. *Dunce.* At preſent indeed I am ſo; but Fortune I hope will ſmile, wouldſt thou but be my Friend, *Sylvia.*

Sylv. In any miſchievous deſign with all my Heart.

L. *Dunce.* The Concluſion, Madam, may turn to your ſatisfaction; but you have no thoughts of *Courtine?*

Sylv. Not I, I'll aſſure you, Cozen.

L. *Dunce.* You don't think him well-ſhap'd, ſtreight, and proportionable?

Sylv. Conſidering he eats but once a Week, the man is well enough.

L. *Dunce.* And then he wears his Cloaths, you know filthily, and like a horrid Sloven.

Sylv. Filthily enough of all Conſcience, with a thred-bare Red-Coat, which his Taylor duns him for to this Day, over which a great broad greaſie buff Belt, enough to turn any one's Stomach but a disbanded Souldier; a Perruque ty'd up in a knot, to excuſe its want of combing; and then becauſe he has been a Man a Armes, he muſt wear two Tuffles of a Beard forſooth, to lodge a dunghill of ſnuff upon, to keep his Noſe in good humour.

L. *Dunce.* Nay, now I am ſure that thou loveſt him.

Sylv. So far from it, that I proteſt eternally againſt the whole ſex.

L. *Dunce.* That time will beſt demonſtrate, in the mean while to our buſineſs.

Sylv. As how, Madam?

L. *Dunce.* To night muſt I ſee *Beaugard:* they are this minute at Dinner in the hay-market; now to make my evil genius, that haunts me every

where, my thing call'd a Husband, himſelf to aſſiſt his poor Wife at a dead lift, I think would not be unpleaſant.

Sylv. But 'twill be impoſſible.

L. *Dunce.* I am apt to be perſwaded rather very eaſie; you know our good and friendly Neighbour, Sir *Jolly.*

Sylv. Out on him beaſt, he's always talking filthily to a body; if he ſits but at the table with one, he'll be making naſty figures in the Napkins.

L. *Dunce.* He and my ſweet yoke fellow are the moſt intimate friends in the world; ſo that partly out of neighbourly kindneſs, as well as the great delight he takes to be meddling with matters of this nature, with a great deal of pains and induſtry he has procur'd me *Beaugards* picture, and given him to underſtand how well a Friend of his in Petticoats, call'd my ſelf, wiſhes him.

Sylv. But what's all this to the making the Husband inſtrumental? for I muſt confeſs of all creatures a Husband's the thing that's odious to me.

L. *Dunce.* That muſt be done this Night: I'll inſtantly to my chamber, take my bed in a pet, and ſend for Sir *David.*

Sylv. But which way then muſt the Lover come?

L. *Dunce.* Nay, I'll betray *Beaugard* to him, ſhew him the picture he ſent me, and beg of him as he tenders his own honour, and my quiet, to take ſome courſe to ſecure me from the ſcandalous ſolicitations of that innocent Fellow.

Sylv. And ſo make him the property, the go-between, to bring the affair to an iſſue the more decently.

L. *Dunce.* Right, *Sylvia*, 'tis the beſt Office a Husband can do a Wife; I mean an old husband; bleſs us, to be yok'd in Wedlock with a paralitick coughing decrepid Dotrell, to be a dry Nurſe all one's life time to an old Child of ſixty five, to lye by the Image of Death a whole Night, a dull immoveable, that has no ſenſe of life but through its pains; the Pidgeon's as happy that's laid to a ſick man's feet, when the world has given him over: for my part this ſhall henceforth be my prayer,

Curſt be the memory, nay double curſt,
Of her that wedded Age for intereſt firſt;
Though worn with years, with fruitleſs wiſhes full,
'Tis all day troubleſome, and all night dull.
Who wed with Fools indeed lead happy lives,
Fools are the fitteſt fineſt things for Wives;
Yet old men Profit bring, as Fools bring eaſe,
And both make Youth and Wit much better pleaſe.

ACT II

Enter Sir Jolly, Beaugard, Courtine, *and* Fourbin.

Cour. SIR *Jolly* is the glory of the Age.

Sir *Jol.* Nay, now Sir, you honour me too far.

Beau. He's the delight of the young, and wonder of the old.

Sir *Jol.* I ſwear Gentlemen you make me bluſh.

Cour. He deſerves a Statue in Gold, at the charge of the Kingdom.

Sir *Jol.* Out upon't, fye for ſhame: I proteſt I'll leave your company if you talk ſo; but faith they were pure Whores, daintily dutiful Strumpets, ah! udds-bud, they'd——have ſtript for t'other Bottle.

Beau. Truly Sir *Jolly*, you are a Man of very extraordinary Diſcipline, I never ſaw Whores under better command in my Life.

Sir *Jol.* Piſh, that's nothing man, nothing; I can ſend for forty better when I pleaſe, Doxies that will skip, trip, leap, trip, and do any thing in the world, any thing, old Soul.

Cour. Dear, dear Sir *Jolly*, where and when?

Sir *Jol.* Odd as ſimply as I ſtand here, her Father was a Knight.

Beau. Indeed, Sir *Jolly*, a Knight ſay you?

Sir *Jol.* Ay, but a little decay'd: I'll aſſure you ſhe's a very good Gentlewoman born.

Cour. Ay, and a very good Gentlewoman bred too.

Sir *Jol.* Ay, and ſo ſhe is.

Beau. But Sir *Jolly*, how goes my buſineſs forward? when ſhall I have a view of the quarry I am to fly at?

Sir *Jol.* Alas-a-day, not ſo haſtily; ſoft and fair, I beſeech you. Ah, my little Son of thunder, if thou hadſt her in thy arms now between a pair of ſheets, and I under the Bed to ſee fair play, Boy; gemini! what wou'd become of me? what wou'd become of me? there wou'd be doings, oh Lawd, I under the Bed!

Beau. Or behind the hangings, Sir *Jolly*, would not that do as well?

Sir *Jol.* Oh no, under the bed againſt the world, and then it would be very dark, hah!

Beau. Dark to chuſe!

Sir *Jol.* No, but a little light would do well, a ſmall glimmering Lamp, juſt enough for me to ſteal a peep by; oh lamentable! oh lamentable, I won't ſpeak a word more; there would be a trick! O rare! you friend, O rare! odd ſo, not a word more, odds ſo. Yonder comes the Monſter that muſt be the Cuckold Elect; ſtep, ſtep aſide, and obſerve him: If I ſhould be ſeen in your company, 'twould ſpoil all.

Beau. For my part, I'll ſtand the meeting of him; one way to promote a good underſtanding with a Wife, is firſt to get acquainted with her Husband.

Enter Sir David.

Sir *Dav.* Well, of all Bleſſings a diſcrete Wife is the greateſt that can light upon a man of years: Had I been married to any thing but an Angel now, what a Beaſt had I been by this time? Well, I am the happieſt old Fool! 'Tis a horrid Age that we live in, ſo that an honeſt man can keep nothing to himſelf: If you have a good eſtate, every covetous Rogue is longing for't, (truly I love a good eſtate dearly my ſelf); if you have a handſome Wife, every ſmooth-fac'd Coxcomb will be combing and cocking at her: fleſh-flies are not ſo troubleſome to the ſhambles, as thoſe ſort of Inſects that are to the Boxes in the Play-houſe. But vertue is a great bleſſing, an unvaluable treaſure; to tell me her ſelf that a Villain had tempted her, and give me the very Picture, the inchantment that he ſent to bewitch her, it ſtrikes me dumb with admiration: Here's the Villain in effigie. [*Pulls out the Picture.*] Odd a very handſome fellow, a dangerous Rogue, I'll warrant him: ſuch fellows as theſe now ſhould be fetter'd like unruly Colts, that they may not leap into other mens paſtures. Here's a Noſe now, I could find in my heart to cut it off; damn'd Dog, to dare to preſume to make a Cuckold of a Knight! Bleſs us! what will this world come to! well, poor Sir *David*, down, down upon thy Knees, and thank thy ſtars for this deliverance.

Beau. 'Sdeath! what's that I ſee? ſure 'tis the very Picture which I ſent by Sir *Jolly*; if ſo, by this light I am damnably jilted.

Sir *Dav.* But now if——

Beau. Surely he does not ſee us yet.

Four. See you, Sir, why he has but one eye, and we are on his blind ſide; I'll dumb-found him. [*Strikes him on the Shoulder.*

Sir *Dav.* Who the Divel's this, Sir? Sir, Sir, Sir, who are you, Sir?

Beau. Ay, ay, 'tis the ſame; now a pox of all amorous adventures: 'Sdeath, I'll go beat the impertinent pimp that drew me into this fooling.

Sir *Dav.* Sir, methinks you're very curious.

Beau. Sir, perhaps I have an extraordinary reaſon to be ſo.

Sir *Dav.* And perhaps, Sir, I care not for you, nor your Reaſons neither.

Beau. Sir, if you are at leiſure, I would beg the Honour to ſpeak with you.

Sir *Dav.* With me, Sir? what's your buſineſs with me?

Beau. I would not willingly be troubleſome, though it may be I am ſo at this time.

Sir *Dav.* It may be ſo too, Sir.

Beau. But to be known to ſo worthy a Perſon as you are, would be ſo

great an honour, ſo extraordinary a happineſs, that I could not avoid taking this opportunity of tendering you my Service.

Sir *Dav.* Smooth Rogue, who the Divel is this fellow? [*Aſide.*] But Sir, you were pleaſed to nominate buſineſs, Sir, I deſire with what ſpeed you can to know your buſineſs, Sir, that I may go about my buſineſs.

Beau. Sir if I might with good manners, I ſhould be glad to inform my ſelf, whoſe picture that is, which you have in your hand; methinks it is a very fine painting.

Sir *Dav.* Picture, Friend, picture! Sir, 'tis the reſemblance of a very impudent Fellow, they call him Captain *Beaugard* forſooth, but he is in ſhort a rakehell, a poor louzy, beggarly disbanded devil; do you know him friend?——

Beau. I think I have heard of ſuch a vagabond: The truth on't is, he is a very impudent fellow.

Sir *Dav.* Ay, a dam'd Rogue.

Beau. Oh a notorious ſcoundrel.

Sir *Dav.* I expect to hear he's hang'd by the next Seſſions.

Beau. The truth on't is, he has deſerved it long ago; but did you ever ſee him, Sir *David?*

Sir *Dav.* Sir——does he know me? [*Aſide.*

Beau. Becauſe I fancy that Miniature is very much like him. Pray Sir, whence had it you?———

Sir *Dav.* Had it, Friend? had it! whence had it I!——

[*Compares the Picture with* Beaugard*'s Face.*

bleſs us; what have I done now? this is the very Traytour himſelf; if he ſhould be deſperate now, and put his ſword in my guts!——ſlitting my noſe will be as bad as that. I have but one eye left neither, and may be——Oh but this is the King's Court, odd that's well remember'd, he dares not but be civil here! I'll try to out-huff him, whence had it you?

Beau. Ay, Sir, whence had it you? that's *Engliſh* in my Countrie, Sir.

Sir *Dav.* Go, Sir, you are a Raſcal.

Beau. How!

Sir *Dav.* Sir, I ſay you are a Raſcal, a very impudent Raſcal, nay, I'll prove you to be a Raſcal, if you go to that——

Beau. Sir, I am a Gentleman and a Souldier.

Sir *Dav.* So much the worſe, Souldiers have been Cuckold makers from the beginning; Sir, I care not what you are; for ought I know you may be a——come Sir, did I never ſee you? anſwer me to that, did I never ſee you? for ought I know you may be a Jeſuit; there were more in the laſt armie beſides you.

Beau. Of your acquaintance, and be hang'd.

Sir *Dav.* Yes to my knowledge, there were ſeveral at *Hounſlow-Heath*

diſguiſed in dirtie Petticoats, and cry'd Brandy; I knew a Serjeant of foot that was familier with one of them all night in a Ditch, and fancy'd him a woman, but the Devil is powerful.

Beau. In ſhort, you worthy Villain of Worſhip, that picture is mine, and I muſt have it, or I ſhall take an Oppertunity to kick your Worſhip moſt inhumanly.

Sir *Dav.* Kick, Sir.

Beau. Ay, Sir, kick, 'tis a recreation I can ſhew you.

Sir *Dav.* Sir, I am a free-born Subject of *England*, and there are Laws look you, there are Laws; ſo I ſay you are a Raſcal again, and now how will you help your ſelf? poor Fool.

Beau. Heark your Friend, have you not a Wife?

Sir *Dav.* I have a Lady, Sir——oh, and ſhe's mightily taken with this Picture of your's; ſhe was ſo mightily proud of it, ſhe could not forbear ſhewing it me, and telling too who it was ſent her.

Beau. And has ſhe been long a Gilt? has ſhe practiſed the Trade for any time?

Sir *Dav.* Trade! humph, what Trade? what Trade? Friend.

Beau. Why the Trade of Whore and no Whore, Catterwauling in jeſt, putting out Chriſtian Colours, when ſhe's a Turk under Deck: A curſe upon all honeſt women in the fleſh, that are Whores in the Spirit.

Sir *Dav.* Poor Divil, how he rails, ha, ha, ha: Look you ſweet Soul, as I told you before, there are laws, there are laws, but thoſe are things not worthy your conſideration: Beautie's your buſineſs. But dear vagabond, trouble thy ſelf no farther about my Spouſe, let my Doxie reſt in peace, ſhe's Meat for thy Maſter, old boy; I have my belly full of her every Night.

Beau. Sir, I wiſh all your noble Family hang'd from the bottom of my heart.

Sir *Dav.* Moreover, Captain Swaſh, I muſt tell you, my Wife is an honeſt Woman, of a vertuous diſpoſition, one that I have lov'd from her Infancy, and ſhe deserves it by her faithful dealing in this affair, for that ſhe has diſcover'd loyally to me the treacherous deſigns laid againſt her Chaſtity and my Honour.

Beau. By this light the Beaſt weeps!

Sir *Dav.* Truly I cannot but weep for Joy, to think how happy I am in a ſincere, faithful, and loving Yoke-fellow. She charg'd me too to tell you into the bargain, that ſhe is ſufficiently ſatisfy'd of the moſt ſecret wiſhes of your heart.

Beau. I am glad on't.

Sir *Dav.* And that 'tis her deſire, that you would trouble your ſelf no more about the matter.

Beau. With all my heart.

Sir *Dav.* But henceforward behave your ſelf with ſuch diſcretion as becomes a Gentleman.

Beau. Oh to be ſure, moſt exactly.

Sir *Dav.* And let her alone to make the beſt uſe of thoſe innocent Freedoms I allow her, without putting her reputation in hazzard.

Beau. As how, I beſeech you——

Sir *Dav.* By your impertinent and unſeaſonable addreſs.

Beau. And this news you bring me by a particular commiſſion from your ſweet Lady.

Sir *Dav.* Yea, Friend, I do; and ſhe hopes you'l be ſenſible, dear Heart, of her good meaning by it: Theſe were her very Words, I neither add nor diminiſh, for plaindealing is my Miſtreſſes Friend.

Beau. Then all the Curſes I ſhall think on this twelve-month light on her, and as many more on the next fool that gives credit to the Sex.

Sir *Dav.* Well certainly I am the happieſt Toad; how melancholy the Monkey ſtands now? Poor Pug, haſt thou loſt her?

Beau. To be ſo ſordid a Jilt, to betray me to ſuch a Beaſt as that! Can ſhe have any good thoughts of ſuch a Swine? Damn her, had ſhe abuſed me handſomly it had never vex't me.

Sir *Dav.* Now, Sir, with your permiſſion I'l take my leave.

Beau. Sir, if you were gon to the Devil, I ſhould think you very well diſpoſed of.

Sir *Dav.* If you have any Letter, or other commendation to the Lady that was ſo charmed with your Reſemblance there, it ſhall be very faithfully convey'd by——

Beau. Fool.

Sir *Dav.* Your humble Servant, Sir, I'm gon, I ſhall diſturb you no farther; your moſt humble Servant, Sir. [*Exit.*

Beau. Now Poverty, Plague, Pox, and Priſon fall thick upon the head of thee! *Fourbin.*

Four. Sir!——

Beau. Thou haſt been an extraordinary Rogue in thy time.

Four. I hope I have loſt nothing in your Honours ſervice, Sir.

Beau. Find out ſome way to revenge me on this old Raſcal, and if I do not make thee a Gentleman——

Four. That you have been pleaſed to do long ago, I thank you; for I am ſure you have not left me one ſhilling in my pocket theſe two Months.

Beau. Here, here's for thee to revel withal.

Four. Will your Honour pleaſe to have his Throat cut?

Beau. With all my heart.

Four. Or would you have him decently hang'd at his own door, and then give out to the World he did it himſelf?

Beau. That would do very well.

Four. Or I think [to proceed with more ſafety] a good ſtale Jakes were a very pretty expedient.

Beau. Excellent, excellent, *Fourbin.*

Four. Leave matters to my diſcretion, and if I do not—— [*Exit.*

Beau. I know thou wilt; go, go about it, proſper and be famous. Now e're I dare venture to meet *Courtine* again, will I go by my ſelf, rail for an hour or two, and then be good company. [*Exit.*

Enter Courtine *and* Sylvia.

Sylv. Take my Word, Sir, you had better give this buſineſs over. I tell you there's nothing in the World turns my Stomack ſo much as the man, that man that makes Love to me. I never ſaw one of your Sex in my life make love, but he lookt ſo like an Aſs all the while, that I bluſht for him.

Cour. I am afraid your Ladyſhip then is one of thoſe dangerous Creatures they call She-wits, who are always ſo mightily taken with admiring themſelves, that nothing elſe is worth their notice.

Sylv. Oh! who can be ſo dull not to be raviſht with that royſterous mein of yours? that ruffling Ayr in your gate, that ſeems to cry where-e'you go, make room, here comes the Captain: That Face, the which bids defiance to the Weather. bleſs us! if I were a poor Farmer's wife in the Country now, and you wanted Quarters, how would it fright me? But as I am young, not very ugly, and one you never ſaw before, how lovingly it looks upon me!

Cour. Who can forbear to ſigh, look pale and languiſh, where Beauty and wit unite both their forces to enſlave a heart ſo tractable as mine is? Firſt, for the modiſh ſwim of your Body, the victorious motion of your Arms and Head, the toſs of your Fan, the glancing of the Eyes; bleſs us! If I were a dainty fine dreſt Coxcomb, with a great Eſtate, and a little or no wit, vanity in abundance, and good for nothing, how would they melt and ſoften me? but as I am a ſcandalous honeſt Raſcal, not Fool enough to be your ſport, nor rich enough to be your prey, how glotingly they look upon me!

Sylv. Alas, alas! what pity 'tis your honeſty ſhould ever do you hurt, or your wit ſpoil your preferment?

Cour. Juſt as much, fair Lady, as that your Beauty ſhould make you be envied at, or your Vertue provoke Scandal.

Sylv. The more I look, the more I'm in love with you.

Cour. The more I look, the more I am out of Love with you.

Sylv. How my Heart ſwels when I ſee you!

Cour. How my Stomach riſes when I am near you!

Sylv. Nay, then let's bargain.

Cour. With all my heart; what?

Sylv. Not to fall in love with each other, I aſſure you, Monſieur Captain.

Cour. But to hate one another conſtantly and cordially.

Sylv. Always when you are drunk, I deſire you to talk ſcandalouſly of me.

Cour. Ay, and when I am ſober too; in return whereof, whene'er you ſee a coquet of your acquaintance, and I chance to be named, be ſure you ſpit at the filthy remembrance, and rail at me as if you lov'd me.

Sylv. In the next Place, when e're we meet in the *Mall*, I deſire you to humph, put out your Tongue, make ugly mouths, laugh aloud, and look back at me.

Cour. Which if I chance to do, be ſure at next turning to pick up ſome tawdry fluttering Fop or another.

Sylv. That I made Acquaintance with all at the Muſique-meeting.

Cour. Right, juſt ſuch another Spark to ſaunter by your ſide, with his Hat under his Arm.

Sylv. Hearkening to all the bitter things I can ſay to be reveng'd.

Cour. Whilſt the dull Rogue dare not ſo much as grin to oblige you, for fear of being beaten for it when he is out of his waiting.

Sylv. Counterfeit your Letters from me.

Cour. And you, to be even with me for the ſcandal, publiſh to all the World I offered to marry you.

Sylv. Oh hideous marriage!

Cour. Horrid, horrid marriage!

Sylv. Name, name no more of it.

Cour. At that ſad word let's part.

Sylv. Let's wiſh all men decrepid, dull and ſilly.

Cour. And every woman old and ugly.

Sylv. Adieu!——

Cour. Farewell!——

Enter a young fellow affectedly dreſt, ſeveral others with him.

Sylv. Ah me, Mr. *Frisk!*

Frisk. Madamoiſel Silvia! ſincerely as I hope to be ſav'd, the Devil take me, Dam me, Madam, who's that?

Sylv. Ha, ha, ha, hea. [*Exit with Frisk.*

Cour. True to thy failings always, Woman! how naturally is the Sex fond of a Rogue! What a Monſter was that for a Woman to delight in! Now muſt I love her ſtill, tho I know I'm a Blockhead for't, and ſhe'l uſe me like a block-head too, if I don't prevent her. What's to be done? I'l have three Whores a day, to keep Love out of my head.

Enter Beaugard.

Beaugard, well met again; how go Matters? Handſomly!

Beau. Oh, very handſomly! had you but ſeen how handſomly I was

us'd juſt now, you would ſwear ſo. I have heard thee rail in my time, wou'd thou wou'dſt exerciſe thy talent a little at preſent.

Cour. At what?

Beau. Why, canſt thou ever want a Subject? rail at thy ſelf, rail at me, I deſerve to be rail'd at: See there, what thinkeſt thou of that Engine, that moving lump of filthineſs miſcall'd a Man?

A Clumſie Fellow marches over the Stage dreſt like an Officer.

Cour. Curſe on him for a Rogue, I know him.

Beau. So.

Cour. The Raſcal was a Retailer of Ale but yeſterday, and now he is an Officer and be hang'd; 'tis a dainty ſight in a morning to ſee him with his Toes turn'd in, drawing his Leggs after him, at the head of a hundred luſty Fellows. Some honeſt Gentleman or other ſtays now, becauſe that Dog had money to bribe ſome corrupt Collonel withal.

Enter another gravely dreſt.

Beau. There, there's another of my acquaintance; he was my Father's Footman not long ſince, and has pimpt for me oftner than he has pray'd for himſelf; that good quality recomended him to a nobleman's ſervice, which, together with flattering, fawning, lying, ſpying, and informing, has raiſed him to an imployment of truſt and reputation; though the Rogue can't write his Name, nor read his neck Verſe, if he had occaſion.

Cour. 'Tis as unreaſonable to expect a man of Senſe ſhould be prefer'd, as 'tis to think a Hector can be ſtout, a Prieſt religious, a fair Woman chaſt, or a pardon'd Rebel loyal.

Enter two more ſeeming earneſtly in Diſcourſe.

Beau. That's ſeaſonably thought on: Look there, obſerve but that Fellow on the right hand, the Rogue with the buſieſt Face of the two, I'll tell thee his Hiſtory.

Cour. I hope hanging will be the end of his Hiſtory, ſo well I like him at the firſt ſight.

Beau. He was born a Vagabond, and no Pariſh own'd him; his Father was as obſcure as his Mother publick; every body knew her, and no body could gueſs at him.

Cour. He comes of a very good Family, heav'n be prais'd.

Beau. The firſt thing he choſe to riſe by, was Rebellion; ſo a Rebel he grew, and flouriſh'd a Rebel, fought againſt his King, and helpt to bring him to the Block.

Cour. And was he not Religious too?

Beau. Moſt devoutly! He could pray till he cry'd, and preach till he

foam'd; which excellent Tallent made him popular, and at laſt preferr'd him to be a worthy Member of that never to be forgotten Rum-Parliament.

Cour. Pray Sir, be uncover'd at that, and remember it with Reverence.

Beau. In ſhort, he was a Committee man, Sequeſtrator, and perſecutor General of a whole Country, by which he got enough at the King's Return to ſecure himſelf in the general Pardon.

Cour. Nauſeous Vermin! That ſuch a Swine, with the mark of Rebellion in his Forehead, ſhould wallow in his Luxury, whilſt honeſt men are forgotten!

Beau. Thus forgiven, thus rais'd, and made thus happy, the ungrateful Slave diſowns the hand that heal'd him, cheriſhes Factions to affront his Maſter, and once more would Rebel againſt the Head, which ſo lately ſaved his from a Pole.

Cour. What a dreadful Beard and ſwinging Sword he wears!

Beau. 'Tis to keep his Cowardize in countenance; the Raſcal will endure kicking moſt temperately for all that; I know five or ſix more of the ſame ſtamp, that never come abroad without terrible long Spits by their ſides, with which they will let you bore their own Noſes if you pleaſe: But let the Villain be forgotten.

Cour. His Co-Rogue I have ſome knowledge of; he's a tatter'd worm-eaten Caſe-putter, ſome call him Lawyer, one that takes it very ill he is not made a Judg.

Beau. Yes, and is always repineing that men of parts are not regarded.

Cour. He has been a great noiſe-maker in factious Clubs theſe ſeven Years, and now I ſuppoſe he is courting that Worſhipful Raſcal, to make him Recorder of ſome factious Town.

Beau. To teach Tallow-chandlers and Cheeſ-mongers how far they may rebel againſt their King, by vertue of *Magna Charta*.

Cour. But Friend *Beaugard*, methinks thou art very ſpleenatick of a ſudden: How goes the affair of Love forward? proſperouſly, hah!

Beau. Oh, I aſſure you moſt Triumphantly; juſt now, you muſt know, I parted with the ſweet, civil, inchanted Ladie's Husband.

Cour. Well, and what ſays the Cuckold? is he very kind and good-natur'd, as Cuckolds uſe to be?

Beau. Why, he ſays, *Courtine*, in ſhort, that I am a very ſilly fellow, (and truly I am very apt to believe him) and that I have been Jilted in this Affair moſt unconſcionably. A Plague on all Pimps, I ſay, a man's buſineſs never thrives ſo well as when he is his own Solicitor.

Enter Sir Jolly and Boy.

Sir *Jol.* Hiſt, hiſt, Capt. Capt. Capt. Boy.

Boy. Sir.

Sir *Jol.* Run and get two Chairs preſently; be ſure you get two Chairs,

Sirrah, do ye hear? Here's luck, here's luck; now or never, Capt.: never if not now, Captain! here's luck.

Beau. Sir *Jolly*, no more adventures, ſweet Sir *Jolly*. I am like to have a very fine time on't truly.

Sir *Jol.* The beſt in the World dear Dog the very beſt in the World: 'Sbud ſhe's here hard by, man, ſtays on purpoſe for thee finely diſguis'd, the Cuckold has loſt her too; and no body knows any thing of the matter but I, no body but I; and I, you muſt know, I am I, hah! and I, you little Toad, hah!

Beau. You are a very fine Gentleman.

Sir *Jol.* The beſt natur'd Fellow I believe in the World of my Years: Now does my heart ſo thump for fear this buſineſs ſhould miſcarry: why, I'll warrant thee the Lady is here, man, ſhe's all thy own; 'tis thy own Fault if thou are not *in terra incognita* within this half hour: Come along, prithee come along, fie for ſhame; what, make a Lady loſe her longing! Come along, I ſay, you——out upon't.

Beau. Sir, your humble. I ſhan't ſtir.

Sir *Jol.* What, not go!

Beau. No, Sir; no Lady for me.

Sir *Jol.* Not go! I ſhould laugh at that Faith.

Beau. No, I will aſſure you, not go, Sir.

Sir *Jol.* Away, you Wag, you jeſt; you jeſt, you wag: not go, quotha?

Beau. No, Sir, not go I tell you; what the Devil would you have more?

Sir *Jol.* Nothing, nothing, Sir, but I'm a Gentleman.

Beau. With all my Heart.

Sir *Jol.* And do you think then that I'l be us'd thus?

Beau. Sir!

Sir *Jol.* Take away my Reputation, and take away my Life. I ſhall be diſgrac't for ever.

Beau. I have not wrong'd you, Sir *Jolly*.

Sir *Jol.* Not wrong'd me! but you ſhall find you have wrong'd me, and wrong'd a ſweet Lady, and a fine Lady.——I ſhall never be truſted again! never have employment more! I ſhall dy of the Spleen.——Prithee now be good-natur'd, prithee be perſwaded; odd I'll give thee this Ring, I'll give thee this Watch, 'tis Gold. I'll give thee any thing in the World, go.

Beau. Not one Foot, Sir.

Sir *Jol.* Now that I durſt but murder him.——Well, ſhall I fetch her to thee? what ſhall I do for thee?

Enter Lady Dunce.

'Ods fiſh, here ſhe comes her ſelf: now you ill-natured Churl, now you Devil, look upon her; do but look upon her: what ſhall I ſay to her?

Beau. Ee'n what you pleaſe, Sir *Jolly*.

Sir *Jol.* 'Tis a very ſtrange Monſter this—Madam, this is the Gentleman, that's he, though (as one may ſay) he's ſomething baſhful, but I'l tell him who you are. [*Goes to* Beaugard.] If thou art not more cruel then *Leopards*, *Lyons*, *Tygers*, *Wolves*, or *Tartars*, don't break my Heart, don't kill me, this unkindneſs of thine goes to the Soul of me. [*Goes to the Lady.*] Madam, he ſays he's ſo amaz'd at your triumphant Beauty, that he dares not approach the excellence that ſhines from you.

L. *Dunce.* What can be the meaning of all this?

Sir *Jol.* Art thou then reſolv'd to be remoſeleſs? canſt thou be inſenſible? haſt thou Eyes? haſt thou a Heart? haſt thou any thing thou ſhouldſt have? Odd I'l tickle thee, get you to her, you Fool, get you to her, to her, to her, to her, to her, ha, ha, ha.

L. *Dunce.* Have you forgot me, *Beaugard?*

Sir *Jol.* So, now to her agen; I ſay, to her, to her and be hang'd. Ah Rogue! ah Rogue! now, now, have at her, now have at her; there it goes, there it goes, Hey—Boys!——

L. *Dunce.* Methinks this Face ſhould not ſo much be alter'd, as to be nothing like what I once thought it, the object of your Pleaſure, and ſubject of your Praiſes.

Sir *Jol.* Cunning Toad! Wheadling Jade! you ſhall ſee now how by Degrees ſhe'l draw him into the Whirl pool of Love; now he leers upon her, now he leers upon her. O law! there's Eyes! there's your Eyes! I muſt pinch him by the Calf of the Legg.

Beau. Madam, I muſt confeſs I do remember that I had once acquaintance with a Face, whoſe Air and Beauty much reſembled yours; and if I may truſt my Heart, you are call'd *Clarinda.*

L. *Dunce. Clarinda* I was call'd till my ill Fortune Wedded me; now you may have heard of me by another Title: your friend there, I ſuppoſe, has made nothing a ſecret to you.

Beau. And are you then that kind inchanted fair one, who was ſo paſſionately in Love with my Picture, that you could not forbear betraying me to the Beaſt your Husband, and wrong the Paſſion of a Gentleman that languiſht for you, only to make your Monſter merry? Hark you, Madam, had your Fool bin worth it, I had beaten him, and have a Months mind to be exerciſing my parts that way upon your go between, your Male-Bawd there.

Sir *Jol.* Ah Lord! ah Lord! All's ſpoyl'd agen, all's ruin'd, I ſhall be undone for ever! Why, what the Devil is the matter now? what have I done? what ſins have I committed?

L. *Dunce.* And are you the paſſionate Adorer of our Sex, who cannot live a Week in *London* without loving? Are you the Spark that ſends your Picture up and down to longing Ladies, longing for a pattern of your Perſon?

Beau. Yes, Madam, when I receive ſo good Hoſtages as theſe are, [*ſhews the Gold.*] that it ſhall be well us'd. Cou'd you find no body but me to play the Fool withal?

Sir *Jol.* Alack-a-day!

L. *Dunce.* Could you pitch upon no Body but that wretched Woman, that has lov'd you too well, to abuſe thus?

Sir *Jol.* That ever I was Born!

Beau. Here, here, Madam, I'll return you your dirt. I ſcorn your Wages, as I do your Service.

L. *Dunce.* Fye for ſhame, what, refund? that is not like a Souldier to refund: Keep, keep it, to pay your Sempſtreſs withal.

Sir *Jol.* His Sempſtreſs, who the Devil is his Sempſtreſs? Odd, what would I give to know that now!

L. *Dunce.* There was a Ring too which I ſent you this Afternoon; if that fit not your Finger, you may diſpoſe of it ſome other way, where it may give no occaſion of Scandal, and you'l do well.

Beau. A Ring, Madam!

L. *Dunce.* A ſmall Trifle; I ſuppoſe Sir *David* deliver'd it to you, when he return'd you your Miniature.

Beau. I beſeech you, Madam!

L. *Dunce.* Farewel, you Traytor.

Beau. As I hope to be ſav'd, and upon the word of a Gentleman.

L. *Dunce.* Go, you are a falſe ungrateful Brute; and trouble me no more. [*Exit.*

Beau. Sir *Jolly*, Sir *Jolly*, Sir *Jolly.*

Sir *Jol.* Ah, thou Rebel!

Beau. Some advice, ſome advice, dear Friend, ere I'm ruin'd.

Sir *Jol.* Ev'n two pennyworth of Hemp for your Honour's ſupper, that's all the Remedy that I know.

Beau. But prithee hear a little reaſon.

Sir *Jol.* No, Sir, I ha' done; no more to be ſaid, I ha' done; I am aſham'd of you, I'll have no more to ſay to you, I'll never ſee your Face again, good b'w'y. [*Exit Sir Jolly.*

Beau. Death and the Devil, what have my Stars been doing to day? a Ring! deliver'd by Sir *David*——what can that mean?——Pox on her for a Jilt, ſhe lies, and has a mind to amuſe and laugh at me a day or two longer. Hiſt, here comes her Beaſt once more: I'll uſe him Civilly, and try what Diſcovery I can make.

[*Enter Sir Davy Dunce.*]

Sir *Dav.* Ha, ha, ha! here's the Captain's Jewel; very well: In troth I had like to have forgotten it. Ha, ha, ha!——how damnable Mad he'l be now, when I ſhall deliver him his Ring again, ha, ha!——Poor Dog,

he'l hang himſelf at leaſt, ha, ha, ha!——Faith, 'tis a very pretty Stone, and finely ſet: *Humph!* if I ſhould keep it now?——I'll ſay I have loſt it: No, I'll give it him again, o' purpoſe to vex him, ha, ha, ha.

Beau. Sir *David*, I am heartily ſorrie——

Sir *Dav.* O Sir, 'tis you I was ſeeking for, ha, ha, ha. What ſhall I ſay to him now to terrifie him?

Beau. Me, Sir!———

Sir *Dav.* Ay, you, Sir, if your Name be Captain *Beaugard.* How like a Fool he looks already——

Beau. What you pleaſe, Sir.

Sir *Dav.* Sir, I would ſpeak a word with you, if you think fit. what ſhall I do now to keep my countenance?

Beau. Can I be ſo happy, Sir, as to be able to ſerve you in any thing?

Sir *Dav.* No, Sir; ha, ha, ha: I have commands of ſervice to you, Sir; O Lord, ha, ha, ha.

Beau. Me, Sir!

Sir *Dav.* Ay, Sir; you, Sir: but put on your hat, Friend, put on your hat; be cover'd.

Beau. Sir, will you pleaſe to ſit down on this bank?

Sir *Dav.* No, no, there's no need, no need; for all I have a young Wife, I can ſtand upon my legs, Sweetheart.

Beau. Sir I beſeech you.

Sir *Dav.* By no means; I think friend, we had ſome hard words juſt now, 'twas about a paultry baggage, but ſhe's a pretty baggage, and a witty baggage, and a baggage that——

Beau. Sir, I am heartily aſham'd of all miſdemeanor on my ſide.

Sir *Dav.* You do well; though are you not a damn'd Whore-maſter, a deviliſh Cuckold-making Fellow? here, here, do you ſee this? here's the Ring you ſent a Roguing; Sir, do you think my Wife wants any thing that you can help her to?——Why I'll warrant you this Ring coſt fifty pound: What a prodigal Fellow are you to throw away ſo much monie; or didſt thou ſteal it, old Boy? I believe thou maiſt be poor, I'll lend thee money upon't, if thou think'ſt fit, at thirty in the hundred, becauſe I love thee, ha, ha, ha.

Beau. Sir, your humble Servant, I am ſorry 'twas not worth your Ladie's acceptance. Now what a dog am I!

Sir *Dav.* I ſhould have given it thee before, but faith I forgot it, tho it was not my Wife's fault in the leaſt; for ſhe ſays, as thou likeſt this uſage, ſhe hopes to have thy cuſtom again Child; ha, ha, ha.

Beau. Then Sir, I beſeech you tell her, that you have made a Convert of me, and that I am ſo ſenſible of my inſolent behaviour towards her——

Sir *Dav.* Very well, I ſhall do it.

Beau. That 'tis impoſſible I ſhall ever be at peace with my ſelf, till I find ſome way how to make her reparation.

Sir *Dav.* Very good, ha, ha, ha.

Beau. And that if ever ſhe find me guilty of the like offence again——

Sir *Dav.* No Sir, you had not beſt; but proceed, ha, ha, ha.

Beau. Let her baniſh all good opinion of me for ever.

Sir *Dav.* No more to be ſaid, your Servant, good b'w'y.

Beau. One word more, I beſeech you, Sir *Davy.*

Sir *Dav.* What's that?

Beau. I beg you tell her, that the generous reproof ſhe has given me has ſo wrought upon me——

Sir *Dav.* Well, I will.

Beau. That I eſteem this Jewel not only as a wreck redeemed from my folly, but that for her ſake I will preſerve it to the utmoſt moment of my life.

Sir *Dav.* With all my heart I vow and ſwear.

Beau. And that I long to convince her I am not the Brute ſhe might miſtake me for.

Sir *Dav.* Right; well, this will make the pureſt ſport. [*Aſide.*] Let me ſee; firſt you acknowledge your ſelf to be a very impudent Fellow.

Beau. I do ſo, Sir.

Sir *Dav.* And that you ſhall never be at reſt, till you have ſatisfi'd my Lady.

Beau. Right, Sir.

Sir *Dav.* Satisfi'd her! very good, ha, ha, ha, and that you will never play the fool any more. Be ſure you keep your word, Friend.

Beau. Never, Sir.

Sir *Davy.* And that you will keep that Ring for her ſake, as long as you live, ha!——

Beau. To the day of my death, I'll aſſure you.

Sir *Dav.* I proteſt that will be very kindly done—and that you long mightily, long, to let her underſtand that you are another gueſs Fellow than ſhe may take you for.

Beau. Exactly Sir, that is the ſum and end of my deſires.

Sir *Dav.* Well, I'll take care of your buſineſs, I'll do your buſineſs, I'll warrant you; this will be the pureſt ſport when I come home! [*Aſide.*] Well your Servant, remember, be ſure you remember: Your Servant.

Beau. So, now I find a Husband is a delicate Inſtrument rightly made uſe of:——To make her old jealous Coxcomb pimp for me himſelf, I think 'tis as worthy an emploiment as ſuch a noble Conſort can be put to.

Ah were ye all ſuch Husbands and ſuch Wives,
We younger Brothers ſhou'd lead better lives.

ACT III. SCENE, *Covent Garden.*

Enter Sylvia, *and* Courtine.

Sylv. TO fall in love, and to fall in love with a Souldier? nay a disbanded Souldier too, a fellow with the mark of *Cain* upon him, which every body knows him by, and is ready to throw Stones at him for.

Cour. Dam her, I ſhall never enjoy her without raviſhing; if ſhe were but very rich and very ugly, I would marry her. Ay, 'tis ſhe, I know her miſchievous look too well to be miſtaken in it——Madam!——

Sylv. Sir.

Cour. 'Tis a very hard Caſe, that you have reſolv'd not to let me be quiet.

Sylv. 'Tis very unreaſonably done of you, Sir, to haunt me up and down every where at this ſcandalous rate; the world will think we are acquainted, ſhortly.

Cour. But, Madam, I ſhall fairly take more care of my Reputation, and from this time forward ſhun and avoid you moſt watchfully.

Sylv. Have you not haunted this place theſe two hours?

Cour. 'Twas becauſe I knew it to be your Ladyſhip's home then, and therefore might reaſonably be the place you leaſt of all frequented; one would imagine you were gone a Coxcomb-hunting by this time, to ſome place of publick Appearance or other; 'tis pretty near the hour twill be twilight preſently, and then the Owles come all abroad.

Sylv. What need I take the trouble to go ſo far a fowling, when there's game enough at our own doors?

Cour. What, game for your Net, fair ladie?

Sylv. Yes, or any woman's Net elſe, that will ſpread it.

Cour. To ſhew you how deſpicably I think of the buſineſs, I will here leave you preſently, though I loſe the pleaſure of railing at you.

Sylv. Do ſo, I wou'd adviſe you; your raillery betrays your wit, as bad as your clumſey civility does your breeding.

Cour. Adieu!——

Sylv. Farewel!——

Cour. Why do not you go about your buſineſs?

Sylv. Becauſe I would be ſure to be rid of you firſt, that you might not dog me.

Cour. Were it but poſſible that you could anſwer me one queſtion truly, and then I ſhould be ſatisfi'd.

Sylv. Any thing for compoſition to be rid of you handſomly.

Cour. Are you really very honeſt? Look in my Face, and tell me that.

Sylv. Look in your Face and tell you, for what? To ſpoil my Stomach to my Supper?

Cour. No, but to get thee a Stomach to thy Bed, Sweet-heart; I would, if poſſible, be better acquainted with thee, becauſe thou art very ill-natur'd.

Sylv. Your only Way to bring that buſineſs about effectually is to be more troubleſome; and if you think it worth your while to be abuſed ſubſtantially, you may make your perſonal appearance this Night.

Cour. How? where? and when? and what hour, I beſeech thee?

Sylv. Under the Window, between the hours of eleven and twelve exactly.

Cour. Where ſhall thoſe lovely Eyes and Ears hear my Plaints, and ſee my Tears.

Sylv. At that kind hour thy griefs ſhall end, if thou canſt know thy Foe from thy Friend. [*Exit.*

Cour. Here's another trick of the Devil now; under that Window, between the hours of eleven and twelve exactly. I am a damn'd Fool, and muſt go; let me ſee; ſuppoſe I meet with a luſty beating: Piſh, that's nothing for a man that's in love; or ſuppoſe ſhe contrive ſome way to make a publick Coxcomb of me, and expoſe me to the ſcorn of the World, for an example to all amorous Block-heads hereafter? why if ſhe do, I'll ſwear I have lain with her; beat her Relations, if they pretend to Vindicate her; and ſo there's one love intrigue pretty well over. [*Exit Cour.*

Enter Sir David *and* Vermin.

Sir *Dav.* Go get you into your Ladie now, and tell her I am coming.

Verm. Her Ladiſhip, Right-worſhipful, is pleaſed not to be at home.

Sir *Dav.* How's that? my Ladie not at home! run, run in and ask when ſhe went forth, where ſhe is gone, and who is with her? run and ask, *Vermin.*

Verm. She went out in her Chair preſently after you, this After-noon.

Sir *Dav.* Then I am to be a Cuckold ſtill for ought I know: What will become of me? I have ſurely loſt, and ne'r ſhall find her more; ſhe promis'd me ſtrictlie to ſtay at home till I came back again; for ought I know ſhe may be up three pair of ſtairs in the Temple now.

Verm. Is her Ladyſhip in Law then, Sir?

Sir *Dav.* Or it may be taking the Air as far as Knights-Bridge with ſome ſmooth-fac'd Rogue or another: 'Tis a damn'd houſe, that Swan, that Swan at Knights-Bridge is a confounded Houſe, *Vermin.*

Verm. Do you think ſhe is there then?——

Sir *Dav.* No, I do not think ſhe is there neither; but ſuch a thing may be, you know: wou'd that *Barn-Elms* was under water too, there's a 1000

Cuckolds a Year made at *Barn-Elms*, by *Roſamond*'s Ponds; the devil if ſhe ſhou'd be there this evening, my heart's broke.

Enter Sir Jolly.

Sir *Jol.* That muſt be Sir *Davy*; ay, that's he, that's he, ha, ha, ha, was ever the like heard of? was ever any thing ſo pleaſant?

Sir *Dav.* I'll lock her up three daies and three nights without meat, drink, or light; I'll humble her in the Devil's name.

Sir *Jol.* Well, cou'd I but meet my Friend Sir *Davy*, it would be the joyfulleſt news for him——

Sir *Dav.* Who's there that has any thing to ſay to me?

Sir *Jol.* Ah my Friend of Friends, ſuch news, ſuch tidings!

Sir *Dav.* I have loſt my Wife Man.

Sir *Jol.* Loſt her! ſhe's not dead, I hope?

Sir *Dav.* Yes. Alas, ſhe's dead, irrecoverably loſt.

Sir *Jol.* Why, I parted with her within this half hour.

Sir *Dav.* Did you ſo, are you ſure it was ſo? where was it? I'll have my Lord Chief-Juſtice's Warrant and a Conſtable preſentlie.

Sir *Jol.* And ſhe made the pureſt ſport now, with a young Fellow, Man, that ſhe met withall accidentally.

Sir *Dav.* Oh Lord! that's worſe and worſe! a Young fellow!——my Wife making ſport with a young fellow! Oh Lord! here are doings, here are vagaries! I'll run mad, I'll climb Bow Steeple preſently, beſtride the Dragon, and preach Cuckoldom to the whole City.

Sir *Jol.* The beſt of all was too, that it happen'd to be an idle Coxcomb that pretended to be in love with her Neighbour.

Sir *Dav.* Indeed, in love with her! who was it? what's his Name? I warrant you won't tell a Body——I'll indict him in the Crown Office; no, I'll iſſue Warrants to apprehend him for Treaſon upon the Statute of *Edw.* 19*th.* Won't you tell me what young Fellow it was? was it a very handſome young Fellow, hah——

Sir *Jol.* Handſome? Yes hang him, the fellow's handſome enough; he is not very handſom neither, but he has a devilliſh leering black eye.

Sir *Dav.* Oh Lord!

Sir *Jol.* His face too is a good rideing Face; 'tis no ſoft effeminate complexion indeed, but his countenance is ruddy, ſanguine and chearful; a devilliſh Fellow in a corner I'll warrant him.

Sir *Dav.* Bleſs us! what will become of me? why the devil did I marry a young Wife? Is he very well ſhap'd too, tall, ſtraight, and proportionable, hah!——

Sir *Jol.* Tall? No, he's not very tall neither, yet he is tall enough too: he's none of your overgrown lubberly Flanders Jades, but more of the true *Engliſh* breed, well knit, able and fit for Service, old Boy; the Fellow

is well ſhap'd truely, very well proportion'd, ſtrong and active. I have ſeen the Rogue leap like a Buck.

Sir *Dav.* Who can this be? Well, and what think you, Friend, has he been there! Come, come, I'm ſenſible ſhe's a young Woman; and I am an old Fellow, troth a very old Fellow, I ſignifie little or nothing now. But do you think he has prevail'd? am I Cuckold, Neighbour?

Sir *Jol.* Cuckold! what, a Cuckold in *Covent-garden?* No, I'll aſſure you, I believe her to be the moſt vertuous Woman in the World; but if you had but ſeen——

Sir *Dav.* Ay, wou'd I had, what was it?

Sir *Jol.* How like a Rogue ſhe us'd him: Firſt of all comes me up the Spark to her, Madam, ſays he————and then he bows down thus—— How now, ſays ſhe, what would the impertinent Fellow have?

Sir *Dav.* Humph? ha! well, and what then?

Sir *Jol.* Madam, ſays he again, (bowing as he did before) my heart is ſo entirely yours, that except you take pitie of my ſufferings, I muſt here dy at your feet.

Sir *Dav.* So, and what ſaid ſhe again, Neighbour, hah!

Sir *Jol.* Go, you are a Fop.

Sir *Dav.* Ha, ha, ha, did ſhe indeed? Did ſhe ſay ſo indeed? I am glad on't, troth I am very glad on't; well, and what next? And how, and well, and what? ha!——

Sir *Jol.* Madam, ſays he, this won't do, I am your humble Servant for all this; you may pretend to be as ill-natur'd as you pleaſe, but I ſhall make bold.

Sir *Dav.* Was there ever ſuch an impudent Fellow?

Sir *Jol.* With that, Sirrah, ſays ſhe, you are a ſawſie Jackanapes, and I'll have you kickt.

Sir *Dav.* Ha, ha, ha! Well, I wou'd not be unmarri'd again to be an Angel.

Sir *Jol.* But the beſt Jeaſt of all was, who this ſhould be at laſt.

Sir *Dav.* Ay, who indeed! I'll warrant you ſome ſilly Fellow or other, poor Fool!

Sir *Jol.* E'en a ſcandalous Rake-hell, that lingers up and down the Town by the Name of Captain *Beaugard;* but he has been a bloody Cuckold-making Scoundrel in his time.

Sir *Dav.* Hang him Sot, is it he? I don't value him thus, not a wet finger, Man; to my knowledge ſhe hates him, ſhe ſcorns him, Neighbour, I know it, I am very well ſatisfi'd in the point; beſides, I have ſeen him ſince that, and have out hector'd him: I am to tell her from his own mouth, that he promiſes never to affront her more.

Sir *Jol.* Indeed! (*A Letter.*)

Sir *Dav.* Ay, ay——

Enter Lady Dunce, paying her Chairman.

Chairman. God bleſs you, Madam, thank your Honour.

Sir *Jol.* Huſh, huſh, there's my Lady, I'll be gone, I'll not be ſeen, your humble Servant, God by'w'y.

Sir *Dav.* No Faith, Sir *Jolly*, e'en go into my houſe now, and ſtay Supper with me, we han't ſupt together a great while.

Sir *Jol.* Ha! ſay you ſo? I don't care if I do, faith, with all my heart; this may give me an opportunity to ſet all things right again. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Dav.* My Dear.

L. *Dunce.* Sir!

Sir *Dav.* You have been abroad, my Dear, I ſee.

L. *Dunce.* Only for a little Air, truly I was almoſt ſtiffled within Doors, I hope you will not be angry, Sir *David*, will you?

Sir *Dav.* Angry, Child! no Child, not I; what ſhould I be angry for?

L. *Dunce.* I wonder, Sir *David*, you will ſerve me at this Rate. Did you not promiſe me to go in my behalf to *Beaugard*, and correct him according to my inſtructions for his inſolence?

Sir *Dav.* So I did, Child; I have been with him, Sweetheart, I have told him all to a tittle, I gave him back again the Picture too; but as the Devil would have it, I forgot the Ring, faith I did.

L. *Dunce.* Did you purpoſe, Sir *Sodom*, to render me ridiculous to the man I abominate? what ſcandalous interpretation, think you, muſt he make of my retaining any trifle of his, ſent me on ſo diſhonourable terms?

Sir *Dav.* Really, my Lamb, thou art in the right; yes, I went back afterwards, Dear heart, and did the buſineſs to ſome purpoſe.

L. *Dunce.* I am glad that you did, with all my heart.

Sir *Dav.* I gave him his leſſon, I'll warrant him.

L. *Dunce.* Leſſon! what leſſon had you to give him?

Sir *Dav.* Why, I told him as he lik'd that uſage he might come again; ha, ha, ha.

L. *Dunce.* Ay, and ſo let him.

Sir *Dav.* With all my heart, I'll give him free leave, or hang me; tho thou wou'dſt not imagine how the poor Devil's alter'd. La you there now, but as certainly as I ſtand here, that man is troubled that he ſwears he ſhall not reſt day nor night, till he has ſatisfi'd thee; prithee be ſatisfy'd with him if it is poſſible, my Dear, prithee do. I promis'd him before I left him to tell thee as much: for the poor wretch looks ſo ſimply, I could not chuſe but pity him, I vow and ſwear, ha, ha, ha.

Sir *Jol.* Now, now, you little Witch, now you Chitsface; odd I cou'd find in my Heart to put my little Finger in your Bubbies.

L. *Dunce.* Sir *Dav.*, I muſt tell you, that I cannot but reſent your ſo ſoon reconcilement with a man that I hate worſe then death, and that

if you lov'd me with half that tenderneſs which you profeſs, you would not forget an affront ſo palpably and ſo baſely offer'd me.

Sir *Dav.* Why Chicken, where's the remedy? what's to be done? how wouldſt thou have me deal with him?

L. *Dunce.* Cut his throat.

Sir *Dav.* Bleſs us for ever! cut his throat! what, do murder?

L. *Dunce.* Murder, yes, any thing to ſuch an incorrigible Enemy of your honour, one that has reſolv'd to perſiſt in abuſing of you; ſee here this letter, this I receiv'd ſince I laſt parted with you; juſt now it was thrown into my Chair by an impudent Lacquey of his, kept o'purpoſe for ſuch imployments.

Sir *Dav.* Let me ſee: A Letter indeed!—for the Lady *Dunce*—— damn'd Rogue, treacherous dog, what can he ſay in the inſide now? here's a Villain.

L. *Dunce.* Yes, you had beſt break it open, you had ſo; 'tis like the reſt of your diſcretion.

Sir *Dav.* Lady, if I have an enemy, 'tis beſt for me to know what miſchief he intends me; therefore, with your leave, I will break it open.

L. *Dunce.* Do, do, to have him believe that I was pleaſed enough with it to do it my ſelf: If you have the Spirit of a Gentleman in you, carry it back, and daſh it, as it is, in the Face of that audacious Fellow.

Sir *Jol.* What can be the meaning of this now?

Sir *Dav.* A Gentleman, yes, Madam, I am a Gentleman, and the World ſhall find that I am a Gentleman.——I have certainly the beſt Woman in the World.

L. *Dunce.* What do you think muſt be the end of all this? I have no refuge in the world, but your kindneſs: Had I a jealous Husband now, how miſerable muſt my life be?

Sir *Jol.* Ah Rogue's Noſe! ah Devil! ah Toad! cunning Thief, wheedling Slut, I'll bite her by and by.

Sir *Dav.* Poor Fool! no Dear, I am not Jealous, nor never will be jealous of thee: Do what thou wilt thou ſhalt not make me Jealous: I love thee to well to ſuſpect thee.

L. *Dunce.* Ah, but how long will you do ſo?

Sir *Dav.* How long? as long as I live I warrant thee, I——don't talk to a body ſo: I cannot hold if thou doſt, my eyes will run over, poor Fool! poor Birdſnies! poor Lambkin!

L. *Dunce.* But will you be ſo kind to me to anſwer my deſires? will you once more endeavour to make that Traytor ſenſible that I have too juſt an eſteem of you, not to value his addreſſes as they deſerve?

Sir *Dav.* Ay, ay, I will.

L. *Dunce.* But don't ſtay away too long, Dear; make what haſte you can, I ſhall be in pain till I ſee you again.

Sir *Dav.* My Dear, my Love, my Babby, I'll be with thee in a moment: How happy am I above the reſt of men! Neighbour, dear Neighbour, walk in with my Wife, and keep her company, till I return again. Child, don't be troubled, prithee don't be troubled, was there ever ſuch a Wife? well, da, da, da: don't be troubled, prithee don't be troubled, prithee don't be troubled, da, Da. [*Exit.*

L. *Dunce.* Sir *Jolly*, Sir *Jolly*, Sir *Jolly.*

Sir *Jol.* Don't be troubled, prithee don't be troubled, da, da.

L. *Dunce.* But Sir *Jolly*, can you gueſs whereabout my wand'ring Officer may be probably found now?

Sir *Jol.* Found, Ladie? he is to be found, Madam, he is to be at my Houſe preſently, Ladie; he's certainly one of the fineſt Fellows in the World.

L. *Dunce.* You ſpeak like a Friend, Sir *Jolly.*

Sir *Jol.* His Friend, Lady; no Madam, his Foe, his utter Enemy, I ſhall be his ruin, I ſhall undo him.

L. *Dunce.* You may, if you pleaſe: then come both and play at Cards this Evening with me for an hour or two; for I have contrived it ſo, that Sir *David* is to be abroad at Supper to night, he cannot poſſibly avoid it; I long to win ſome of the Captains Money ſtrangely.

Sir *Jol.* Do you ſo, my Gameſter? Well, I'll be ſure to bring him, and for what he carries about him I'll warrant you———odd he's a pretty Fellow, a very pretty Fellow, he has only one Fault.

L. *Dunce.* And what is that I beſeech you, Sir?

Sir *Jol.* Only too loving, too good Natur'd, that's all; 'tis certainly the beſt natur'd Fool breathing, that's all his fault.

L. *Dunce.* Hiſt, hiſt, I think I ſee company coming; if you pleaſe, Sir *Jolly*, we'll go in.

Enter Beaugard *follow'd by Sir* David *and* Vermin.

Sir *Jol.* Mum, mum, mum, 'tis he himſelf, the very ſame; odds ſo, Sir *Davy* after him too, huſh, huſh, huſh, let us be gone, let us retire; do but look upon him now, mind him a little, there's a ſhape, there's an Air, there's a motion! Ah Rogue, ah Devil, get you in, get you in, I ſay, there's a ſhape for you. [*Exit.*

Beau. What the Devil I ſhall do to recover this days loſs again? my honourable Pimp too, my Pander Knight has forſaken me; methinks I am quandari'd, like one going with a party to diſcover the Enemie's Camp, but had loſt his guide upon the mountains: Curſe on him, old *Argus* is here agen: there can be no good Fortune towards me when he's at my heels.

Sir *Dav.* Sir, Sir, Sir, one Word with you, Sir! Captain, Captain, noble Captain, one Word I beſeech you.

Beau. With me, Friend?

Sir *Dav.* Yes with you, my no Friend.

Beau. Sir *David*, my Intimate, my Boſom Phyſitian——

Sir *Dav.* Ah Rogue! damn'd Rogue!

Beau. My Confeſſor, my deareſt Friend I ever had——

Sir *Dav.* Dainty Wheadle, here's a Fellow for ye.

Beau. One that has taught me to be in love with Vertue, and ſhewn me the ugly inſide of my Follies.

Sir *Dav.* Sir, your humble Servant.

Beau. Is that all? if you are as cold in your Love as you are in your Friendſhip, Sir *Davy*, your Lady has the worſt time on't of any one in Chriſtendom.

Sir *Dav.* So ſhe has, Sir, when ſhe cannot be free from the inſolent ſollicitations of ſuch Fellows as you are, Sir.

Beau. As me, Sir? why, who am I, good Sir Domine Doddle-pate?

Sir *Dav.* So, take notice he threatens me, I'll have him bound to the peace inſtantly; will you never have remorſe of Conſcience, Friend? have you baniſh'd all ſhame from your Soul? Do you conſider my name is Sir *David Dunce?* that I have the moſt vertuous Wife living? Do you conſider that? Now how like a Rogue he looks again; what a hang-dog leer was that?

Beau. Your vertuous Wife, Sir! you are always harping upon that ſtring, Sir *David.*

Sir *Dav.* No, 'tis you would be harping upon that ſtring, Sir; ſee you this? caſt your eyes upon this, this Letter Sir; did not you promiſe this very day, to abandon all manner of proceedings of this Nature, tending to the diſhonour of me and my Family?

Beau. Letter, Sir? what the divel does he mean now? Let me ſee, for the Lady *Dunce*; this is no ſcrawl of mine, I'll be Sworn; by *Jove*, her own hand! What a Dog was I! forty to one but I had play'd the Fool, and ſpoil'd all again. Was there ever ſo Charming a Creature breathing? ——Did your Lady deliver this to your hands, Sir?

Sir *Dav.* Ev'n her own ſelf in perſon, Sir, and bad me tell you, Sir, that ſhe has too juſt an eſteem of me, Sir, not to value ſuch a Fellow as you are, as you deſerve.

Beau. Very good: [*Reads the Letter.*] I doubt not but this Letter will ſurprize you——(in troth, and ſo it does extreamly) but reflect upon the manner of conveying it to your hand as kindly as you can.

Sir *Dav.* Ay a damn'd Thief, to have it thrown into the Chair by a Footman.

Beau. [*Reads.*] Would Sir *Davy* were but half ſo kind to you as I am.

Sir *Dav.* Say you ſo, you inſinuating Knave? [*Sir* Jolly *reads.*

Beau. But he, I am ſatisfi'd, is ſo ſeverely Jealous, that except you

contrive ſome way to let me ſee you this evening, I fear all will be hopeleſs.

Sir *Dav.* Impudent Traytor, I might have been a Monſter yet before I had got my Supper in my Belly.

Beau. In order to which either appear your ſelf, or ſome body for you, half an Hour hence in the *Piazza*, when more may be conſider'd of, adieu.

Sir *Dav.* Thanks to you, noble Sir, with all my heart; you are come I ſee accordingly, but as a Friend I am bound in Conſcience to tell you the buſineſs won't do, the Trick won't paſs, Friend; you may put up your Pipes, and march off: Oh Lord! he ly with my Wife, Pugh-h-h, he make Sir *Davy Dunce* a Cuckold, poor wretch, ha, ha, ha.

Sir *Jol.* Hiſt, hiſt, hiſt.

Enter Lady Dunce, *and* Fourbin *diſguis'd.*

L. *Dunce.* That's he, there he is: ſucceed, and be rewarded.

Four. Other People may think what they pleaſe; but in my own Opinion, I am a very pretty Fellow now; if my deſign but ſucceed upon this old Baboon, I'll be canoniz'd. Sir, Sir, Sir.

Sir *Dav.* Friend! with me? Wou'd you ſpeak with me Friend?

Four. Sir, my commands were to attend your Worſhip.

Sir *Jol. Beaugard, Beaugard*, hiſt, hiſt, here, here, quickly, hiſt.

Sir *Dav.* Where do you live Sweet-heart, and who do you belong to?

Four. Sir, I am a ſmall Inſtrument of the City, I ſerve the Lord Mayor in his Office there.

Sir *Dav.* How, the Lord Mayor!

Four. Yes, Sir, who deſires you by all means to do him the Honour of your company at ſupper this evening.

Sir *Dav.* It will be the greateſt honour I ever receiv'd in my Life; what, my Lord Mayor invite me to Supper? I am his Lordſhip's moſt humble ſervant.

Four. Yes, Sir, if your Name be Sir *Davy Dunce*, as I have the honour to be inform'd it is: he deſires you moreover to make what haſte you can, for that he has ſome matters of importance to communicate to your honour, which may take up ſome time.

L. *Dunce.* I hope it will ſucceed.

Sir *Dav.* Communicate with me! he does me too noble a favour; I'l fly upon the wings of Ambition to lay my ſelf at his Footſtool: My Lord Mayor ſends himſelf to invite me to Supper, to confer with me too: I ſhall certainly be a great Man.

Four. What Anſwer will your Worſhip charge me back withal?

Sir *Dav.* Let his Lordſhip know, that I am amaz'd and confounded at his generoſity; and that I am ſo tranſported with the honour he does Me, that I will not fail to wait on him in the roaſting of an Egg.

Four. I am your Worſhip's lowly Slave.

Sir *Dav.* *Vermin*, go get the Coach ready; get me the Gold Medal too and Chain, which I took from the *Roman* Catholik Officer for a Popiſh Relick: I'l be fine; I'l ſhine, and drink Wine that's Divine. My Lord Mayor invite me to Supper!

L. *Dunce.* My Deareſt, I'm glad to ſee thee return'd in ſafety, from the bottom of my heart: Haſt thou ſeen the Traitor?

Sir *Dav.* Seen him! hang him, I have ſeen him; Pox on him, ſeen him!

L. *Dunce.* Well, and what is become of him? Where is he?

Sir *Dav.* Why doſt thou ask me where he is? What a Pox care I what becomes of him? prithee don't trouble me with thy impertinence, I am buſie.

L. *Dunce.* You are not Angry, my Dear, are you?

Sir *Dav.* No, but I am pleas'd, and that's all one; very much pleas'd let me tell you, but that I am only to ſup with my Lord-Mayor, that's all; nothing elſe in the World, only the buſineſs of the Nation calls upon me, that's all; therefore once more, I ſay, don't be troubleſome, but ſtand off.

L. *Dunce.* You always think my company troubleſome; you never ſtay at home to comfort me; what think you I ſhall do alone by my ſelf all this Evening, mopeing in my Chamber? Pray, my Joy, ſtay with me for once. I hope he won't take me at my word. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Dav.* I ſay again and again, Tempter ſtand off, I will not loſe my preferment for my pleaſure; honour is towards me, and fleſh and blood are my Averſion.

L. *Dunce.* But how long will you ſtay then?

Sir *Dav.* I don't know, may be not an hour, may be all night, as his Lordſhip and I think fit; what's that to any body?

L. *Dunce.* You are very cruel to me.

Sir *Dav.* I can't help it; go, get you in, and paſs away the time with your Neighbour, I'll be back again before I die; in the mean time be humble and conformable, go. Is the Coach ready?

Verm. Yes, Sir.

Sir *Dav.* Well, your Servant; what, nothing to my Lady Mayoreſs! You have a great deal of Breeding indeed, a great deal; nothing to my Lady Mayoreſs?

L. *Dunce.* My ſervice to her, if you pleaſe.

Sir *Dav.* Well, Da, da, the poor Fool cries, o' my conſcience! adieu, do you hear, farewell. [*Exit.*

L. *Dunce.* As well as what I love can make me.

Enter Sir Jolly.

Sir *Jol.* Madam, is he gone?

L. *Dunce.* In poſt haſte, I aſſure you.

Sir *Jol.* In troth, and joy go with him.

L. *Dunce.* Do you then, Sir *Jolly*, conduct the Captain hither, whilſt I go and diſpoſe of the Family, that we may be private. [*Ex.*

Enter Sir Davy.

Sir *Dav.* Troth, I had forgot my Medal and Chain, quite and clean, forgot my Relique; I was forced to come up theſe back ſtairs, for fear of meeting my Wife again; it is the troubleſom'ſt loving Fool; I muſt into my Cloſet, and write a ſhort Letter too; 'tis Poſt night, I had forgot that: Well, I wou'd not have my Wife catch me for a Guinny. [*Exit.*

Enter Beaugard *and Lady* D.

Beau. Are you certain, Madam, no body is this way? I fancy as we enter'd, I ſaw the glimpſe of ſomething more than ordinary.

L. *Dunce.* Is it your care of me, or your perſonal fears, that make you ſo ſuſpitious? Whereabouts was the Apparition?

Beau. There, there, juſt at the very door.

L. *Dunce.* Fie for ſhame, that's Sir *Davy*'s Cloſet; and he, I'm ſatisfi'd, is far enough off by this time. I'm ſure I heard the Coach drive him away. But to convince you, you ſhall ſee now: Sir *Davy*, Sir *Davy*, Sir *Davy*, [*knocking at the Cloſet door.*] Look you there; you a Captain, and afraid of a ſhadow! Come, Sir, ſhall we call for the Cards?

Beau. And what ſhall we play for, pretty One?

L. *Dunce.* E'en what you think beſt, Sir.

Beau. Silver Kiſſes, or Golden Joyes? Come let us make Stakes a little.

Enter Sir Jolly.

Sir *Jol.* Ah Rogue, ah Rogue! are you there? Have I caught you in Faith now, now, now?

L. *Dunce.* And who ſhall keep them?

Beau. You, till Sir *Davy* returns from Supper.

L. *Dunce.* That may be long enough: for our Engine *Fourbin* has Orders not to give him over ſuddenly, I aſſure you.

Beau. And is't to your ſelf then, I'm oblig'd for this bleſs'd opportunity? Let us improve it to Love's beſt Advantage.

Sir *Jol.* Ah, h, h, h! Ah, h, h, h!

Beau. Let's vow eternal, and raiſe our thoughts to expectation of immortal pleaſures: in one another's eyes let's read our joys, till we've no longer power o're our deſires, drunk with this diſſolving, oh!

Enter Sir Davy *from his Cloſet.*

L. *Dunce.* Ah! [*Squeaks.*

Beau. By this light, the Cuckold: *Preſto*, nay, then Hallo.

[*Gets up and runs away.*

Sir *Dav.* O Lord, a Man, a Man in my Wife's Chamber! Murder, Murder! Thieves, Thieves, ſhut up my Doors! Madam! Madam! Madam!

Enter Sir Jolly.

Sir *Jol.* Ay, ay, Thieves, Thieves, Murder, Murder, where Neighbour, where, where?

L. *Dunce.* Pierce, pierce this wretched Heart, hard to the Hilts, dye this in the deepeſt crimſon of my Blood; ſpare not a miſerable Woman's life, whom Heav'n deſign'd to be the unhappy object of the moſt horrid uſage Man e'r acted.

[*Catches up* Beaugard's *Sword, which he had left behind him in the hurry, and preſents it to Sir* Davy.

Sir *Dav.* What, in the name of Satan, does ſhe mean now?

L. *Dunce.* Curſe on my fatal beauty! blaſted ever be theſe two baneful eyes, that cou'd inſpire a barbarous Villain to attempt ſuch crimes as all my blood's too little to atone for: Nay, you ſhall hear me——

Sir *Dav.* Hear you, Madam! No, I have ſeen too much, I thank you heartily; hear you, Quotha!——

L. *Dunce.* Yes, and before I die too, I'll be juſtifi'd.

Sir *Dav.* Juſtify'd, oh Lord, juſtify'd!

L. *Dunce.* Notice being given me of your return, I came with ſpeed to this unhappy place, where I have oft been bleſt with your Embraces, when from behind the Arras our ſtarts *Beaugard*; how he came there heav'n knows.

Sir *Dav.* I'll have him hang'd for Burglary; he has broken my Houſe, and broke the Peace upon my Wife: very good!

L. *Dunce.* Straight in his Arms he graſpt me faſt; with much ado I plung'd and got my Freedom, ran to your Cloſet-Door, knockt and implor'd your aid, call'd on your name; but all in vain——

Sir *Dav.* Hah!

L. *Dunce.* Soon again he ſeiz'd me, ſtopt my mouth; and, with a Conqueror's fury——

Sir *Dav.* Oh Lord! oh Lord! no more, no more, I beſeech thee, I ſhall grow mad, and very mad! I'l plough up Rocks and Adamantine Iron-Bars; I'l crack the Frame of Nature, ſally out like *Tamberlain* upon the *Trojan* Horſe, and drive the Pigmies all like Geeſe before me. Oh Lord, ſtop her Mouth! Well, and how? and what then! ſtopt thy mouth! well! Hah!

L. *Dunce.* No, though unfortunate, I ſtill am innocent; his curſed purpoſe could not be accompliſht; but who will live ſo injur'd? No, I'l

die to be reveng'd on my ſelf: I ne'er can hope that I may ſee his ſtreaming gore; and thus I let out my own—— [*Offers to run upon the ſword.*

Sir *Dav.* Ha! what wouldſt thou do my love? prithy don't break my heart: If thou wilt kill, kill me; I know thou art innocent, I ſee thou art; tho I had rather be a Cuckold a thouſand times, than loſe thee, poor Love, poor Dearee, poor Baby.

Sir *Jol.* Alack-a-day—— [*Weeps.*

L. *Dunce.* Ah me!

Sir *Dav.* Ah, prithee be comforted now, prithee do; why, I'll love thee the better for this, for all this, Mun: why ſhouldſt be troubled for another's ill doings? I know it was no fault of thine.

Sir *Jol.* No, no more it was not, I dare ſwear.

Sir *Dav.* See, ſee, my Neighbour weeps too; he is troubled to ſee thee thus.

L. *Dunce.* Oh, but revenge!

Sir *Dav.* Why, thou ſhalt have revenge: I'll have him murder'd; I'll have his throat cut before to morrow morning, Child: riſe now, prithee riſe.

Sir *Jol.* Ay, do, Madam, and ſmile upon Sir *Davy.*

L. *Dunce.* But will you love me then as well as e'er you did?

Sir *Dav.* Ay, and the longeſt day I live too.

L. *Dunce.* And ſhall I have Juſtice done me on that prodigious Monſter?

Sir *Dav.* Why, he ſhall be Crows meat by to morrow night; I tell thee he ſhall be Crows meat by midnight, Chicken.

L. *Dunce.* Then I will live; ſince ſo, 'tis ſomething pleaſant:
Whence I in Peace may lead a happy Life
With ſuch a Husband——

Sir *Dav.* I with ſuch a Wife.

ACT IV. SCENE, *The Tavern.*

Enter Beaugard, Courtine *and* Drawer.

Draw. WELCOME Gentlemen, very welcome, Sir; will you pleaſe to walk up one pair of ſtairs?

Beau. Get the great Room ready preſently; carry up too a good ſtock of Bottles before-hand, with Ice to cool our Wine, and Water to refreſh our Glaſſes.

Draw. It ſhall be done, Sir. Coming, coming there, Coming: ſpeak up in the Dolphin, ſome Body.

Beau. Ah, *Courtine*, muſt we be always idle! Muſt we never ſee our glorious days again! When ſhall we be rolling in the Lands of Milk and Honey, incampt in large luxuriant Vineyards, where the loaded Vines Cluſter about our Tents; drink the rich Juice, juſt preſt from the plump Grape, feeding on all the fragrant golden Fruit that grow in fertile Climes, and ripen'd by the earlieſt Vigour of the Sun?

Cour. Ah, *Beaugard!* thoſe Days have been, but now we muſt reſolve to content our ſelves at an humble rate: methinks it is not unpleaſant to conſider how I have ſeen thee in a large Pavillion; drowning the Heat of the day in *Champ.ng* Wines, ſparkling ſweet as thoſe charming Beauties, whoſe dear remembrance every Glaſs recorded, with half a dozen honeſt Fellows more, Friends, *Beaugard;* faithful hearty Friends; things as hard to meet with, as preferment here: Fellows that would ſpeak truth boldly, and were proud on't; that ſcorn'd flattery, lov'd honeſty, for 'twas their portion; and never yet learn'd the Trade of eaſe and lying: But now——

Beau. Ay, now we are at home in our natural Hives, and ſleep like Drones; but there's a Gentleman on the other ſide the Water, that may make work for us all one day.

Cour. But in the mean while——

Beau. In the mean while patience, *Courtine;* that is the *Engliſh* man's Vertue: Go to the man that owes you money, and tell him you are neceſſitated; his anſwer ſhall be, A little patience, I beſeech you, Sir: Ask a Cowardly Raſcal ſatisfaction for a ſordid injury done you; he ſhall cry, Alas-a-day, Sir, you are the ſtrangeſt Man living, you won't have patience to hear one ſpeak. Complain to a great Man that you want preferment, that you have forſaken conſiderable advantages abroad, in obedience to publick Edicts; all you ſhall get of him is this, you muſt have patience, Sir.

Cour. But will patience feed me, or clothe me, or keep me clean?

Beau. Prithee, no more hints of Poverty: 'Tis ſcandalous; 'sdeath, I would as ſoon chuſe to hear a Soldier brag, as complain: Doſt thou want any Money?

Cour. True indeed, I want no neceſſaries to keep me alive; but I do not enjoy my ſelf with that freedom I wou'd do; there is no more pleaſure in living at ſtint, than there is in living alone. I would have it in my power (when he needed me) to ſerve and aſſiſt my Friend; I would to my Ability deal handſomely too by the VVoman that pleas'd me.

Beau. Oh, fy for ſhame! you would be a VVhore-maſter, Friend; go, go, I'l have no more to do with you.

Cour. I would not be forced neither at any time to avoid a Gentleman that had oblig'd me, for want of Money to pay him a debt contracted in our old acquaintance: It turns my Stomach to wheadle with the Rogue I ſcorn, when he uſes me Scurvily, becauſe he has my Name in his Shop-Book.

Beau. As for example, to endure the familiaritys of a Rogue, that ſhall cock his greaſy Hat in my Face, when he duns me, and at the ſame time vail it to an overgrown Deputy of the VVard, though a frowzy Fellmonger.

Cour. To be forced to concur with his Non-ſence too, and laugh at his Pariſh Jeſts.

Beau. To uſe reſpects and ceremonies to the Milch-Cow his Wife, and praiſe her pretty Children, though they ſtink of their Mother, and are uglier than the iſſue of a Baboon; yet all this muſt be endured.

Cour. Muſt it, *Beaugard?*

Beau. And ſince 'tis ſo, let's think of a Bottle.

Cour. With all my Heart, for rayling and drinking do much better together then by themſelves; a private room, a truſty Friend or two, good Wine and bold Truths, are my happineſs. But where's our dear Friend and intimate, Sir *Jolly*, this Evening?

Beau. To deal like a friend, *Courtine*, I parted with him but juſt now; he's gone to contrive me a meeting, if poſſible, this Night, with the Woman my Soul is moſt fond of: I was this Evening juſt entering upon the Pallace of all Joy, when I met with ſo damnable a diſappointment ——In ſhort, that Plague to all Well meaning Women, the Husband, came unſeaſonably, and forc't a poor Lover to his Heels, that was fairly making his progreſs another way. *Courtine*, the Story thou ſhalt hear more at large hereafter.

Cour. A Plague on him, why didſt thou not Murder the preſumptuous Cuckold? ſaucy intruding clown! to dare to diſturb a Gentleman's privacies. I would have beaten him into Sence of his tranſgreſſion, injoy'd his Wife before his Face, and taught the Dog his Duty.

Beau. Look you, *Courtine*, you think you are dealing with the Landlord of your Winter Quarters in *Alſatia*, now? Friend, Friend, there is a difference between a freeborn *Engliſh* Cuckold, and a ſneaking Wittal of a conquer'd Province.

Cour. Oh, by all means! there ought to be a difference obſerv'd between your arbitrary Whoring, and your limited Fornication.

Beau. And but reaſon: For though we may make bold with another man's Wife in a friendly Way; yet nothing upon compulſion, Dear heart.

Cour. And now, Sir *Jolly*, I hope, is to be the inſtrument of ſome immortal Plot; ſome contrivance for the good of thy body, and the old fellow's ſoul, *Beaugard:* for all Cuckolds go to Heav'n, that's moſt certain.

Beau. Sir *Jolly!* Why, on my Conſcience, he thinks it as much his undoubted Right to be Pimp-Maſter-General to *London* and *Middleſex*, as the Eſtate he poſſeſſes is: by my conſent his worship ſhould e'en have a Patent for it.

Cour. He is certainly the fitteſt for the imployment in Chriſtendom; he knows more Families by their Names and Titles, than all the Bell-men within and without the Walls.

Beau. Nay he keeps a Catalogue of the choiceſt Beauties about Town, illuſtrated with a particular Account of their Age, Shape, proportion, colour of Hair and Eyes, degrees of Complexion, Gunpowder Spots and Moles.

Cour. I wiſh the old Pander were bound to ſatisfy my experience; what marks of good nature my *Sylvia* has about her.

Sir *Jol.* My Captains! my Sons of *Mars*, and Imps of *Venus:* well encount'red; what, ſhall we have a ſparkling Bottle or two, and uſe *Fortune* like a Jade? *Beaugard*, you are a Rogue, you are a Dog, I hate you; get you gon, go.

Beau. But Sir *Jolly*, what news from *Paradiſe*, Sir *Jolly?* Is there any hopes I ſhall come there to-night?

Sir *Jol.* May be there is, may be there is not; I ſay let us have a Bottle, and I will ſay nothing elſe without a Bottle: After a Glaſs or two my Heart may open.

Cour. VVhy then we will have a Bottle, Sir *Jolly*.

Sir *Jol.* VVill? we'l have dozens, and drink till we'r wiſe, and ſpeak well of no body, till we are lewder than midnight whores, and out-rail disbanded Officers.

Beau. Only one thing more, my noble Knight, and then we are entirely at thy diſpoſal.

Sir *Jol.* Well, and what's that? What's the buſineſs?

Beau. This Friend of mine here ſtands in need of thy Aſſiſtance; he's damnably in Love, Sir *Jolly*.

Sir *Jol.* In Love! is he ſo! In Love! Ods, my Life! Is ſhe! What's her Name? Where does ſhe live? I warrant you I know her, ſhe's in my Table-Book I'l warrant you: Virgin, Wife, or Widdow!

[*Pulls out a Table-Book.*

Cour. In troth, Sir *Jolly*, that's ſomething a difficult queſtion; but as Virgins go now, ſhe may paſs for one of them.

Sir *Jol.* Virgin, very good: let me ſee; Virgin, Virgin, Virgin; oh, here are the Virgins; truly, I meet with the feweſt of this ſort of any: well, and the firſt Letter of her Name now! For a wager I gueſs her.

Cour. Then you muſt know, Sir *Jolly*, that I love my Love with an *S*.

Sir *Jol.* S. S. S. O here are the Eſſes; let me conſider now——*Sappho*.

Cour. No, Sir.

Sir *Jol. Selinda*.

Cour. Neither.

Sir *Jol. Sophronia*.

Cour. You muſt gueſs again, I aſſure you.

Sir *Jol. Silvia.*

Cour. Ay, ay, Sir *Jolly*, that's the fatal Name; *Silvia*, the fair, the witty, the ill-natur'd: do you know her, my Friend?

Sir *Jol.* Know her! Why ſhe is my Daughter, and I have adopted her theſe ſeven years: *Silvia!* let me look; Light Brown Hair, her Face Oval and Roman, quick ſparkling Eyes, plump pregnant ruby Lips, with a Mole on her Breaſt, and the perfect likeneſs of a Heart-Cherry on her Left Knee. Ah Villain! Ah ſly Cap! have I caught you? Are you there, i'faith? well, and what ſays ſhe? is ſhe coming? Do her Eyes betray her? Does her Heart beat, and her Bubbies riſe, when you talk to her? hah!——

Beau. Look you, Sir *Jolly*, all things conſider'd, it may make a ſhift to come to a Marriage in time——

Sir *Jol.* I'll have nothing to do in it; I won't be ſeen in the buſineſs of Matrimony. Make me a Match-maker? a filthy Marriage-Broker! Sir I ſcorn, I know better things: look you, Friend, to carry her a Letter from you or ſo, upon good Terms, though it be in a Church, I'l deliver it; or when the buſineſs is come to an iſſue, if I may bring you handſomely together, and ſo forth, I'l ſerve thee with all my Soul, and thank thee into the bargain; thank thee heartily, dear Rogue; I will you little Cock-Sparrow, faith and troth I will; but no Matrimony, Friend, I'l have nothing to do with Matrimony; 'tis a damn'd invention, worſe than a Monopoly, and a deſtroyer of civil correſpondence.

Enter Drawer.

Draw. Gentlemen, your Room is ready, your VVine and Ice upon the Table, will your Honours pleaſe to walk in?

Sir *Jol.* Ay, wine, wine, give us wine: a pox on Matrimony; Matrimony in the Devil's Name!

Cour. But if an honeſt Harlot or two chance to enquire for us, Friend.

Sir *Jol.* Right, Sirrah, if Whores come never ſo many, give 'em reverence and reception, but nothing elſe; let nothing but Whores and Bottles come near us, as you tender your Ears.

[*They go within the Scene, where is diſcover'd Table and Bottles.*

Beau. Why, there's, there's the Land of *Canaan* now in little; hark you Drawer, Dog, ſhut, ſhut the Door, Syrrah, do you hear? Shut it ſo cloſe, that neither cares nor neceſſitys may peep in upon us.

[*Enter Sir Davy, Fourbin, Bloody-Bones, Drawer.*]

Four. Bloody-Bones, be ſure to behave your ſelf handſomely, and like your profeſſion; ſhew your ſelf a Cut-throat of Parts, and we'll fleece him.

Blood. My Lady ſays, We muſt be expeditious; Sir *Jolly* has giv'n notice to the Capt. by this time, ſo that nothing is wanting but the

management of this over-grown Gull to make us Hectors at large, and keep the Whore Fortune under.

Draw. Welcome, Gentlemen, very welcome, Sir; will't pleaſe you to walk into a Room? Or ſhall I wait upon your Honours Pleaſure here?

Sir *Dav.* Sweet-heart let us be quiet, and bring us Wine hither: So—— [*ſits down.*

From this moment, War, War; and mortal dudgeon againſt that enemy of my Honour, and Thief of my good Name, called *Beaugard.* You can cut a Throat upon occaſion, you ſaid, Friend?

Four. Sir, cutting of Throats is my hereditary Vocation; my Father was hang'd for cutting of Throats before me, and my Mother for cutting of Purſes.

Sir *Dav.* No more to be ſaid; my Courage is mounted like a little *French*-man upon a great Horſe, and I'l have him murder'd.

Four. Sir, Murder'd you ſay, Sir?

Sir *Dav.* Ay, murder'd I ſay, Sir; his Face flay'd off, and nayl'd to a poſt in my great Hall in the Country, amongſt all the other Trophies of wild Beaſts ſlain by our Family ſince the Conqueſt: There's never a Whore-Maſter's Head there yet.

Four. Sir, for that let me recommend this worthy Friend of mine to your Service; he's an induſtrious Gentleman, and one that will deſerve your Favour.

Sir *Dav.* He looks but ſomething ruggedly though methinks.

Four. But, Sir, his Parts will atone for his Perſon; forms and faſhions are the leaſt of his Study: He affects a ſort of Phyloſophical negligence indeed. But, Sir, make trial of him, and you'l find him a Perſon fit for the work of this World.

Sir *Dav.* What trade are you, Friend?

Blood. No trade at all, Friend; I profeſs Murder: Raſcally Butchers make a trade on't; 'tis a Gentlemans Divertiſement.

Sir *Dav.* Do you profeſs Murder?

Blood. Yes, Sir, 'tis my Livelyhood: I keep a Wife and ſix Children by it.

Sir *Dav.* Then, Sir, here's to you withal my Heart: Wou'd I had done with theſe Fellows.

Four. Well, Sir, if you have any Service for us, I deſire we may receive your Gold and your inſtructions ſo ſoon as is poſſible.

Sir *Dav.* Soft and fair, Sweetheart, I love to ſee a little how I lay out my Money: Have you very good trading now-a-days in your way, Friend?

Blood. In peaceable times a man may eat and drink comfortably upon't: A private Murder done handſomely, is worth Money; but now that the Nation's unſettled, there are ſo many general undertakers, that 'tis grown almoſt a Monopoly; you may have a man Murder'd almoſt for little or nothing, and no Body e'r know who did it neither.

Sir *Dav.* Pray what Countryman are you? where were you born, moſt Noble Sir?

Blood. Indeed my Country is Forreign, I was born in *Argier:* my Mother was an Apoſtate *Greek*, my Father a Ranegado *Engliſhman*, who by oppreſſing of Chriſtian Slaves grew Rich; for which, when he lay ſick, I murder'd him one day in his Bed, made my eſcape to *Maltha;* where, imbracing the Faith, I had the Honour given me to command a thouſand Horſe aboard the Gallies of that State.

Sir *Dav.* Oh Lord, Sir! my humble Service to you again.

Four. He tells you, Sir, but the naked Truth.

Sir *Dav.* I doubt it not in the leaſt, moſt worthy Sir. Theſe are deviliſh Fellows, I'l warrant 'em. [*Aſide.*

Four. War, Friend, and ſhining Honour has bin our Province, till ruſty peace reduc'd us to this baſe obſcurity. Ah *Bloody Bones!* ah, when thou and I commanded that party at the Siege of *Philipsburgh!* where, in the Face of the Army, we took the impenetrable Half-moon.

Blood. Half-moon, Sir! by your Favour 'twas a whole-moon.

Four. Brother thou art in the right; 'twas a full Moon, and ſuch a Moon, Sir!——

Sir *Dav.* I doubt it not in the leaſt, Gentlemen; but, in the mean while, to our Buſineſs.

Four. With all my Heart, ſo ſoon as you pleaſe.

Sir *Dav.* Do you know this *Beaugard?* He's a devliſh fellow, I can tell you that; he's a Captain.

Four. Has he a Heart, think you, Sir?

Sir *Dav.* Oh, like a Lion! he fears neither God, Man, nor Devil.

Blood. I'll bring it you for your Breakfaſt to Morrow: Did you never eat a Man's Heart, Sir?

Sir *Dav.* Eat a Man's Heart, Friend?

Four. Ah, ay, a Man's Heart, Sir; it makes abſolutely the beſt Raggouſt in the World: I have eaten forty of 'em in my time without Bread.

Sir *Dav.* O Lord, a Man's Heart! my humble Service to you both, Gentlemen.

Blood. Why, your Algerine Pirates eat nothing elſe at ſea, they have them always potted up like Veniſon; your well-grown *Dutchman*'s Heart makes an excellent Diſh with Oyl and Pepper.

Sir *Dav.* O Lord, O Lord! Friend, Friend, a word with you: How much muſt you and your Companion have to do this Buſineſs?

Four. What, and bring you the Heart home to your houſe?

Sir *Dav.* No, no, keeping the Heart for your own eating. I'll be rid of 'em as ſoon as poſſible I can.

Four. You ſay, Sir, he's a Gentleman?——

Sir *Dav.* Ay, ſuch a ſort of Gentleman as are about this Town: The

Fellow has a pretty handſome outſide; but I believe little or no money in his pockets.

Four. Therefore we are like to have the honour to receive the more from your Worſhip's bounty.

Blood. For my part I care for no mans bounty: I expect to have my bargain perform'd, and I'll make as good a one as I can.

Sir *Dav.* Look you, Friend, don't you be angry, Friend, don't be angry, Friend, before you have occaſion: You ſay you'l have——let's ſee how much you will have now——I warrant the Devil and all by your good will.

Four. Truely, Sir *David*, if, as you ſay, the Man muſt be well murder'd, without any remorſe for Mercy; betwixt Turk and Jew, 'tis honeſtly worth two hundred pounds.

Sir *Dav.* Two hundred pounds! why, I'l have a Phyſitian ſhall kill a whole Family for half the Money.

Blood. Damme, Sir, how do ye mean?

Sir *Dav.* Damme, Sir, how do I mean? Damme, Sir, not to part with my mony.

Blood. Not part, Brother!

Four. Brother, the Wight is improveable, and this muſt not be born withal.

Blood. Have I for this diſſolu'd Circean Charms? broke Iron Durance, whilſt from theſe firm Legs the well fil'd uſeleſs Fetters dropt away, and left me Maſter of my native freedom?

Sir *Dav.* What does he mean now?

Four. Truly, Sir, I am ſorry to ſee it, with all my heart; 'tis a diſtraction, that frequently ſeizes him, though I am ſorry it ſhould happen ſo unluckily at this time.

Sir *Dav.* Diſtracted, ſay you! is he ſo apt to be diſtracted?

Four. Oh, Sir, raging mad: We that live by Murder are all ſo; Guilt will never let us ſleep. I beſeech you, Sir, ſtand clear of him, he's apt to be very miſchievous at theſe unfortunate hours.

Blood. Have I been drunk with tender Infants Blood, and ript up teeming Wombs? Have theſe bold hands ranſackt the Temples of the Gods, and ſtab'd the Prieſts before their Altars? Have I done this? hah!

Sir *Dav.* No, Sir, not that I know, Sir, I would not ſay any ſuch thing for all the World, Sir: worthy Gentleman, I beſeech you, Sir, you ſeem to be a civil perſon, I beſeech you, Sir, to mitigate his paſſion, I'l do any thing in the World; you ſhall command my whole Eſtate.

Four. Nay, after all, Sir, if you have not a mind to have him quite murder'd, if a ſwinging drubbing to bed-rid him, or ſo, will ſerve your turn, you may have it at a cheaper rate a great deal.

Sir *Dav.* Truly, Sir, with all my heart; for methinks, now I conſider

matters better, I wou'd not by any means be guilty of another man's blood.

Four. Why, then let me conſider—to have him beaten ſubſtantially, a beating that will ſtick by him, will coſt you———half the money.

Sir *Dav.* What, one hundred pounds! Sure the Devil's in you, or you would not be ſo unconſcionable.

Blood. The Devil! where? where is the Devil? Shew me; I'l tell thee, *Beelzebub*, thou haſt broke thy Covenant; didſt not thou promiſe me eternal plenty, when I reſign'd my Soul to thy allurements?

Sir *Dav.* Ah, Lord!

Blood. Touch me not yet; I've yet ten thouſand Murders to Act before I'm thine: With all thoſe ſins I'l come with full damnation to thy Caverns of endleſs pain, and houl with thee for ever.

Sir *Dav.* Bleſs us! what will become of this mortal Body of mine? Where am I? is this a houſe? do I live? am I Fleſh and Blood?

Blood. There, there's the Fiend again! don't chatter ſo, and grin at me; if thou muſt needs have prey, take here, take him, this Tempter that would bribe me with ſhining Gold, to ſtain my hands with new Iniquity.

Sir *Dav.* Stand off, I charge thee, Satan: whoſoe'er thou art, thou haſt no right nor claim to me; I'll have thee bound in Necromantick Charms. Hark you, Friend, has the Gentleman given his Soul to the Devil?

Four. Only pawn'd it a little; that's all.

Sir *Dav.* Let me beſeech you, Sir, to diſpatch, and get rid of him as ſoon as you can. I would gladly drink a Bottle with you, Sir, but I hate the Devil's Company mortally: As for the hundred pound, here, it is ready; no more words, I'll ſubmit to your good nature and diſcretion.

Four. Then, Wretch, take this, and make thy peace with the infernal King; he loves Riches, ſacrifice and be at reſt.

Blood. 'Tis done, I'll follow thee, lead on; nay, if thou ſmile, I more defy thee; Fee, Fa, Fum. [*Exit.*

Four. 'Tis very odd this.

Sir *Dav.* Very odd, indeed; I'm glad he's gone though.

Four. Now, Sir, if you pleaſe, we'l refreſh our ſelves with a chearful Glaſs, and ſo *Chaque un chez lui*———I wou'd fain make the Gull drunk a little, to put a little mettle into him.

Sir *Dav.* With all my heart, Sir; but no more words of the Devil if you love me.

Four. The Devil's an Aſs, Sir, and here's a Health to all thoſe that defy the Devil.

Sir *Dav.* With all my heart, and all his works too.

Four. Nay, Sir, you muſt do me right, I aſſure you.

Sir *Dav.* Not ſo full, not ſo full, that's too much of all Conſcience: In troth, Friend, theſe are ſad times, very ſad times; but here's to you.

Four. Pox o' the times, the times are well enough, ſo long as a man has money in his Pocket.

Sir *Dav.* 'Tis true, here I have been bargaining with you about a Murder, but never conſider that idolatry is coming in full ſpeed upon the Nation. Pray what Religion are you of, Friend?

Four. What Religion am I of, ſir? Sir, your humble Servant.

Sir *Dav.* Truly a good Conſcience is a great happineſs; and ſo I'll pledge you, hemph, hemph. But ſhan't the Dog be Murdered this Night?

Four. My Brother Rogue is gon by this time to ſet him, and the buſineſs ſhall be done effectually, I'll warrant you. Here's reſt his ſoul.

Sir *Dav.* With all my Heart, Faith; I hate to be uncharitable.

Enter Courtine *and Drawer.*

Cour. Look you, 'tis a very impudent thing not to be drunk by this time: Shall Rogues ſtay in Taverns to ſip Pints and be Sober, when honeſt Gentlemen are drunk by Gallons? I'll have none on't.

Sir *Dav.* O Lord, who's there? [*Sits up in his Chair.*

Draw. I beſeech your Honour, our houſe will be utterly ruin'd by this means.

Cour. Damne your houſe, your Wife and Children, and all your Family, you Dog.——Sir, who are you? [*To Sir* David.

Sir *Dav.* Who am I, Sir? what's that to you, Sir? will you tickle my Foot, you Rogue?

Cour. I'll tickle your Guts, you Paultroon, preſently.

Sir *Dav.* Tickle my guts, you Mad-cap! I'll tickle your Toby if you do.

Cour. What, with that circumcis'd Band? that grave hypocrytical Beard, of the reformation cut? Old Fellow, I believe you'r a Rogue.

Sir *Dav.* Sirrah, you're a Whore, an errant Bitch-Whore; I'll uſe you like a Whore; I'll kiſs you, you Jade; I'll raviſh you, you Buttock: I am a Juſtice of the Peace, Sirrah, and that's worſe.

Cour. Dam you, Sir, I care not if you were a Conſtable and all his Watch: What, ſuch a Rogue as you ſend honeſt Fellows to priſon, and countenance Whores in your Juriſdiction for bribery, you Mongrel! I'll beat you, Sirrah, I'll brain you; I'll murder you, you Moon-Calf.

[*Throws the Chairs after him.*

Sir *Dav.* Sir, Sir, Sir, Conſtable, Watch, ſtokes, ſtokes, ſtokes, Murder—— [*Exit.*

Cour. Huzza *Beaugard!*

Enter Beaugard, *Sir* Jolly.

Four. Well, Sir, the Buſineſs is done, we have bargain'd to Murder you.

Beau. Murder'd! who's to be murder'd, ha, *Fourbin?*

Sir *Jol.* You are to be murder'd, Friend; you ſhall be murder'd, Friend.

Beau. But how am I to be murder'd? Who's to murder me, I beſeech you?

Four. Your humble Servant, *Fourbin*; I am the man, with your worſhip's leave: Sir *David* has given me this gold to do it handſomely.

Beau. Sir *David!* uncharitable Cur; what, murder an honeſt Fellow for being civil to his Family! What can this mean, Gentlemen?

Sir *Jol.* No, 'tis for not being Civil to his Family, that it means, Gentleman; therefore are you to be murder'd to night, and bury'd a-Bed with my Lady, you Jack Straw you.

Beau. I underſtand you, Friends; the old Gentleman has deſign'd to have me butcher'd, and you have kindly contriv'd it to turn it to my advantage in the affair of Love. I am to be murder'd but as it were, Gentlemen, hah!

Four. Your Honour has a piercing Judgment. Sir, Captain *Courtine*'s gone.

Beau. No matter, let him go: he has a deſign to put in practice this Night too, and would perhaps but ſpoil ours. But when, Sir *Jolly*, is this buſineſs to be brought about?

Sir *Jol.* Preſently, 'tis more then time 'twere done already; go, get you gone, I ſay; hold, hold, let's ſee your left Ear firſt, hum——ha——you are a Rogue, y'are a Rogue; get you gone, get you gone, go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Covent-Garden *Piazza.*

Enter Sylvia *and Maid in the Balcony.*

Maid. But why, Madam, will you uſe him ſo inhumanly? I am confident he loves you.

Sylv. Oh! a true Lover is to be found out like a true Saint, by the Trial of his patience. Have you the Cords ready?

Maid. Here they are, Madam.

Sylv. Let 'em down, and be ſure when it comes to Trial, to pull luſtily. Is *Will* the Footman ready?

Will. At your Ladiſhip's Command, Madam.

Sylv. I wonder he ſhould ſtay ſo long, the Clock has ſtruck Twelve.

Enter Courtine.

Cour. ſings.

And was ſhe not frank and free,
And was ſhe not kind to me?
To lock up her Cat in her Cupboard,
And give her key to me, to me;
To lock up her Cat in her Cupboard,
And give her key to me.

Sylv. This muſt be he: Ay, 'tis he, and, as I am a Virgin, roaring drunk; but if I find not a way to make him ſober———

Cour. Here, here's the Window: Ay, that's Hell-door, and my damnation's in the inſide. *Sylvia*, *Sylvia*, *Sylvia*; dear Imp of Satan, appear to thy Servant.

Sylv. Who call on *Sylvia* in this dead of night, when reſt is wanting to her longing eyes?

Cour. 'Tis a poor wretch can hardly ſtand upright, drunk with thy Love, and if he falls he lies.

Sylv. Courtine, is it you?

Cour. Yes, Sweet-Heart, 'tis I; art thou ready for me?

Sylv. Faſten your ſelf to that Cord there; there it is.

Cour. Cord! where? Oh, oh, here, here; ſo now to Heav'n in a ſtring.

Sylv. Have you done?

Cour. Yes, I have done, Child, and would fain be doing too, Huſſy.

Sylv. Then pull away, hoa up, hoa up, hoa up: So, avaſt there, Sir.

Cour. Madam.

Sylv. Are you very much in love, Sir?

Cour. Oh, damnably, Child, damnably.

Sylv. I'm ſorry for't with all my heart: Good night, Captain.

Cour. Ha, gone! what, left in *Eraſmus* Paradice, between Heav'n and Hell? If the Conſtable ſhould take me now for a ſtragling Monkey hung by the Loins, and hunt me with his cry of Watchmen! Ah, Woman, Woman, Woman! Well, a merry Life and a ſhort, that's all.

Sings. *God proſper long our noble King,*
Our Lives and Safeties all.

I am mighty loyal to Night.

Enter Fourbin *and* Bloody-Bones, *as from Sir* David's *Houſe.*

Four. Murder, Murder, Murder! Help, help, Murder!

Cour. Nay, if there be Murder ſtirring, 'tis high time to ſhift for my ſelf. [*Climbs up to the Balcony.*

Sylv. [*Squeaking.*] Ah, h, h, h, h!

Blood. Yonder, yonder he comes; Murder, Murder, Murder. [*Ex.* Blood. *and* Fourbin.

Enter Sir David.

Sir *Dav.* 'Tis very late; but Murder is a melancolly buſineſs, and Night is fit for't. I'll go home. [*Knocks.*

Verm. Who's there?

Sir *Dav.* Who's there? open the Door, you Whelp of Babylon.

Verm. Oh Sir! y'are Welcome home; but here is the ſaddeſt News! here has been murder committed, Sir.

Sir *Dav.* Hold your Tongue, you Fool, and go to ſleep; get you in, do you hear; you talk of Murder, you Rogue? you meddle with State Affairs? Get you in.

The Scene opens the middle of the Houſe, and diſcovers Sir Jolly *and the Lady putting* Beaugard *in order as if he were dead.*

Sir *Jol.* Ly ſtill, ly ſtill, you Knave, cloſe, cloſe when I bid you: You had beſt queſt and ſpoil the ſport, you had!

Beau. But pray how long muſt I lye thus?

L. *Dunce.* I'll warrant you, you'll think the time mighty tedious.

Beau. Sweet Creature, who can counterfeit Death when you are near him?

Sir *Jol.* You ſhall, Sirrah, if a body deſires you a little, ſo you ſhall; we ſhall ſpoil all elſe, all will be ſpoil'd elſe, Man, if you do not: Stretch out longer, longer yet, as long as ever you can. So, ſo, hold your breath, hold your breath; very well.

Enter Maid.

Maid. Madam, here comes Sir *David.*

Sir *Jol.* Odds ſo, now cloſe again as I told you, cloſe you Divel, now ſtir if you dare; ſtir but any part about you if you dare now; odd I'll hit you ſuch a rap if you do; lye ſtill, lye you ſtill.

Enter Sir David.

Sir *Dav.* My Dear, how doſt thou do, my Dear? I am come.

L. *Dunce.* Ah, Sir! what is't y'ave done? Y'ave ruin'd me, your Family, your Fortune, all is ruin'd; where ſhall we go, or whither ſhall we flye?

Sir *Dav.* Where ſhall we go! why, we'll go to bed, you little Jackadandy: Why, you are not a Wench, you Rogue, you are a Boy, a very Boy, and I love you the better for't: Sirrah, hei!———

L. *Dunce.* Ah, Sir, ſee there.

Sir *Dav.* Bleſs us, a man and bloody! what, upon my Hall-Table!

L. *Dunce.* Two Ruffians brought him in juſt now, pronouncing this inhumane deed was done by your command: Sir *Jolly* came in the ſame Minute, or ſure I had dy'd with my diſtracting Fears. How could you think on a revenge ſo horrid?

Sir *Dav.* As I hope to be ſav'd, Neighbour, I only bargain'd with 'em to Baſtinado him in a way, or ſo, as one Friend might do to another; but do you ſay that he is dead?

Sir *Jol.* Dead, dead as Clay; ſtark ſtiff and uſeleſs all, nothing about him ſtirring, but all's cold and ſtill; I knew him a luſty Fellow once, a very metteled Fellow; 'tis a thouſand pitties.

Sir *Dav.* What ſhall I do? I'll throw my ſelf upon him, kiſs his wide wounds, and weep till blind as Buzzard.

L. *Dunce.* Oh, come not near him, there's ſuch horrid Antipathy follows all murders, his wounds would ſtream afreſh ſhould you but touch him.

Sir *Dav.* Dear Neighbour, deareſt Neighbour, Friend, Sir *Jolly*, as you love Charity, pity my wretched Caſe, and give me Counſell; I'l give my Wife and all my Eſtate to have him live again; or ſhall I bury him in the Arbour at the upper end of the Garden?

Sir *Jol.* Alas-a-day, Neighbour, never think on't, never think on't; the dogs will find him there, as they ſcrape holes to bury bones in; there is but one way that I know of.

Sir *Dav.* What is it, dear Neighbour, what is it? You ſee I am upon my knees to you, take all I have and eaſe me of my fears.

Sir *Jol.* Truly the beſt thing that I can think of, is putting of him to bed, putting him into a warm bed, and try to fetch him to life again, a warm bed is the beſt thing in the World; my Lady may do much too, ſhe's a good Woman, and as I've been told underſtands a green wound well.

Sir *Dav.* My dear, my dear, my dear!

L. *Dunce.* Bear me away, oh ſend me hence afar off, where my unhappy name may be a ſtranger; and this ſad accident no more remember'd to my diſhonour.

Sir *Dav.* Ah, but my Love! my Joy! are there no bowels in thee?

L. *Dunce.* What would you have me do?

Sir *Dav.* Prithee do as much as try thy ſkill, there may be one drachm of life left in him yet; take him up to thy Chamber, put him into thy own bed, and try what thou canſt do with him; prithee do: If thou canſt but find motion in him, all may be well yet; I'l go up to my Cloſet in the Garret, and ſay my prayers in the mean while.

L. *Dunce.* Will ye then leave this ruine on my hands?

Sir *Dav.* Pray, pray, my Dear; I beſeech you Neighbour, help to perſwade her if it be poſſible.

Sir *Jol.* Faith, Madam, do, try what you can do. I have a great ſanſie you may do him good; who can tell but you may have the gift of ſtreaking? pray Madam, be perſwaded.

L. *Dunce.* I'll do whate'er's your pleaſure.

Sir *Dav.* That's my beſt Dear: I'l go to my Cloſet and pray for thee heartily. Alas, alas, that ever this ſhould happen—— *Exit.*

Beau. So, is he gone, Madam, my Angel!

Sir *Jol.* What no thanks, no reward for old *Jolly* now? Come hither Huſſie, you little *Canary*-Bird, you little Hop o'my thumb, come hither: make me a Court'ſie, and give me a kiſs now, hah! give me a kiſs I ſay, odd I will have a kiſs, ſo I will, I will have a kiſs if I ſet on't; ſhoogh,

ſhoogh, ſhoogh, get you into a corner when I bid you, ſhoogh, ſhoogh, ſhoogh, what there already? [*She goes to* Beaugard.] Well, I ha' done; I ha' done, this 'tis to be an old Fellow now.

Beau. And will you ſave the life of him y'ave wounded?

L. *Dunce.* Dare you truſt your ſelf to my skill for a cure?

[*Sir Davy appears at a Window above.*

Sir *Jol.* Hiſt! Hiſt! cloſe, cloſe, I ſay again, yonder's Sir *Davy*, odds ſo!

Sir *Dav.* My dear! my dear! my dear!——

L. *Dunce.* Who's that calls? my Love, is't you?

Sir *Dav.* Ay, ſome comfort, or my heart's broke! is there any hopes yet? I've try'd to ſay my Prayers, and cannot; if he be quite dead, I ſhall never pray again; Neighbour, no hopes?

Sir *Jol.* Truly, little or none, ſome ſmall pulſe I think there is left, very little; there's nothing to be done if you don't pray; get you to prayers whatever you do, get you gone; nay, don't ſtay now, ſhut the Window I tell you.

Sir *Dav.* Well, this is a great trouble to me; but good night.

Sir *Jol.* Good night to you, dear Neighbour: Get ye up, get ye up, [*To* Beaugard *and Lady* D.] and be gone into the next room preſently, make haſte: but don't ſteal away till I come to you, be ſure ye remember, don't you ſtir till I come; Piſh, none of this bowing and fooling, it but loſes time; I'l only bolt the door that belongs to Sir *Davy*'s Lodgings, that he may be ſafe, and be with you in a twinkle: Ah, h, h, h! So, now for the door, very well, Friend, you are faſt. [*Bolts the Door.*

Sings. *Bonney Laſs gan thou wert mine,*
And twonty thouſand poonds about thee, &c.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Courtine *bound on a Couch in* Sylvia's *Chamber.*

Cour. HEIGHO! heigho! ha! Where am I? Was I drunk or no, laſt night? ſomething leaning that way. But where the Devil am I? Sincerely in a Bawdy-Houſe: Fogh! what a ſmell of ſin is here! Let me look about; if there be ever a *Geneva* Bible or a Practice of Piety in the room, I am ſure I have gueſt right. What's the matter now? Ty'd faſt! bound too! What tricks have I play'd to come into this condition! I have lighted into the Territories of ſome merrily-diſpos'd Chamber-maid or other; and ſhe in a witty fit, forſooth, hath truſt me

up thus: has ſhe pinn'd no rags to my tail, or chalkt me upon the back now? would I had her Miſtreſs here at a venture.

Sylv. What would you do with her, my enchanted Knight, if you had her? You are too ſober for her by this time; next time you get drunk, you may perhaps venture to ſcale her Balcany like a valiant Captain as you are.

Cour. Haſt thou done this, my dear deſtruction? And am I in thy limbo? I muſt confeſs when I am in my Beer, my Courage does run away with me now and then: but let me looſe, and thou ſhalt ſee what a gentle humble Animal thou haſt made me. Fie upon't, what tie me up like an ungovernable curr to the frame of a table! let, let thy poor dog looſe, that he may fawn and make much of thee a little.

Sylv. What, with thoſe Paws which you have been ferreting *Moor-fields* withal, and are very dirty ſtill; after you have been daggling your ſelf abroad for prey, and can meet with none, you come ſneaking hither for a cruſt, do you?

Maid. Shall I fetch the Whip and the Bell, Madam, and flaſh him for his roguery ſoundly?

Cour. Indeed, indeed! Do you long to be ferking of man's fleſh, Madam Flea-trap? Does the Chaplain of the Family uſe you to the exerciſe, that you are ſo ready for it?

Sylv. If you ſhould be let looſe, and taken into favour now, you would be for rambling again ſo ſoon as you had got your liberty.

Cour. Do but try me, and if ever I prove recreant more, let me be beaten and us'd like a dog in good earneſt.

Sylv. Promiſe to grant me but one requeſt, and it ſhall be done.

Cour. Hear me but Swear.

Sylv. That any body my do ten thouſand times a-day.

Cour. Upon the word of a Gentleman, nay, as I hope to get Mony in my Pocket.

Sylv. There I believe him, lelye; you'l keep your Word you ſay?

Cour. If I don't, hang me up in that Wenches old Garter.

Sylv. See, Sir, you have your freedom.

Cour. Well, now name the price; what muſt I pay for't?

Sylv. You know, Sir, conſidering our ſmall Acquaintance, you have been pleaſed to talk to me very freely of love-matters.

Cour. I muſt confeſs I have been ſomething to blame that way; but if ever thou heareſt more of it from my mouth after this night's adventure ——would I were well out of the Houſe.

Sylv. Have a care of ſwearing, I beſeech you; for you muſt underſtand, that ſpight of my teeth, I am at laſt fallen in love moſt unmercifully.

Cour. And doſt thou imagine I am ſo hard-hearted a Villain as to have no compaſſion of thee?

Sylv. No, no, for I hope he's a man you can have no exceptions againſt.

Cour. Yes, yes, the man is a man, I'l aſſure you, that's one comfort.

Sylv. Who do you think it may be now? try if you can gueſs him.

Cour. Whoever he is, he's an honeſt fellow I'l warrant him, and I believe will not think himſelf very unhappy neither.

Sylv. If a Fortune of 5000 pounds, pleaſant nights, and quiet days can make him happy, I aſſure you he may be ſo; but try once to gueſs at him.

Cour. But if I ſhould be miſtaken.

Sylv. Why who is it you would wiſh me to?

Cour. You have 5000 pound you ſay.

Sylv. Yes.

Cour. Faith, Child, to deal honeſtly, I know well enough who 'tis I wiſh for; but Sweet-heart, before I tell you my inclinations, it were but reaſonable that I knew yours.

Sylv. Well, Sir, becauſe I am confident you will ſtand my friend in the buſineſs, I'll make a diſcovery; and to hold you in ſuſpence no longer, you muſt know I have a months-mind for an Arm-full of your dearly beloved friend and brother Captain; what ſay you to't?

Cour. Madam your humble Servant, good b'uy, that's all.

Sylv. What thus cruelly leave a Lady that ſo kindly took you in, in your laſt night's pickle, into her Lodging? whither would you rove now, my Wanderer?

Cour. Faith, Madam, you have dealt ſo gallantly in truſting me with your paſſion, that I cannot ſtay here without telling you, that I am three times as much in love with an acquaintance of yours, as you can be with any friend of mine.

Sylv. Not with my waiting Woman, I hope, Sir.

Cour. No, but it is with a certain Kinſwoman of thine, Child, they call her my Lady *Dunce*, and I think this is her Houſe too; they ſay ſhe will be civil upon a good occaſion, therefore prithee be charitable, and ſhew the way to her Chamber a little.

Sylv. What, commit Adultery, Captain? fie upon't! What, hazard your ſoul?

Cour. No, no, only venture my body a little, that's all, look you, you know the ſecret, and may imagine my deſires, therefore as you would have me aſſiſt your inclinations, pray be civil and help me to mine; look you, no demurring upon the matter, no qualm, but ſhew me the way, or you, Huſſie, you ſhall do't; any Bawd will ſerve at preſent, for I will go.

Sylv. But you ſhan't go, Sir.

Cour. Shan't go, Lady?

Sylv. No, ſhan't go, Sir; did I not tell you when once you had got your liberty, that you would be rambling again?

Cour. Why, Child, wouldſt thou be ſo uncharitable to tie up a poor Jade

to an empty Rack in thy Stable, when he knows where to go elſewhere, and get Provender enough?

Sylv. Any muſty Provender, I find, will ſerve your turn, ſo you have it but cheap, or at another man's charges.

Cour. No, Child, I had rather my Ox ſhould graze in a Field of my own, than live hide-bound upon the Common, or run the Hazard of being Pounded every day for Treſpaſſes.

Sylv. Truly, all things conſider'd, 'tis a great pity ſo good a Husbandman as you ſhould want a Farm to cultivate.

Cour. Wouldſt thou be but kind, and let me have a Bargain in a Tenement of thine, to try how it would agree with me.

Sylv. And would you be contented to take a Leaſe for your Life?

Cour. So pretty a Lady of the Mannour, and a moderate Rent.

Sylv. Which you'l be ſure to pay very punctually?

Cour. If thou doubteſt my honeſty, faith e'en take a little earneſt beforehand.

Sylv. Not ſo haſty neither, good Tenant; *Imprimis*, You ſhall oblige your ſelf to a conſtant reſidence, and not by leaving the Houſe uninhabited, leſt it run to repairs.

Cour. Agreed.

Sylv. Item, For your own ſake you ſhall promiſe to keep the Eſtate well fenc't and enclos'd, leſt ſome time or other your Neighbours Cattle break in and ſpoil the crop on the Ground, Friend.

Cour. Very juſt and reaſonable, provided I don't find it lie too much to Common already.

Sylv. Item, You ſhall enter into ſtrict Covenant not to take any other Farm upon your hands, without my conſent and approbation; or if you do, that then it ſhall be lawful for me to get me another Tenant, how and where I think fit.

Cour. Faith, that's ſomething hard though, let me tell you but that, Landlady.

Sylv. Upon theſe terms, we'l draw Articles.

Cour. And when ſhall we Sign 'em?

Sylv. Why, this morning, as ſoon as the ten a Clock Office in *Covent-garden* is open.

Cour. A bargain; but how will you anſwer your entertainment of a drunken Red-coat in your Lodgings at theſe unſeaſonable Hours?

Sylv. That's a Secret you will be hereafter oblig'd to keep for your own ſake, and for the Family; your Friend *Beaugard* ſhall anſwer for us there.

Cour. Indeed I fancy'd the Rogue had miſchief in his head, he behav'd himſelf ſo ſoberly laſt night; has he taken a Farm lately too?

Sylv. A treſpaſſer, I believe, if the truth were known, upon the Provender you would fain have been bitting at juſt now.

Enter Maid.

Maid. Madam, Madam, have a care of your ſelf; I ſee Lights in the great Hall; whatever is the matter, Sir *Davy* and all the Family are up.

Cour. I hope they'l come, and catch me here: Well, now you have brought me into this condition, what will you do with me, hah!

Sylv. You won't be contented for a while to be ty'd up like a Jade to an empty Rack without Hay, will you?

Cour. Faith e'en take me, and put thy Mark upon me quickly, that if I light in ſtrange hands they may know me for a Sheep of thine.

Sylv. What, by your wanting a Fleece do you mean? If it muſt be ſo, come follow your Shepherd, B a a a. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Davy *and* Vermin.

Sir *Dav.* I cannot ſleep, I ſhall never ſleep again; I have prayed too ſo long, that were I to be hang'd preſently, I have never a prayer left to help my ſelf: I was no ſooner layn down upon the Bed juſt now, and fall'n into a ſlumber, but methought the Devil was carrying me down *Ludgate-hill* a Gallop, ſix puny Fiends with flaming Fire-Forks running before him like Link-boys, to throw me headlong into *Fleet-ditch*, which ſeemed to be turn'd into a Lake of Fire and Brimſtone: would it were Morning.

Verm. Truly, Sir, it has been a very diſmal night.

Sir *Dav.* But didſt thou meet never a white thing upon the ſtairs?

Verm. No, Sir, not I; but methoughts I ſaw our great Dog *Touzer*, with his braſs Collar on, ſtand at the Cellar-Door as I came along the old Entry.

Sir *Dav.* It could never be, *Touzer* has a Chain; had this thing a Chain on?

Verm. No, Sir, no Chain; but it had Touzer's eyes for all the World.

Sir *Dav.* What, ugly great frightful eyes?

Verm. Ay, ay, huge ſauſer eyes, but mightily like Touzer's.

Sir *Dav.* Oh Lord! Oh Lord! heark! heark!

Verm. What! what I beſeech you, Sir?

Sir *Dav.* What's that upon the ſtairs Didſt thou hear nothing? Hiſt, heark, pat, pat, pat, heark, heih!

Verm. Hear nothing! Where, Sir?

Sir *Dav.* Look! look! what's that? what's that in the corner there?

Verm. Where?

Sir *Dav.* There.

Verm. What, upon the Iron Cheſt?

Sir *Dav.* No, the long black thing up by the old Clock-caſe. See! ſee! now it ſtirs, and is coming this way.

Verm. Alas, Sir, ſpeak to it, you are a Juſtice o' Peace; I beſeech you;

I dare not ſtay in the Houſe: I'l call the Watch, and tell 'em Hell's broke looſe; what ſhall I do? Oh! [*Exit.*

Sir *Dav.* Oh *Vermin*, if thou art a true Servant, have pity on thy Maſter, and do not forſake me in this diſtreſs'd condition. Satan be gone, I defie thee, I'll repent and be ſaved, I'll ſay my prayers, I'l go to Church; help! help! help! Was there any thing, or no? In what hole ſhall I hide my ſelf? [*Exit.*

Enter Sir Jolly, Fourbin *and* Bloody-bones.

Sir *Jol.* That ſhou'd be Sir *Davy*'s voice; the waiting Woman indeed told me, he was afraid and could not ſleep? pretty Fellows, pretty Fellows both, y'ave done your buſineſs handſomly; what, I'l warrant you have been a Whoring together now; hah! You do well, you do well, I like you the better for't: What's a Clock?

Four. Near four, Sir; 'twill not be day yet theſe two hours.

Sir *Jol.* Very well, but how got you into the Houſe?

Four. A ragged retainer of the Family, *Vermin* I think they call him, let us in as Phyſitians ſent for by your Order.

Sir *Jol.* Excellent Rogues! And then I hope all things are ready, as I gave Directions?

Four. To a tittle, Sir; there ſhall not be a more critical Obſerver of your Worſhip's Pleaſure than your humble Servant the Chevalier *Fourbin*.

Sir *Jol.* Get you gone you Rogue, You have a ſharp Noſe, and are a nimble Fellow; I have no more to ſay to you, ſtand aſide, and be ready when I call: Here he comes; hiſt, hem, hem, hem.

Enter Sir Davy.

Sir *Dav.* Hah! what art thou? Approach thou like the rugged *Bankſide* Bear, the *Eaſtcheap* Bull, or Monſter, ſhewn in Fair, take any Shape but that, and I'l confront thee.

Sir *Jol.* Alas unhappy Man! I am thy Friend.

Sir *Dav.* Thou canſt not be my Friend, for I defy thee. Sir *Jolly!* Neighbour! hah! Is it you? are you ſure it is you? are you your ſelf? If you be, give me your hand. Alas-aday, I ha' ſeen the Devil.

Sir *Jol.* The Devil Neighbour!

Sir *Dav.* Ay, ay, there's no Help for't; at firſt I fancy'd it was a young white Bear's Cub danceing in the ſhadow of my Candle; then it was turn'd to a Pair of blew Breaches with wooden leggs on, ſtampt about the Room, as if all the Cripples in Town had kept their Rendezvouze there; when all of a ſudden it appear'd like a leathern Serpent, and with a dreadful clap of Thunder flew out of the Window.

Sir *Jol.* Thunder! Why, I heard no Thunder.

Sir *Dav.* That may be too; what, were you aſleep?

Sir *Jol.* Aſleep, quotha, no, no; no ſleeping this Night for me I aſſure you.

Sir *Dav.* Well, what is the beſt news then? How does the Man?

Sir *Jol.* E'en as he did before he was born, nothing at all; he's Dead.

Sir *Dav.* Dead! What quite dead!

Sir *Jol.* As good as dead, if not quite dead; 'twas a horrid Murder! and then the terrour of Conſcience, Neighbour.

Sir *Dav.* And truly I have a very terrifi'd one, Friend, though I never found I had any Conſcience at all till now. Pray where about was his death's wound?

Sir *Jol.* Juſt here, juſt under his left Pap, a dreadful gaſh.

Sir *Dav.* So very wide.

Sir *Jol.* Oh, as wide as my Hat, you might have ſeen his Lungs, Liver and Heart, as perfectly as if you had been in his Belly.

Sir *Dav.* Is there no way to have him privately Buried and conceal this Murder? Muſt I needs be hang'd by the neck like a Dog, Neighbour? Do I look as if I would be hang'd?

Sir *Jol.* Truly, Sir *Davy*, I muſt deal faithfully with you, you do look a little ſuſpitiouſly at preſent; but have you ſeen the Devil, ſay you?

Sir *Dav.* Ay, ſurely it was the Devil, nothing elſe could have frighted me ſo.

Sir *Jol.* Bleſs us, and guard us all the Angels! what's that?

Sir *Dav.* *Poteſtati ſempiternæ cujus benevolentiâ ſervantur gentes, & cujus miſericordiâ.*

[*Kneels holding up his hands, and mut'ring as if he pray'd.*

Sir *Jol.* Neighbour, where are you, Friend, Sir *Davy?*

Sir *Dav.* Ah, whatever you do, be ſure to ſtand cloſe to me; where, where is it?

Sir *Jol.* Juſt, juſt there, in the Shape of a Coach and ſix Horſes againſt the wall.

Sir *Dav.* Deliver us all, he won't carry me away in that Coach and ſix, will he?

Sir *Jol.* Do you ſee it.

Sir *Dav.* See it! plain, plain: dear Friend adviſe me what I ſhall do: Sir *Jolly*, Sir *Jolly*, do you hear nothing? Sir *Jolly*, Hah! has he left me alone? *Vermin.*

Verm. Sir.

Sir *Dav.* Am I alive? Doſt thou know me again? Am I thy *Quondam* Maſter, Sir *Davy Dunce?*

Verm. I hope I ſhall never forget you, Sir.

Sir *Dav.* Didſt thou ſee nothing?

Verm. Yes, Sir, methought the Houſe was all o' fire, as it were.

Sir *Dav.* Didſt thou not ſee how the Devils grinn'd and gnaſht their teeth at me, *Vermin?*

Verm. Alas, Sir, I was afraid one of 'em would have bit off my Noſe, as he vaniſht out of the door.

Sir *Dav.* Lead me away, I'l go to my Wife, I'l die by my own dear Wife; run away to the Temple, and call Councellor my Lawyer, I'l make over my Eſtate preſently, I ſhan't live till noon; I'l give all I have to my Wife. Hah, *Vermin.*

Verm. Truly, Sir, ſhe's a very good Lady.

Sir *Dav.* Ah much, much too good for me, *Vermin*; thou canſt not imagine what ſhe has done for me, Man; ſhe would break her heart if I ſhould give any thing away from her, ſhe loves me ſo dearly. Yet if I do die, thou ſhalt have all my old Shoes.

Verm. I hope to ſee you live Many a fair day yet though.

Sir *Dav.* Ah, my Wife, my poor Wife, lead me to my poor Wife.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene draws and diſcovers Sir Jolly, Beaugard, *and* Lady *in her Chamber.*

L. *Dunce.* What think you now of a cold wet March over the Mountains, Your men tir'd, your Baggage not come up, but at night a dirty watry Plain to Encamp upon, and nothing to ſhelter you but an old Leager Cloak as tatter'd as your Colours? Is not this much better now, than lying wet and getting the Sciatica?

Beau. The Hopes of this made all Fatigue eaſie to me; the thoughts of *Clarinda* have a thouſand times refreſht me in my Solitude; whene'er I Marcht, I fancy'd ſtill it was to my *Clarinda*; when I fought, I imagin'd it was for my *Clarinda*; but when I came home, and found *Clarinda* loſt! ——how could you think of waſting but a night in the rank ſurfeiting arms of this foul feeding Monſter, this rotten trunck of a Man, that lays claim to you?

L. *Dunce.* The perſwaſion of Friends, and the Authority of Parents!

Beau. And had you no more Grace than to be rul'd by a Father and Mother?

L. *Dunce.* When you were gone, that ſhould have given me better Counſel, how could I help my ſelf?

Beau. Methinks, then, you might have found out ſome cleanlier ſhift to have thrown away your ſelf upon, than nauſeous old age, and unwholeſome deformity.

L. *Dunce.* What, upon ſome over-grown full-fed Country Fool, with a Horſe Face, a great ugly Head, and a great fine Eſtate? one that ſhould have been drain'd and ſqueez'd, and jolted up and down the Town in Hacknies with Cheats and Hectors, and ſo ſent home at three o' Clock

every Morning, like a lolling Booby, ſtinking, with a belly full of ſtumm'd Wine, and nothing in's Pockets.

Beau. You might have made a tractable Beaſt of ſuch a one, he would have been young enough for training.

L. *Dunce.* Is youth then ſo gentle, if age be ſtubborn? Young men like Springs wrought by a ſubtle work-man, eaſily ply to what their wiſhes preſs 'em; but the deſire once gone that kept 'em down, they ſoon ſtart ſtreight again, and no ſigns left which way they bent before.

Sir Jolly *at the Door peeping.*

Sir *Jol.* So, ſo, who ſays I ſee any thing now? I ſee nothing, not I; I don't ſee, I don't ſee, I don't look, not ſo much as look, not I. [*Enters.*

Enter Sir Davy.

Sir *Dav.* I will have my Wife, carry me to my Wife, let me go to my Wife, I'll live and die with my Wife, let the Devil do his worſt; ah, my Wife, my Wife, my Wife!——

L. *Dunce.* Alas! alas! we are ruin'd! ſhift for your ſelf; counterfeit the dead Corps once more, or any thing.

Sir *Dav.* Hah! whoſoe're thou art, thou canſt not eat me; ſpeak to me, who has done this? thou canſt not ſay I did it.

Sir *Jol.* Did it? did what? Here's no body ſays you did any thing that I know Neighbour; what's the matter with you? what aile you? whither do you go? whither do you run? I tell you here's no body ſays a word to you.

Sir *Dav.* Did not you ſee the Ghoſt juſt now?

Sir *Jol.* Ghoſt! prithee now here's no Ghoſt; whither would you go? I tell you, you ſhall not ſtir one foot farther Man, the Devil take me if you do; Ghoſt, prithee here's no Ghoſt at all, a little fleſh and blood indeed there is, ſome old, ſome young, ſome alive, ſome dead, and ſo forth; but Ghoſt, Piſh, here's no Ghoſt.

Sir *Dav.* But, Sir, if I ſay I did ſee a Ghoſt, I did ſee a Ghoſt, and you go to that; why ſure I know a Ghoſt when I ſee one: Ah my Dear, if thou hadſt but ſeen the Divel half ſo often as I have ſeen him.

L. *Dunce.* Alas, Sir *Davy!* if you ever lov'd me, come not, oh come not near me; I have reſolved to waſte the ſhort remainder of my Life in Penitence, and taſte of Joys no more.

Sir *Dav.* Alas, my poor Child, but do you think then there was no Ghoſt indeed?

Sir *Jol.* Ghoſt Alas a day, what ſhould a Ghoſt do here?

Sir *Dav.* And is the man dead?

Sir *Jol.* Dead, Ay, ay, ſtark dead, he's ſtiff by this time.

L. *Dunce.* Here you may ſee the horrid ghaſtly Spectacle, the ſad Effects of my too rigid Vertue, and your too fierce reſentment———

Sir *Jol.* Do you ſee there?

Sir *Dav.* Ay, ay, I do ſee, would I had never ſeen him; would he had lain with my Wife in every Houſe between *Charen-Croſs* and *Ald-Gate*, ſo this had never happen'd.

Sir *Jol.* In Troth, and would he had; but we are all mortal, Neighbour, mortal; to day we are here, to morrow gone, like the ſhadow that vaniſheth, like the Graſs that withereth, or like the Flower that fadeth; or indeed, like any thing, or rather like nothing: But we are all mortal.

Sir *Dav.* Heigh!

L. *Dunce.* Down, down that Trap-door, it goes into a bathing-room; for the reſt leave it to my Conduct.

Sir *Jol.* 'Tis very unfortunate, that you ſhould run your ſelf into this premunire, Sir *David.*

Sir *Dav.* Indeed and ſo it is.

Sir *Jol.* For a Gentleman, a man in Authority, a perſon in years, one that uſed to go to Church with his Neighbours.

Sir *Dav.* Every Sundy, truly, Sir *Jolly.*

Sir *Jol.* Pay Scot and Lot to the Pariſh.

Sir *Dav.* Six pounds a year to the very Poor, without abatement or deduction: 'Tis very hard if ſo good a common-Weaths-man ſhould be brought to ride in a Cart at laſt, and be hang'd in a Sun-ſhiny Morning to make Butchers and ſuburb Apprentices a Holyday; I'll e'en run away.

Sir *Jol.* Run away! why then your eſtate will be forfeited; you'l loſe your Eſtate, Man.

Sir *Dav.* Truly you ſay right, Friend; and a Man had better be half hang'd then loſe his Eſtate, you know.

Sir *Jol.* Hang'd! no, no, I think there's no great fear of Hanging neither: What, the Fellow was but a ſort of an unaccountable Fellow, as I heard you ſay.

Sir *Dav.* Ay, ay, a Pox on him, he was a Souldierly ſort of a Vagabond; he had little or nothing but his ſins to live upon: If I could have had but Patience, he would have been hang'd within theſe two Months, and all this miſchief ſav'd.

Beaugard *Riſes up like a Ghoſt at a trap-door, juſt before Sir* David. Ah Lord! the Devil, the Devil, the Devil! [*Falls on his Face.*

Sir *Jol.* Why, Sir *Davy*, Sir *Davy*, what ails you? what's the matter with you?

Sir *Dav.* Let me alone, let me lie ſtill; I will not look up to ſee an Angel; Oh h h!

L. *Dunce.* My Dear, why do you do theſe cruel things to affright me? Pray riſe and ſpeak to me.

Sir *Dav.* I dare not ſtir, I ſaw the Ghoſt again juſt now.

L. *Dunce.* Ghoſt again! what Ghoſt? where?

Sir *Dav.* Why, there! there!

Sir *Jol.* Here has been no Ghoſt.

Sir *Dav.* Why, did you ſee nothing then?

L. *Dunce.* See nothing! no, nothing but one another.

Sir *Dav.* Then I am enchanted, or my end near at hand, Neighbour: For Heaven's ſake, Neighbour, adviſe me what I ſhall do to be at reſt.

Sir *Jol.* Do! why, what think you if the Body were remov'd?

Sir *Dav.* Remov'd! I'd give a hundred Pound the Body were out of my Houſe; may be then the Divel would not be ſo impudent.

Sir *Jol.* I have diſcover'd a door place in the Wall betwixt my Ladies Chamber and one that belongs to me; if you think fit we'll beat it down, and remove this troubleſome lump of Earth to my Houſe.

Sir *Dav.* But will ye be ſo kind?

Sir *Jol.* If you think it may by any means be ſerviceable to you.

Sir *Dav.* Truly if the Body were remov'd, and diſpos'd of privately, that no more might be heard of the matter—I hope he'll be as good as his word.

Sir *Jol.* Fear nothing, I'll warrant you; but in troth I had utterly forgot one thing, utterly forgot it.

Sir *Dav.* What's that?

Sir *Jol.* Why, it will be abſolutely neceſſary that my Lady ſtaid with me at my Houſe for one day, till things were better ſettled.

Sir *Dav.* Ah, Sir *Jolly!* whatever you think fit; any thing of mine that you have a mind to; pray take her, pray take her, you ſhall be very welcome; hear you, my deareſt, there is but one way for us to get rid of this untoward buſineſs, and Sir *Jolly* has found it out; therefore by all means go along with him, and be rul'd by him; and whatever Sir *Jolly* would have thee do, e'en do it: ſo heav'n proſper ye, good b'w'y, good b'w'y, till I ſee you again. [*Exit.*

Sir *Jol.* This is certainly the civileſt Cuckold in City, Town or Country.

Beau. Is he gone? [*Steps out.*

L. *Dunce.* Yes, and has left poor me here.

Beau. In troth, Madam, 'tis barbarouſly done of him, to commit a horrid murder on the Body of an innocent poor Fellow, and then leave you to ſtem the danger of it.

Sir *Jol.* Odd, an I were as thee, Sweetheart, I'd be reveng'd on him for it, ſo I would. Go get ye together, ſteal out of the houſe as ſoftly as you can, I'll meet ye in the *Piazza* preſently; go, be ſure ye ſteal out of the Houſe, and don't let Sir *Davy* ſee you.

The Scene ſhuts, and Sir Jolly *comes forward. Enter* Bloody-Bones.

Bloody-Bones.

Blood. I am here, Sir.

Sir *Jol.* Go you and *Fourbin* to my Houſe preſently; bid Monſieur

Fourbin remember that all things be order'd according to my directions. Tell my Maids too, I am coming home in a trice; bid 'em get the great Chamber, and the Banquet I ſpoke for, ready preſently: and d'ye hear, carry the minſtrells with you to, for I'm reſolv'd to rejoyce this morning. Let me ſee——Sir *Davy!*

Enter Sir David Dunce.

Sir *Dav.* Ay, Neighbour, 'tis I; is the buſineſs done? I cannot be ſatisfi'd till I am ſure: have you removed the body! is it gone?

Sir *Jol.* Yes, yes, my Servants convey'd it out of the Houſe juſt now. well, Sir *Davy*, a good morning to you: I wiſh you your health with all my Heart, Sir *Davy*; the firſt thing you do though, I'd have you ſay your prayers by all means if you can.

Sir *Dav.* If I can poſſibly, I will.

Sir *Jol.* Well, God b'w'y. [*Exit Sir* Jolly.

Sir *Dav.* God b'w'y heartily, good Neighbour,——*Vermine, Vermine.*

Enter Vermin.

Verm. Did your Honour call?

Sir *Dav.* Go run, run preſently over the ſquare, and call the Conſtable preſently; tell him here's murder committed, and that I muſt ſpeak with him inſtantly——I'l e'en carry him to my Neighbour's, that he may find the dead body there, and ſo let my Neighbour be very fairly hang'd in my ſtead; hah! a very good jeſt, as I hope to live, ha, ha, ha! hey, what's that?

Watchmen at the Door.] Almoſt 4 a clock, and a dark cloudy morning; good morrow my Maſters all, good morrow.

Enter Conſtable and Watch.

Conſt. How's this, a door open! Come in, Gentlemen.——Ah, Sir *Davy*, your honour's humble Servant: I and my Watch going my morning Rounds, and finding your door open, made bold to enter, to ſee there were no danger, your Worſhip will excuſe our care; a good morning to you, Sir.

Sir *Dav.* Oh, Mr. Conſtable, I'm glad you're here, I ſent my man juſt now to call you. I have ſad news to tell you, Mr. Conſtable.

Conſt. I am ſorry for that, Sir; ſad news!

Sir *Dav.* Oh, ay, ſad news, very ſad news truly: here has been murder committed.

Conſt. Murder! if that's all, we are your humble ſervants, Sir, we'll bid you good-morrow: murders nothing at this time o' night in *Covent Garden.*

Sir *Davy*. O, but this is a horrid bloody murder, done under my Noſe; I cannot but take notice of it; though I am ſorry to tell you the Authors of it, very ſorry truly.

Conſt. Was it committed here near hand?

Sir *Davy*. Oh, at the very next door; a ſad murder indeed. After they had done, they carry'd the body privately into my Neighbour *Jollies* Houſe here; I am ſorry to tell it you Mr. Conſtable, for I am affraid it will look but ſcurvily on his ſide; though I am a Juſtice o'Peace, Gentlemen, and am bound by my Oath to take notice of it; I can't help it.

1 *Watch*. I never lik'd that Sir *Jolly*.

Conſt. He threatned me t'other day for carrying a little dirty draggle-tail'd Whore to Bridewell, and ſaid ſhe was his Couſin, Sir, if your Worſhip think fit, we'll go ſearch his houſe.

Sir *Dav*. Oh, by all means, Gentlemen, it muſt be ſo; Juſtice muſt have it's courſe; the King's leige Subjects muſt not be deſtroy'd. *Vermin*, carry Mr. Conſtable and his Dragons into the Cellar, and make 'em drink; I'll but ſtep into my ſtudy, put on my Face of Authority, and call upon ye inſtantly.

All Watchm. We thank your honour.

Scene changes to Sir Jollies, *A Banquet.*

Enter Sir Jolly, Beaugard, *and Lady* Dunce.

Sir *Jol*. So, are ye come? I am glad on't; odd y'are welcome, very welcome, odd ye are; here's a ſmall Banquet, but I hope 'twill pleaſe you; ſit ye down, ſit ye down, both together, nay, both together: A Pox o' him that parts ye, I ſay.

Beau. Sir *Jolly*, this might be an entertainment for *Anthony* and *Cleopatra*, were they living.

Sir *Jol*. Piſh! a Pox of *Anthony* and *Cleopatra*, they are dead and rotten long ago; come, come, time's but ſhort, time's but ſhort, and muſt be made the beſt uſe of; for

Youth's a flower that ſoon does fade,
And life is but a ſpan;
Man was for the Woman made,
And Woman made for Man.

Why now we can be bold, and make merry, and friſk and be briſk, rejoice, and make a noiſe, and——odd, I am pleas'd, mightily pleas'd, odd I am.

L. *Dunce*. Really, Sir *Jolly*, you are more a Philoſopher then I thought you were.

Sir *Jol*. Philoſopher, Madam! yes, Madam, I have read Books in my time; odd, *Ariſtotle*, in ſome things, had very pretty notions, he was an

underſtanding Fellow. Why don't ye eat, odd an' ye don't eat——here Child, here's ſome Ringoes, help, help your Neighbour a little; odd they are very good, very comfortable, very cordial.

Beau. Sir *Jolly*, your Health.

Sir *Jol.* With all my heart, old Boy.

L. *Dance.* Dear Sir *Jolly*, what are theſe? I never taſted of theſe before.

Sir *Jol.* That: eat it, eat it, eat it when I bid you: odd, 'tis the root Satyrion, a very precious plant, I gather 'em every *May* my ſelf: odd, they'l make an old fellow of ſixty five cut a Caper like a Dancing Maſter; give me ſome Wine: Madam, here's a health, here's a health, Madam, here's a health to honeſt Sir *Davy*, faith and troth, ha, ha, ha. [*Dance.*

Enter Bloody-bones.

Blood. Sir, Sir, Sir! What will you do? Yonder's the Conſtable and all his Watch at the Door, and threatens demolliſhment, if not admitted preſently.

Sir *Jol.* Odds ſo! Odds ſo! The Conſtable and his Watch! what's to be done now? get ye both into the Alcove there, get ye gone quickly, quickly; no noiſe, no noiſe; d'ye hear, the Conſtable and his Watch! A Pox on the Conſtable and his Watch; what the Devil have the Conſtable and his Watch to do here?

Enter Conſtable, Watch *and Sir* Davy. *Scene ſhuts.*

Sir Jolly *comes forward.*

Conſt. This way, this way, Gentlemen; ſtay one of ye at the door, and let no body paſs, do you hear? Sir *Jolly*, your Servant.

Sir *Jol.* What, this outrage, this diſturbance committed upon my Houſe and Family: Sir, Sir, Sir! What do you mean by theſe doings, ſweet Sir? Hoh!——

Conſt. Sir, having receiv'd information, that the body of a murder'd Man is conceal'd in your Houſe, I am come, according to my Duty, to make ſearch, and diſcover the truth.——ſtand to my aſſiſtance, Gentlemen.

Sir *Jol.* A murder'd man, Sir!

Sir *Dav.* Yes, a murder'd Man, Sir: Sir *Jolly*, Sir *Jolly*, I am ſorry to ſee a Perſon of your Character and Figure in the Pariſh, concern'd in Murder, I ſay.

Sir *Jol.* Here's a Dog! Here's a Rogue for you! Here's a Villain! Here's a Cuckoldly Son of his Mother! I never knew a Cuckold in my life, that was not a falſe Rogue in his heart; there are no honeſt fellows living, but Whore-maſters. Hark you, Sir, what a pox do you mean? you had beſt play the fool, and ſpoil all, you had: what's all this for!

Sir *Dav.* When your Worſhip's come to be hang'd, you'l find the meaning on't, Sir. I ſay once more, ſearch the Houſe.

Conſt. It ſhall be done, Sir; come a-long, Friends.

[*Exit Conſtable and Watch.*

Sir *Jol.* Search my Houſe! O Lord! ſearch my Houſe! What will become of me? I ſhall loſe my reputation with Man and Woman, and no body will ever truſt me again: O Lord! ſearch my Houſe! all will be diſcover'd, do what I can; I'l ſing a Song like a dying Swan, and try to give 'em Warning.

Go from the Window, my Love, my Love, my Love,
Go from the Window my Dear;
The Wind and the Rain
Has brought 'em back again,
And thou canſt have no Lodging here.

O Lord! ſearch my Houſe!

Sir *Dav.* Break down that door, I'l have that Door broke open; break down that door, I ſay. [*Knocking within.*

Sir *Jol.* Very well done, break down my doors! break down my walls, Gentlemen! plunder my Houſe! raviſh my Maids! Ah, curſt be Cuckolds, Cuckolds, Conſtables, and Cuckolds.

Scene draws, and diſcovers Beaugard *and Lady* Dunce.

Beau. Stand off; by heav'n the firſt that comes here comes upon his death.

Sir *Dav.* Sir your humble ſervant, I am glad to ſee you are alive again with all my heart; Gentlemen, here's no harm done, Gentlemen, here's no body murder'd, Gentlemen, the Man's alive again, Gentlemen; but here's my Wife, Gentlemen, and a fine Gentlemen with her, Gentlemen; and Mr. Conſtable, I hope you'll bear me witneſs, Mr. Conſtable.

Sir *Jol.* That he's a Cuckold, Mr. Conſtable. [*Aſide.*

Beau. Hark ye, ye Currs, keep off from ſnapping at my heels, or I ſhall ſo feague ye.

Sir *Jol.* Get ye gone, ye Dogs, ye Rogues, ye night Toads of the Pariſh Dungeon; diſturb my Houſe at theſe unſeaſonable hours, get ye out of my doors, get ye gone, or I'll brain ye, Dogs, Rogues, Villains.

[*Exeunt* Conſtable *and* Watch.

Beau. And next for you, Sir Coxcomb, you ſee I am not murder'd though you paid well for the performance; what think you of bribing my own Man to Butcher me?

Enter Fourbin *and* Bloody-bones.

Look ye, Sir, he can cut a Throat upon occaſion, and here's another dreſſes a man's heart with Oyl and Pepper, better than any Cook in Chriſtendome.

Four. Will your Worſhip pleaſe to have one for your Breakfaſt this morning?

Sir *Dav.* With all my heart, Sweet-heart, any thing in the World, faith and troth, ha, ha, ha! this is the pureſt ſport, ha, ha, ha!

Enter Vermin.

Verm. Oh, Sir, the moſt unhappy and moſt unfortunate news! There has been a Gentleman in Madam *Sylvia*'s Chamber all this night, who juſt as you went out of doors carry'd her away, and whither they are gone no body knows.

Sir *Dav.* With all my heart, I am glad on't, Child, I would not care if he'd carry'd away my Houſe and all, Man. unhappy news, quotha! poor Fool, he does not know I am a Cuckold, and that any body may make bold with what belongs to me, ha, ha, ha! I am ſo pleas'd, ha, ha, ha, I think I never was ſo pleas'd in all my life before, ha, ha, ha!

Beau. Nay, Sir, I have a hanck upon you; there are Laws for Cut-throats, Sir; and as you tender your future credit, take this wrong'd Lady home, and uſe her handſomely, uſe her like my Miſtreſs, Sir, do you mark me, that when we think fit to meet again, I have no complaint of you; this muſt be done Friend.

Sir *Jol.* In troth, and it is but reaſonable, very reaſonable in troth.

L. *Dunce.* Can you, my Dear, forgive me one misfortune?

Sir *Dav.* Madam, in one word, I am thy Lady-ſhips moſt humble Servant and Cuckold, Sir *David Dunce*, Kt. Living in *Covent-Garden*; ha, ha, ha! well this is mighty pretty, ha, ha, ha!

Enter Sylvia *follow'd by* Courtine.

Sylv. Sir *Jolly*, ah Sir *Jolly*, protect me or I'm ruin'd.

Sir *Jol.* My little Minikin, is it thy ſqueek?

Beau. My dear *Courtine*, welcome.

Sir *Jol.* Well Child, and what would that wicked Fellow do to thee Child? hah Child, Child, what would he do to thee?

Sylv. Oh, Sir, he has moſt inhumanely ſeduced me out of my Uncle's Houſe, and threatens to marry me.

Cour. Nay, Sir, and ſhe having no more Grace before her eyes neither, has e'en taken me at my word.

Sir *Jol.* In troth, and that's very uncivilly done: I don't like theſe Marriages, I'll have no Marriages in my Houſe, and there's an end on't.

Sir *Dav.* And do you intend to marry my Niece, Friend?

Cour. Yes, Sir, and never ask your conſent neither.

Sir *Dav.* In troth, and that's very well ſaid; I am glad on't with all my heart, Man, becauſe ſhe has five thouſand pound to her Portion, and my Eſtate's bound to pay it; well, this is the happieſt day, ha, ha, ha.

Here take thy Bride; like Man and Wife agree,
And may ſhe prove as true—as mine to me.
Ha, ha, ha.

Beau. Courtine, I wiſh thee Joy: thou art come opportunely to be a Witneſs of a perfect Reconcilement between me and that worthy Knight Sir *Davy Dunce;* which to preſerve inviolate, you muſt, Sir, before we part, enter into ſuch Covenants for performance as I ſhall think fit.

Sir *Dav.* No more to be ſaid, it ſhall be done Sweet-heart: But don't be too hard upon me, uſe me Gently as thou didſt my Wife; Gently, ha, ha, ha! a very good Jeaſt, I'faith, ha, ha, ha! or if he ſhould be cruel to me, Gentlemen, and take this advantage over a poor Cornuto, to lay me in a Priſon, or throw me in a Dungeon, at leaſt.

I hope Amongſt all you, Sirs, I ſhan't fail
To find one Brother-Cuckold out for Bail.

EPILOGUE

WITH the diſcharge of Paſſions much oppreſt,
Diſturb'd in Brain, and penſive in his Breaſt,
Full of thoſe thoughts which make th'unhappy ſad,
And by Imagination half grown mad,
The Poet led abroad his Mourning Muſe,
And let her range, to ſee what ſport ſhe'd chuſe.
Strait like a Bird got looſe, and on the Wing,
Pleas'd with her freedom, ſhe began to Sing;
Each Note was Eccho'd all the Vale along,
And this was what ſhe utter'd in her Song:
Wretch, write no more for an uncertain fame,
Nor call thy Muſe, when thou art dull, to blame:
Conſider with thy ſelf how thou'rt Unfit
To make that Monſter of Mankind, a Wit:
A Wit's a Toad, who ſwell'd with ſilly pride,
Full of himſelf, ſcorns all the World beſide;
Civil would ſeem, tho he good manners lacks,
Smiles on all faces, rails behind all backs.
If e're, good-natur'd, nought to Ridicule,
Good-nature melts a Wit into a Fool:
Plac'd high like ſome Jack-pudding, in a Hall,
At Chriſtmas Revels he makes ſport for all.
So much in little praiſes he delights,
But when he's angry draws his Pen and writes:
A Wit to no man will his dues allow;
Wits will not part with a good Word that's due:
So whoe're ventures on the Ragged Coaſt
Of ſtarving Poets, certainly is loſt,
They rail like Porters at the Penny-Poſt.
At a new Author's Play ſee one but ſit,
Making his ſnarling froward face of Wit,
The Merit he allows, and Praiſe he grants,
Comes like a Tax from a poor Wretch that wants.
O Poets, have a care of one another,
There's hardly one amongſt ye true to t'other:
Like Trincalo's *and* Stephano's, *ye play*
The lewdeſt tricks each other to betray.
Like Foes detract, yet flatt'ring friendlike ſmile,
And all is one another to beguile
Of Praiſe, the Monſter of your Barren Iſle.

Enjoy the proſtitute ye ſo admire,
Enjoy her to the full of your deſire,
Whilſt this poor Scribler wiſhes to retire,
Where he may ne're repeat his Follies more,
But curſe the Fate that wrackt him on your Shore.
Now you, who this day as his Judges ſit,
After y'ave heard what he has ſaid of Wit;
Ought for your own ſakes not to be ſevere,
But ſhew ſo much to think he meant none here.

FINIS

APPENDIX TO THE ORPHAN

APPENDIX

Source of The Orphan

The title-page of the *English Adventures. By a Person of Honour*, now in the British Museum, reads as follows:

ENGLISH
ADVENTURES

By a Person of Honour.
Licensed May 12th, 1676.

Roger L'Estrange.

IN THE SAVOY:

Printed by T. Newcomb, for H. Herringman, at the Anchor, on the lower walk of the New Exchange. 1676.

This copy contains 129 pages, in prose. There are three parts. The *History of Brandon* falls in the first part. The copy in the British Museum is bound in a cover stamped with what seem to be the arms of the Rt. Hon. Thos. Grenville. On a fly leaf in front is the following note in ink:

" by Roger Boyle Earl of Orrery—
see Thornton's Otway III App.—"

It may be worth while to cite another instance where the authorship of these *Adventures* is attached to the name of the Earl of Orrery. In the catalogue of the Huth Library (London, 1880), vol. 1, p. 192 (it was catalogued by Henry Huth, F. S. Ellis, and W. C. Hazlitt), is this entry: (Boyle, Roger, Earl of Orrery.) English Adventures. By a Person of Honour. In the Savoy: Printed by T. Newcomb, for H. Herringman . . . 1676. 8vo.

In the British Museum, on the other hand, the *Adventures* have not been catalogued as published in any collections of Boyle's works.

THE HISTORY OF BRANDON

That many men run into high crimes designedly, cannot be a greater truth than it is, that others fall into them, both against their inclination and intention.

This latter is what I can experimentally aver; but whether it proceeds from the influence of the Stars at our Nativity, or from a Fatality to which all Men are subjected, or from some other occult cause, I dare not determine; but this I know, that the crime I fell into, was not so much my sin, as it is my punishment. But before I proceed to acquaint you with the particulars, which I more than hope will incline you to be of my belief, I must beg you, that what I am to tell you, purely to obey you, may be kept as great a secret, as otherwise I resolved it should eternally have been, and as you will easily perceive the nature of it requires.

Izabella, and our Monarch,* having promised what he asked, he thus continued: My Father having spent much of his time and blood in our late sad and intestine Wars,

* The persons in whose presence the story is related.

abhorring the necessary cruelties in them, and loathing the vicissitudes of a Court-life, retired for ever to a Castle of his own in *Gloucestershire*, where he determined to bury himself alive. But one day being drawn to a Kinsmans Wedding, by the importunity of a bosome friend, he saw at it, a Gentlewoman, so handsom, that all the beauties of *England* (which doubtless is their highest sphere) could not perform on him in twenty years, she did in a moment; for, *Madam*, 't is the fate of some Families, to fall in love at first sight.

My Father passionately inquired of his Friend if he knew her, and being assured he did, and that if she were not his near Kinswoman, he would not scruple to affirm, he knew no person in the World, whose virtue and softness of humor, exceeded hers; but withall told him, the calamities of the Civil Wars had so ruin'd her Parents fortune, as they were unable to give her a Portion, in the least answerable to her birth and merit.

My Father, who knew that happiness has its solid Throne only in the mind, and that wealth is an excess, which may often be more dangerous than useful, courted this Lady, and having found the character his Friend had given him of her, exactly true, at last married her; from that Union, my elder Brother and I descended, whose Educations were such, that if we were no great Proficients in our Studies and Exercises, it was our own faults: possibly never any Friendship was greater, than that, between my Brother and I; we seem'd to have but one Soul, which actuated both our Bodies; and we were dearer to each other, by the tyes of Friendship, than by those of Blood.

We were never admitted to see a Court or an Army; and my Father who had taken a Surfet of both, gave our earlier years such ill impressions of them, that we joyfully dedicated the hours of our vacancy to no other pleasures, but those of Hunting and Hawking, and such harmless divertisements of a Countrey life.

In these innocent employments, my Brother attain'd to his twentieth, and I to my nineteenth year; but as Fortune had envied us this little tranquility, a near Friend of my Mothers dyed, and left to her care her onely Daughter, which Legacy she sent her at the last gasp, with the little she had saved out of the general shipwrack, occasion'd by the bloody contentions of the two Roses.

My Mother manifested the esteem she had of [the] dead, by her care of the living; nor could that generosity be noblier employed, than on this young Gentlewoman, whose name was *Victoria;* for she was so charming and lovely, that the very first hour she came to live with my Mother, my Brother and I began to feel a passion in our hearts, which till that moment, we had never been acquainted with.

Could I draw you, *Madam*, her Picture to the Life, you would excuse our being so soon vanquish'd: for I thought then, nothing could be so perfect; and should have still continued in that belief, had not my sight this day convinc'd me of my Error.

My Brother never told me of his passion, neither did I acquaint him with mine; which was the first and onely Secret we kept in reserve from one another.

I will not, *Madam*, so much misimploy your patience, as to tell you all the Services I paid the charming *Victoria;* nor all the arts and assiduities I used to make them acceptable to her; neither will I particularize my Brothers part, in the like design. 'Tis enough you know, that after above one years languishing, I had this ill-natur'd consolation, that I judged my Brother was as unsuccessful as I; so that the reservedness, and severity of *Victoria's* carriage, made me often in despair and anger, resolve to abandon so hopeless a Love; nay, I was in my heart almost despising my Brother, for his not assuming the like resolution.

But alas! I soon found 't is Love which gives Laws to us, and not we to Love; for I so strongly renew'd my Chains, as a Pennance, for having intended to break them, that I had merited *Victoria's* contempt, had she but known I lov'd her so much then, and had lov'd her no more formerly.

But as my passion increast, I thought her coldness did; and in all her deportment both to my Brother and me, she manifested such indifferency, that I could not be more troubled at it, than I was pleas'd to observe my friend wore the same livery.

While these things were in this posture, one morning he went out very early a Hunting, my Page, who was fond of that recreation, very officiously waked me, to give me notice of it; hoping I would be a sharer in it, and consequently he, who usually attended me.

This being the first time he had designed to separate me from any of his recreations, as well as businesses, (except that great one of his Love) I resolved to follow him, and learn the cause; but after having for some hours fruitlesly inquired after him, and neither hearing of him, nor the cry of the Hounds, I returned home melancholy, and weary; and the Servant which waited on me in my Chamber, being out of the way, I cast my self on a Bed with a Canopy which was in a Closet within the drawing Room, endeavoring by a little sleep to abate my being tired in body, and troubled in mind.

I had not slept half an hour, but I was awakened by the noise of one walking in the same Room. The curtains of the Canopy being not close shut, I saw through the opening, that it was the fair *Victoria*.

The curiosity of a young Lover made me continue conceal'd, to discover what brought her thither; I saw she was discompos'd, and while she was looking in her Glass, to adjust herself, my Brother came in, who running to her with open arms, embrac'd and kist her, at which she made no resistance, but blushed exceedingly.

My Amazement and Grief at so surprising an Accident, is not to be exprest: But one of the Maid-servants coming into the outward Room to rub it, I heard *Victoria* say, *Alas! we shall be discover'd, unless you make haste away.* My Brother at this, prest her much to name the hour and the signal; to which, at last, trembling and blushing, she answer'd, *This night at midnight, and three soft strokes at the upper part of her Chamber door, should be the sign of admittance.* But she added, *Forget not, Sir, there is nothing but a painted Wainscot between your Mothers Beds-head and mine, and therefore if you speak one word, it may be over-heard, and I shall be ruin'd.*

My Brother promis't her hastily an exact obedience; then having again kist and embrac'd her, went into the outward Chamber, from whence he aloud order'd the Servant to call his Page to him; and as soon as the Coast was clear, *Victoria* also went hastily away.

Judge, *Madam*, I humbly beg you, (continued *Brandon*) what my condition was, at what I had heard and seen; for I confess I am not able to relate it: Amazement, Jealousie, and Anger, or rather Fury, did so torment me by turns, nay, sometimes all at once, that I knew as little what was fit to do, as what was fit not to be done.

Sometimes I resolved to make Friendship and nature yield to my resentments, and in a Duel Killing my Brother, convince *Victoria*, she had made an unjust choice; but soon that angry Resolve resign'd it self to the Sacred names of Brother and Friend.

Neither could I in calmer thoughts with any shadow of Justice condemn him for having done to me, but what I doubt I should have done to him, had my success been equal to his.

My Rage finding no fit object on my Brother to discharge it self, I determin'd to be revenged on her, and by immediately detecting her sin to my Mother, get her banisht with ignominy out of a Family, where her too much kindness to one of it, was an affront to all the rest.

But then my Love, or rather Pity, to ruine what I had so lately ador'd, shook that resolution, and in a few moments afterwards intirely conquer'd it. So that finding no single object on which to vent my Despair, I was so Criminal (for which, *Madam*, said *Brandon* to *Izabella*, I most humbly beg your pardon) as to Curse the whole Sex: for since she who I then believ'd the greatest ornament of it, and possessor of the strictest virtue in it, had so abandon'd herself, I rashly and criminally concluded all of them merited what at that time I too heartily wish'd might befall them.

In these Disorders, locking up the Chamber door, and walking many turns in it, I began to grow more moderate, and then my evil *Genius* did let me see, that what I had consider'd as my highest misfortune, was what I might more reasonably esteem the contrary; since if I prevented my Brother in the assignation agreed on between *Victoria* and him, which was no difficult work to perform, I should both satisfie my Revenge, and my Love.

When this fatal Project was admitted, Alas! With what raptures was it entertain'd; and all the dictates of Remorse, for betraying my Mistress, my Friend, and my Brother, how chearfully were they sacrific'd to the imagined felicities which were to attend the Action.

In brief, *Madam*, I so cautiously order'd the Design, that it succeeded to my wish. But while I was in my Brothers place, and in all the pleasures of triumphant Love, I did hear him many times give the appointed signal at the door; but you will easily believe, I took care *Victoria* should not, in whose embraces I spent the happy and guilty Night; and just as the Day began to dawn, having agreed with her the next Night to repeat my joyes, I retired a back way to my own Chamber, where having for some time celebrated my double victory, I drest myself, and with impatience enough waited to observe how my deluded Brother would resent so wounding a disappointment; never till then having in the least consider'd, what might be the consequences of it, so much the delight of involving him in it had blinded me.

My Chamber was next to the great Square, in which the Stair-case was carried up, and from whence *Victoria* was to come down to the Chappel, which every morning and evening she failed not to do.

I had not been long on the attendance, when through a little opening of my door, which I had made on purpose, I saw my Brother come to the foot of the Stairs, walking short turns, and every moment casting up his eyes, to observe when she would descend:

At last she appeared, but as soon as she saw him, her face was cover'd with blushes; but his, at the sight of her, became as pale as Death; and such a shaking seized on all his limbs, as it too evidently discover'd the storm in his Soul.

Victoria, either ashamed to look on him, who she believ'd that night had rifled her greatest treasure; or else minding her steps, looked not on him, till she was within seven or eight of the bottom; but then casting a look towards him as full of modesty as fire, and thinking none could hear her, she told him, *I hope, Sir, you are now satisfied* —He, without giving her leave to finish what she had begun, reply'd, in a furious tone, *Yes, I am satisfied;—But 't is, that you are the falsest of Women; and ere long, you shall be satisfied my Resentment shall be as great as my Affront.* Then without so

much as staying for her answer, he flung away in such a rage, that I who saw it, am not able to describe it.

The poor *Victoria*, at so amazing an usage, became white as Innocence, and gave no sign that she was alive, but by an universal trembling.

The fright I was in, lest she should fall down those steps, on which her astonishment had seized her, made me run out of my concealment, and so timely, that I catch'd her in my Arms just as her Senses had forsaken her; whereby I prevented that Death by her fall on the pavement, which her grief made her desire.

All the Servants in the Family, who were not then employ'd in the necessary functions of it, were gone to the Chappel, and so were my Father and Mother, whereby missing of all help, I carried *Victoria* into my Chamber, and there by bowing her body, rubbing her temples, and casting water on her face, I brought her at last out of her fainting, and then conjur'd her to tell me the cause of it.

She onely answer'd me with a deep sigh; at which I smiled, and acquainted her I had heard all that had past between her and my Brother.

She knew I had too much concernment for her, not to be sensible of her then condition, and therefore having a-while reflected on my smiling, on a sudden she cast her eyes towards me, and fixing them steadfastly on me, she told me, *I conjure you* Brandon, *to tell me, and truly too, where you lay last night.* I instantly answer'd, *With the greatest Beauty of the World;* and then told her, how I came to over-hear her Assignation with my Brother, and had by my Art, repair'd the misery of her unkindness.

All the while I was making that short Narrative, I saw her colour come and go, her heart ready to force a passage through her breast, and in so many other Agonies, that had she actually made me as unfortunate as she once intended, the sight of her then suffering would have been too severe a revenge: But alas! when I came to the end of my information, she fetch'd a hideous skreem, and fell dead on the Bed, to which at first I had carried her.

I cannot tell you, *Madam*, which of my Griefs were greater; to see her in that condition, or to find her having made me happy against her will, had reduced her to it: however, I endeavour'd all I could to restore her to her Senses, which at length I effected; but she had no sooner opened her eyes, and saw her self in my Arms, then she relaps'd, and so long, and so dangerously, that when I fear'd I could not recover her from Death, I resolved to accompany her in it.

But when I began to despair of her return, she came to herself again, and while I was on my knees celebrating my joyes for it, and renewing my passionate request, to know what was the occasion of that sorrow, which was so dangerous to her and me; she strove to go away, but not being strong enough to do it, she fell again upon the Bed, and told me, in an accent too moving to be imitated, *Ah*, Brandon, *you have ruin'd your Brother, and me, and your self, if at least the friendship you have hitherto paid him, be not a fiction; for I am your Brother's Wife, and this morning*—

A crowd of sighs, and a torrent of tears, stop'd the passage of her words; but alas! what she had said, reduced me to a condition as worthy of pity as hers was; which as soon as she observ'd, it heightned her own afflictions, so that she employ'd a quarter of an hour, and with interrupted words, in telling me, *That my Brothers Hunting the day before, was but a pretence to go the earlier abroad, to meet her with a Priest, by appointment in a Grove, where they had been married.*

At the end of this Relation, her Woman, who had mist her at the Chappel, and

had in vain sought her over all the House, came to inquire of me, if I could tell her where she was; there finding her in a fainting condition, by her help, we brought *Victoria* to her own Chamber; and her Distemper every moment increasing, she took her Bed, and I retired.

My Father and Mother having miss'd her at their Devotions, concluded some indisposition was the cause of it; wherefore they came to visit her, and finding she was in a high Fever, they went hastily to their Closets, to write for two of the eminentest Physitians in the Countrey. I took that opportunity to steal into her Chamber, kneel'd by her Beds-side, and in more tears and sighs, than words, convinced her of the vastness of my grief, and then advised her to send immediately for my Brother, and to tell him, *She had locked him out of her Chamber one night, meerly to try his temper; but since she found he resented that seeming unkindness so highly, she beg'd his pardon for it, was really sorry she had committed that fault, and would endeavour to repair it by all the actions of her Life.*

This was the best counsel I could then present her; and asking her, *Whether she approved it, and if it were her pleasure I should send my Brother to wait on her?* She onely told me with a sigh, *Do what you will.* Then turning from me, she fell a weeping in such excess, that I thought she would be drown'd in her own tears.

As soon as I heard my Mother coming in at one door, I slip'd out at the other, and went to seek my Brother; for I was confident if he went not to visit her, it would both increase her danger, and possibly discover the cause of it.

At last I found him in a Grove of the Park, lying his full length, near a Brook, and in troubles almost as great as mine. I told him *Victoria* was fallen into a burning Fever; and by the fierceness of the beginning, my Mother more than feared the End would be fatal, and therefore had sent two Expresses for the Doctors. That I came then from waiting on her, but I had found her so alter'd, as the change had amazed me; since I thought I saw the image of Death in that face, which till then, had been all life. I added, that in a whisper, she had desired me to send him speedily to her, and that I would so order it, as to entertain my Mother, while she herself was speaking alone to him; since she had something on her heart to say, that till she had told him, and received his answer on it, she should be in torments.

At first, my Brother seem'd unmov'd at her danger, and request; but I, at length, prevail'd with him to go where we found my Mother all in tears, the violence of *Victoria's* Fever, so greedily increasing on her.

The vastness of my Mothers affliction, was no ill preparative, to melt my Brothers heart; when he came to *Victoria's* Bed, she resign'd to him her place, and I, to allow them the freer liberty to discourse, drew her to a Window, under pretence of seeing from thence, if either of the Doctors were coming.

I never could learn what in particular past between them, but I saw him at last kneel down by her, (for my eyes were still turned that way) and laying his lips to her burning hand, seem'd thereby to seal her Pardon.

But my Mother, who apprehended such Visits might be hurtful to the fair Patient, ordered us both to retire.

I cannot better parallel his Grief, than by telling you, *Madam*, it was equal to his late Fury; and as we walked together into the Park, he discovered to me, how the day before he was secretly married to *Victoria;* for he knew he could never have obtain'd my Father's consent to do it, since her Beauty and Virtue was all her Portion.

He further told me with groans, that he trembled to think, 'twas his Brutishness, had reduc'd her to the deplorable state she was then in; and informed me afterwards of the Assignation, her failing, and his resentments at it, (a Relation which alas I knew better than himself;) That though he more than feared, 't was his outrageous Passion had flung her into the Fever; yet she could not be brought to acknowledge to him, it had done so: But she had beg'd his forgiveness for deluding him, in such moving Words, Actions and Tears, as those confest to him that Truth, which he could not extort from her Mouth; That he had beg'd her Pardon on his knees, for his Crime, which she had granted him with a tenderness so charming, that her forgiving him in such a manner, had wounded him as deeply, as his Barbarity had her.

This Account he gave me, in so much affliction and disorder, that it brought on accession to my griefs, which, till then, I believ'd were uncapable of any.

The share which he thought I bore in his misery, heightned his friendship, and made him beg of me a thousand Pardons, that he had till then concealed his Marriage from me, which was the first, and should be the last offence he would be guilty of, but that now my lively sense of his grief had extorted from him, that Confession which else he would not have made: for he fear'd when ever his father knew it, if he should also learn I was acquainted with it, 't would involve me in his disgrace, the apprehension of which only had hitherto sealed his lips; so that he never had been seemingly unkind to me, but to be really the contrary.

We then in many embraces renew'd our friendships.

Soon after, we saw one of the Doctors gallop by us; we hastily followed him, to learn his judgment of *Victoria's* condition, upon which both our own depended.

In brief, *Madam*, the Physitian awhile felt her Pulse, and shook his Head; and having apply'd all that his art and kindness could dictate, he told my mother the seventh day in great grief; That his Patient had more need of a Priest, than of him; And that his skill deluded him, if some distemper of the Mind had not reduc'd her Body to so dangerous a state.

But, *Madam*, (*Brandon* continued) I perceive your Generosity and Compassion has made you too large a sharer in poor *Victoria's* suffering; I shall not therefore augment it, by particularizing all the fatal passages of this Story.

'T is too much you know,* all the Physitians Care and Art, all my Mothers Kindness and Assiduities, all my Brothers Pardons and Tears, and all my Groans and Submissions, could not in the least prevail with *Victoria* to live; her scrupulous Virtue made her judge my Crime was her own; and having lay'n one night in my Arms, she concluded herself unworthy ever after to lie in my Brothers; and that she was only fit for those of death: To which she hastened with such earnestness and resolution, that those who knew not the cause, admired at the action; and I who knew it, deplored it with such excess, that the effect of my sin was believed singly the product of my good Nature.

The Ninth day of her Sickness was the last of her Life; and had like to have been of my Brothers and mine: For before she locked herself up with her Confessor, and after she had taken an eternal Farewell of my unconsolable Father and Mother, she gave one half hour of her hasty time to me, and one full hour to my poor Brother; but what she said to him to mitigate his sorrows heighten'd them, since to lose for

* "'T is too much you know," a side remark to the hearers of the narrative.

ever so much Beauty, Virtue, and Goodness, was above the power of Consolation; and from the hour of her death, he courted his own.

What she said to me was consonant to her admirable Virtue; and made me more in love with her Mind, than I had ever been with her Person.

The nearer her illuminated Soul approached to the happiness she now enjoyes, the greater the lustre of it did shine; and though she spoke to me innumerable excellent things, yet I shall relate to you but this one.

She conjur'd me to flie from Sin; for when it is committed, none can foresee how productive it is in Evil, nor the utmost consequences which attend it. You thought (she added) *that I had been unchaste, and that gave you the opportunity to be so. But you did not imagine that by satisfying one voluptuous desire, it should plunge you into Incest, the death of your Mistriss; and alas! I fear, that of your Friend and Brother. All these were not your design, but by one Sin they became your guilt; and by your sorrow, I see they are your punishment: However* (she continued, putting towards me her pale and trembling hand) *I forgive you, and have in tears beg'd of God to do it. Ah! by this so pregnant a Sin, be for ever frighted from committing another: This is the last Request I shall make you; and if you grant it, 'twill be the greatest blessing you can bestow upon your self.*

The excellency of her Admonitions, the Generosity with which she pardon'd me, the unexpressible sorrow for her death, and my own fatal guilt which had caused it, so powerfully operated on me, that retiring from her more dead than alive, I went trembling to my own Chamber, where having spent an hour in all the Agonies which those Reflections could cast a despairing Soul into, I resolved to forsake for ever my Fathers house, and immediately with some Jewels which my Father had given my Mother, and she had given me, (for I was her Favorite) I stole the back-way to the Stables, took one of my best Horses, and Rid towards *Dover;* but so overwhelm'd with grief and trouble, as I knew not what I did.

From *Dover* I past the Channel into *France*, and for two years last past, I served sometimes in the Armies of King *Francis* the First, and sometimes in those of the Emperor *Charles* the Fifth, where being careless of my life, or rather weary of it, and desirous to lose it, I perform'd some such bold Actions, as I wanted not the offers of great Preferments from those famous Princes. But my unconsolable griefs, which made me do what they thought merited their Favors, made me also decline all those their Generosities offer'd me. And I had still liv'd that wretched and vagabond life, had not a young Gentleman of *Glocestershire*, who had been my Neighbor there, arrived three weeks since at the *French* Army, to learn the Art of War, by whom I was assured, That the day of my flight from my Fathers, the fair *Victoria* dyed; That my Brother having rather languished than outlived her ten days, followed her; And that by his repeated desires, he was buried in the same Grave with her, for at his death, he had acknowledged she had been his Wife; That my Father and Mother, at the loss of her, him, and in appearance, if not in effect, of me also, so languished away, that they were likewise buried together in one Monument; so that by this Gentlemans importunities, and his telling me, that the one afar off related to our Family, was suing for my Estate, and was like to carry it, I was persuaded to return though without the least hope of relishing Life. But, *Madam*, continued *Brandon*, since I had the honor to see you, I begin to cast off that despair, and now that it has been in some small measure useful to your service, in hopes it may be more, I shall cherish it, and only on that Account.

TEXTUAL NOTES

Friendship in Fashion

p. 9, l. 19. *Goodvile.* The first 4to, 1678, fluctuates between *Goodvile* and *Goodvil.*

p. 16, l. 21. *your Ladiſhips most humble.* 4to 1678 has "Ladiſhps."

p. 34, l. 27. *and I live——* 4to 1678, "and live I——"

p. 57, l. 30. *diſturbance happened in the Garden?* 4to 1678 has "hapned."

p. 65, l. 34. *Beaſt! Brute! Barbarian!* 4to 1678, "Bruit."

p. 67, l. 18. *Lettice, try your Voice.* 4to 1678 misprints "try your Vow."

p. 71, l. 34. *reception.* [*Ex.* Mrs. Goodvile. 4to 1678 misprints [*Ex.* L. Goodvile.

Caius Marius

p. 86, l. 1 *Perſons repreſented.* The later editions read, "Dramatis Personæ." And so Thornton, 1813.

p. 86, l. 19. *Nurſe. Mr. Noakes.* 1728 and later, erroneously "Mrs. *Noakes.*" Thornton, who does not print the cast, adds "Martha, *a Prophetess.*"

p. 92, l. 27. *Full* 300,000 *men.* 1728, "Full three hundred thousand Men."

p. 106, l. 7. *the mask of Night.* 4to 1680, "the mark of Night."

p. 108, l. 14. *now we are here.* 4to 1680, "now we are hear."

p. 110, l. 36. *that bellow thus.* Later editions, "that hollow thus." Thornton correctly "bellow."

p. 117, l. 33. *Thou maim'd.* As I suppose, Marius junior "maim'd and wounded" by Cupid's dart. But later editions and Thornton read "Tho' maim'd," applying the phrase to Marius senior.

p. 118, l. 24. *Thou ſober-ſuited.* 4to 1680, "To sober-suited."

p. 123, l. 8. *Baniſhment's thy Lot.* Later editions and Thornton, "your lot."

p. 124, l. 32. *Levy.* Later editions, "Levée." Thornton, "levee."

p 127, l. 5. *every hour i'th'day.* 4to 1680, "every day i'th'hour."

p. 129, l. 4. *Nurſe. I care not.* 1728, later editions, and Thornton, "I dare not."

p. 147, l. 14. *Rendezvous.* 1728, "Rendezvouze."

p. 147, l. 40. *Starveth.* Later editions and Thornton, "stareth.' "Starveth" is the Shakespearean reading.

The Orphan

p. 161, l. 1. *TO HER Royal Highneſs.* McClumpha in a general note upon the text which precedes his edition says: "The text of *The Orphan* follows the first quarto copy of 1680, in the Library of Harvard University. . . . The first quarto, 1680, differs from all the other quartos in not containing the Dedicatory Epistle, the Prologue, nor the Dramatis Personæ" (i.e. *The Persons Represented in the Tragedy*). He accordingly encloses these in square brackets, and gives footnotes: "*To . . . Dutchess.* The Dedication is first printed in Q2." "*Prologue.* First given in Q2." "*The Persons.* First given in Q2." But surely an editor's suspicions should be aroused by such omission. The fact is that all this is wholly erroneous. The first quarto, 1680, the copy of which I have used is from the library of Mr. G. Thorn-Drury, actually contains the Dedication "To Her Royal Highness the Dutchess," A2; *The Persons Represented in the Tragedy;* Prologue. McClumpha has carelessly and unsuspiciously collated a mutilated copy of the play, lacking three leaves. I may here remark that he also cites Thornton's readings of 1813, and even Noel's "numerous emendations" (!) in the Mermaid series reprint. All which is, of course, waste labour and worse, as this petty piddling with the text in this unscholarly way is not merely worthless but actually harmful. No readings of any editions published after the author's death have any value; save there be some very exceptional circumstance or authority, and I have only cited later reprints now and again to show how easily and where bad corruptions began to creep in and deteriorate. It may be worth remarking that the fourth, fifth, and sixth quartos of 1703, 1705, and 1711 all show an extensive modernization of spelling and punctuation. The first collected edition of Otway's plays, 1712, follows the last quarto fairly closely.

p. 162, l. 5. *Praiſes.* As a specimen of McClumpha's gross inaccuracies and superfluous annotations the following may be instanced. He tells us in a note that here Thornton and Noel (Mermaid Series) read "practices." As a matter of fact, both editions have "praises."

p. 163, l. 28. *drove Fears hence.* Most editions erroneously read "drew."

p. 165, l. 17. *that firſt.* 4to 1703 reads "at first," an error which has been reproduced in all subsequent editions.

p. 166, l. 33. *warnes to avoid.* 4to 1685, "warns 'em to avoid"; 4to 1703, "wants to avoid."

p. 169, l. 21. *Woman Pride.* 4to 1685, "Woman's pride."

p. 170, l. 12. *fine perſwaſion!* Changed to "soft persuasion" in 1768.

p. 172, l. 14. *their Faith, or Honour.* 4to 1696, "there Faith and Honour," which is followed by subsequent editions.

p. 175, l. 26. *The superfitious States-man.* Noel calmly alters to "supercilious statesman."

p. 178, l. 10. *And I both would.* McClumpha misreads, 4to 1680, in a note as "And I both: would," giving in his text, "And I; both would." 4to 1685 and later read, "And I, both would."

p. 179, l. 20. *Some friend. [Then figh'd.* Thornton, no doubt correctly, introduces [*Then sigh'd*] into the text: "Perhaps kind heav'n may raise some friend: then sigh'd," but I have scrupulously followed 4to 1680.

p. 183, l. 39. *moft forlorn.* The editions of 1728, 1757, Thornton and Noel change this to "forsworn."

p. 185, l. 29. *may make me think.* 4to 1685, and most subsequent editions, read "'twill," putting a comma after words.

p. 186, l. 30. *Goblins.* 4to 1685; "Goblings"; 4tos 1690, 1703, 1705, 1711; "Gobbling"; 1712, collected edition, "Gobling"; 1728, "Goblets."

p. 187, l. 3. *He or Monimia.* 4to 1703 and later editions, "He and *Monimia.*"

p. 187, l. 21. *Chap. Heav'n guard.* 4to 1680 gives this speech to Castalio. "*Caft.* Heaven guard . . . ," but I have ventured to assign it to the Chaplain to whom it obviously belongs, and it is so printed in 4to 1703 and later editions.

p. 191, l. 30. *So I will be.* 4tos 1685, 1690, 1703, 1705 omit "will." The edition of 1728 reads "shall" and is followed by Thornton and Noel.

p. 193, l. 20. *Icy Virgin.* 4to 1680, "Jcy Virgin."

p. 195, l. 34. *what e're's your Pleafure.* 4to 1680, "you Pleafure."

p. 198, l. 32. *The feeling Ayr's as vaft.* Thornton reads "feeling air," which makes nonsense of the passage, although it is only fair to add that he acknowledges in a note his suspicion the line may be incorrect, which of course it only is because of his blunder. Noel and McClumpha both print "feeling air" instead of "seeling Ayr."

p. 203, l. 37. *fellow Bruites.* later 4tos, "fellow Brutes."

p. 206, l. 2. *I am thy Brother.* So 4to 1685; 4to 1680, "I am Brother."

p. 208, l. 10. *will ne're be Friends.* 4to 1680, "ner'e."

p. 218, l. 42. *brave.* 4to 1680, "brane."

p. 219, l. 42. *fhee'l.* 4to 1680, "hee'l."

p. 220, l. 19. *where e're he.* 4to 1680, "where he e're."

p. 223, l. 8. *Mon.* Ah poor *Caftalio!* [*Ex.* Mon. 4to 1680. [*Ex.* Mon. *Mon.* A poor *Castalio!*

p. 226, l. 16. *my Mother bore.* 4to 1680, "my Mothore bore."

The Souldiers Fortune

It should be remarked that 4to, 1695, is announced on the title-page as The Third Edition. This is incorrect. The First Quarto (the scarcest of Otway items) is 1681. The Second Quarto 1683. The Third Quarto 1687. 1695 must therefore be the Fourth Quarto.

p. 237, l. 11. *a ſort of an Acquittance.* 1728 misprints " Acquaintance."
p. 237, l. 25. *oh Sherru!* 1683 and all later editions, *Sherreu!*
p. 239, l. 1. *Prologue.* 4tos 1687 and 1695 give the Prologue at the end of the text, immediately preceding the Epilogue. On the verso of the Prologue, 4to, 1681, has *A Catalogue of some Plays Printed for* R. Bently *and* M. Magnes *in* Russel-Street *near* Covent Garden. There are also five *Novels Printed this Year,* 1680.
p. 240, l. 10. *Sylvia.* The quartos occasionally print *Silvia* in the text of the play.
p. 241, l. 13. *our Employments abroad.* 1728 reads " Employment."
p. 241, l. 19. *an Alſatia Bully.* 1728 and later editions (including Thornton and Mermaid), " an Alsatian bully."
p. 241, l. 24. *Peripatetrick.* 1683 and subsequently, " Peripatetick."
p. 242, l. 39. *I'll ſwear to.* 1681, " I'll ſwear too."
p. 243, l. 19. *what is it a Clock.* 1695, " what it was a Clock."
p. 243, l. 24. *pour paſſer.* 1681, 1683, 1687, *pour poſſer.*
p. 243, l 36 *gropt ont.* 1728, " grop'd on."
p. 246, l. 4. *Cour. Sir, I am your humble.* 1728 omits.
p. 246, l. 32. *And then doſt hear.* 4to 1695, " And then doſt thou hear."
p. 248, l. 15. *where be dey mun.* 4to 1681, " when be dey mun."
p. 248, l. 17. *Jipſies.* 4to 1695, " Gipsies."
p. 250, l. 12. *Beaugard's a Souldier.* 4to 1681, " *Beaugard's* a Souldiers."
p. 250, l. 15. *Knaves to rail.* 1728 and later, including Thornton, " who rail.' Mermaid has the correct reading.
p. 250, l. 34. *Man a Armes.* 1683 and later, " Man at Arms."
p. 251, l. 11. *he has procur'd.* 1681 omits " he has."
p. 252, l. 9. *they were pure Whores.* 1683 and later omit " pure."
p. 254, l. 21. *that Miniature.* 1681, " Mignature."
p. 262, l. 26. *you are call'd Clarinda.* 1681, " *Clarianda.*"
p. 263, l. 19. *return'd you your Miniature.* 1681, " Mignature."
p. 266, l. 3. *a disbanded Souldier.* 1681 " disbandded."
p. 268, l. 25. *in love with her Neighbour.* 1681, " in lover."
p. 268, l. 29. *Edw. 19th.* 1683 and later editions, Edward 19.
p. 269, l. 11. *comes me up.* 1728 and later omit " me."
p. 272, l. 17. *play at Cards.* 1681 misprints " Dards."
p. 276, l. 14. *ſuſpitious.* 1681 misprints " jupfitious."
p. 280, l. 19. *ſo damnable a diſappointment.* 1681, " damnably."

p. 287, l. 20. *Sir, who are you?* 1681 assigns a wrong speech-prefix: "*Beau.* Sir, who are you."
p. 287, l. 22. *Foot, you Rogue.* 1681 misprints "Rouge."
p. 290, l. 32. *Sir Jolly came in the same Minute.* 4tos 1681, 1683, 1687, 1695 all read "Sir *Jolly* came in the distracting Minute."
p. 296, l. 8. *put thy Mark.* 1681 misprints "put my Mark."
p. 301, l. 22. *suburb Apprentices.* 1681 misprints "suburd."

EXPLANATORY NOTES

Friendship in Fashion

p. 1. *Archilocum rabies armavit Iambo.* Horace. *Ars Poetica*, l. 79, Archilochum proprio rabies armauit iambo. Archilochus of Paros, one of the earliest Ionian lyric poets, lived about 720–676 B.C. His reputation is that of the most bitter of all satirists. It has been well said that his temper "was a mixture of gall, wormwood, vinegar, verjuice, vitriol, and nitric acid." So witty and so terrible were the verses in which he attacked the daughters of Lycambes that, tradition avers, they straightway hanged themselves. All antiquity agreed in placing him second only to Homer; "Maximus poeta aut certe summo proximus," says Valerius Maximus, and the Alexandrian critic Aristophanes, when asked which of the poems of Archilochus he liked best, answered with laconic significance, "The longest." Such fragments as remain are collected in Bergk's *Poetæ Lyrici Græcorum.*

It should be remarked how emphatically Otway by this quotation stresses the satirical bent of his comedy.

p. 7. *Bankside Butchers do a Bear.* This cruelty was still practised. The Bear Garden was situated on Bankside, close to the precinct of the Clinke Liberty. Pepys, 14 August, 1666, has: "After dinner with my wife and Mercer to the Beare-garden. . . . But it is a very rude and nasty pleasure." 9 September, 1667, he notes: "By water to the Bear-Garden, where now the yard was full of people . . . and so by a back-way was put into the bull-house, where I stood a good while all alone among the bulls, and was afeared I was among the bears too; but by and by the door opened and I got into the common pit. . . . Various humours to be seen among the rabble that is there." 16 June, 1670, Evelyn has: "I went with some friends to the Bear Garden, where was cock-fighting, dog-fighting, bear and bull-baiting, it being a famous day for all these butcherly sports, or rather barbarous cruelties. . . . I was most heartily weary of the rude and dirty pastime." There are many contemporary allusions to Tom Dove, a celebrated bear of the time. Cf. Dryden's *Prologue* for his benefit, 25 March, 1700:

> How wretched is the Fate of those who write!
> Brought muzl'd to the Stage, for fear they bite;
> When like *Tom Dove*, they stand the Common Foe
> Lugg'd by the *Critique*, Baited by the *Beau.*

p. 9. *two Vizors.* i.e. two whores. From the masks so constantly worn in Restoration days by ladies of this profession. Thus in Wycherley's *The Gentleman Dancing-Master*, acted 1672, I, when two common women of the town force their way into the tavern, "*The* Waiter *shuts the door*, *'tis thrust open agen, Entre* Flounce *and* Flirte *in Vizards.*"

p. 10. *Chatolins.* There are innumerable references to Chatelin's, one of the most famous ordinaries of the day. Cf. Pepys, 13 March, 1667–8: "At noon all of us to Chatelin's, the French house in Covent Garden, to dinner." In Shadwell's *The Humourists*, 4to, 1671, V, Briske speaks of "one, that has not a Bit of Interest at Chatolin's, or ever eat a good Fricacy, Sup, or Ragoust in his Life." In the same author's *The Miser*, Theatre Royal, January, 1672, we have, Act II, "Rant, Hazard, Lettice, *and* Joyce *at* Chatolin's." A prologue which appears in *Covent Garden Drollery* (1672) and was later spoken before D'Urfey's *The Fool Turn'd Critick*, Drury Lane, November, 1676; 4to, 1678, the following couplet occurs:

> Next these we welcome such as briskly dine
> At *Locket's* at *Gifford's* or with *Shatiline.*

p. 11. *a perfect Coquet.* Cotgrave (1611) has: "Coquette, a prattling or proud gossip; a frisking or flipperous minx; a cocket." At the end of the seventeenth century the word was becoming common.

p. 12. (*under the Rose*). Early modern Dutch, *onder de roose.* M.L.G. *under der rosen.* G. *unter der rose.* The phrase, which possibly originated in Germany, is found early, e.g. *State Papers, Henry VIII*, 1546, XI, 200: "The sayde questyon were asked with lysence, and that yt shoulde remayn under the rosse, that is to say, to remayn under the bourde, and no more to be rehearsyd." Cf. *Beggar's Bush*, first folio Beaumont and Fletcher, 1647, II, 3:

> Here's to you with a heart, my captain's friend,
> With a good heart! and, if this make us speak
> Bold words anon, 'tis all under the rose,
> Forgotten.

p. 12. *Toledo.* A generic name for a sword from the excellence of the Spanish blades, which superfine quality the steel was said to acquire from the particular water in which the metal was plunged when glowing from the forge. Cf. bilbo. In *Every Man in his Humour*, II, 4, Brayne-warme's lordliest boast of his sword is: "Nay, 'tis a most pure *Toledo.*" In Wycherley's *The Gentleman Dancing-Master*, acted 1672, III, Don Diego draws his weapon to attack Gerard who is dancing with Hippolita. "Mind him not but dance and sing on," whispers the lady. "A pretty time to dance and sing indeed," Gerard retorts, "when I have a *Spaniard* with naked Toledo at my Tail."

p. 13. *Sham.* "Sham" and "to sham" were modish slang. Cf. the Epilogue, spoken by Mrs. Barry, to Mrs. Behn's *The False Count*, produced at Dorset Garden *circa* September, 1682 (4to, 1682):

> Thus in true hate of Sense and Wit's despite,
> Bantring and Shamming is your dear delight.

Also *The Squire of Alsatia* (produced May, 1688), I, 1: *Shamwell.* "I'll speak a Bold Word, he shall *Cut a Sham or Banter* with the best Wit or

Poet of 'em all." *Belfond Senior.* "Good agen: *Cut a Sham or Banter!* I shall remember all these quaint words in time." Cf. further the dialogue in *The Plain-Dealer*, Act III, between the Lawyer, Manly, and Freeman, upon shamming. Vol. II, p. 154 of Wycherley's *Works* by the present editor.

p. 14. *Groom-Porter's.* The groom-porter was an officer of the English Royal Household abolished under George III; his principal functions, at least from the sixteenth century, were to regulate all matters connected with gaming within the precincts of the Court, to furnish cards and dice, etc., and to decide all disputes arising from play. Cf. *The Alchemist*, acted in 1610, III, 4:

> He will winne you
> By unresistable lucke, within this fortnight,
> Inough to buy a baronie. They will set him
> Upmost, at the groome-porters, all the Christmasse!

Also Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's *The Basset-Table*, 1716:

> At the groom-porter's, batter'd bullies play.

p. 15. *blowing.* Shadwell, in "An Explanation of the Cant" prefixed to *The Squire of Alsatia*, 4to, 1688, has: "*Blowing, Natural, Convenient, Tackle, Buttock, Pure, Purest pure.* Several Names for a Mistress or rather a Whore." In Act I Cheatly says to Belfond Senior: "What *Ogling* there will be between thee and the *Blowings!* old staring at thy *Equipage:* And every *Buttock* shall fall down before thee."

p. 16. [*Sings, As Chloe full of, &c.* Rather *As Chloris, full of harmless thoughts. . . .* A song by Rochester.

p. 18. *neither Song nor Dance in it.* One may compare the opinion of Mr. Bayes, *The Rehearsal*, produced at the Theatre Royal, 7 December, 1671, III, 1: "*Smith.* But Mr. *Bayes*, how comes this song in here? for, methinks, there is no great occasion for it. *Bayes.* Alack, Sir, you know nothing: you must even interlard your Playes with Songs, Ghosts, and Dances, if you mean to——a—— *Johnson.* Pit, Box, and Gallery, Mr. *Bayes.*"

p. 20. *SCENE, the Ordinary.* The scene is somewhat indeterminate here, for a little later, without any change, it is obviously Goodvile's house.

p. 22. *Blewneſs under the eyes.* This was supposed to be a sign of pregnancy. So in *The Tempest* the most probable explanation of Sycorax as a "blue-ey'd hag" is that she was about to litter Caliban.

Mrs. Goodvile's concern and Lettice's remarks upon Victoria are echoed in *The School for Scandal*, Act I, when Maria hastens away: "*Mrs. Candour.* O dear! She changes colour very much! *Lady Sneerwell.* Do, Mrs. Candour, follow her: she may want your assistance. *Mrs. Candour.* That I will, with all my soul, ma'am. Poor dear girl, who know what her situation may be!"

p. 24. *roaring, ranting.* To be boisterously and violently merry. In Crowne's *The English Frier; or, The Town Sparks*, 4to, 1690, Young Ranter is "A young debauch of Quality." He and his companions are said to "drive, kicking

and whipping, and singing and fiddling, and bawling and roaring, all to the Devil." In Shadwell's *The Scowrers*, 4to, 1691, Sir William Rant is the leader of the band.

Middleton and Dekker's comedy *The Roaring Girle; Or Moll Cut-Purse*, 4to, 1611, introduces the famous virago of that name.

p. 24. *a Dutch Bargain.* Or a wet bargain. A bargain made over wine. Whitelock in his *Zootomia*, (1654), 28, has: "The contract . . . is not (like Dutch Bargain) made in Drinke."

p. 28. *Gambado's.* A gambado is a kind of large boot, or gaiter, attached to a saddle, to protect the rider's legs and feet from the wet or cold. Blount in his *Glossographia* (1656) records: "Gambado, a kind of leather instrument affixed to the Saddle in place of Stirrops." The word has remained in use, but to-day is provincial and obsolescent. Elworthy in his *West Somerset Word-Book* (1886) writes: "Gambaders, a kind of leather shield or case for the legs of a horseman. They are attached to the stirrup-leathers. . . . They were very common within the writer's recollection."

p. 32. *Kissing Dance.* A round dance, formerly very popular at weddings, in which the women and the men alternately knelt upon a cushion to be kissed; hence even more generally known as the Cushion Dance. Cf. the scene with the country-wenches at the commencement of Heywood's *A Woman Killed with Kindness* (1607), where Nicholas says: "I, that have ere now deserv'd a cushion, call for the cushion dance." Burton, *Anatomy of Melancholy* (1621), Part II, Sec. 2, Mem. vi, Subs. 4, has: "I commend . . Castruccius Castrucanus, than whom Italy never knew a worthier captain, another Alexander, if Machiavel do not deceive us in his life: 'When a friend of his reprehended him for dancing beside his dignity,' (belike at some cushion dance) he told him again, *qui sapit interdiu, uix unquam noctu desipit.*" *The Dancing-Master*, 1698, 7, has an ample description of "Joan Sanderson, or the Cushion Dance, an old Round Dance." The memory of this dance persisted and is referred to in Brough's *Marston Lynch* (1870), II, 6: "There was to be mistletoe and the cushion-dance."

p. 34. *I tript up both his wooden Legs.* In *The Spectator*, No. 354 [Steele], Wednesday, 16 April, 1712, Sophrosunius in his letter writes: "*Wicherly* somewhere [*The Plain-Dealer*, II, 1] rallies the Pretensions this way, by making a Fellow say, Red Breeches are a certain Sign of Valour; and *Otway* makes a Man, to boast his Agility, trip up a Beggar on Crutches." Steele, in the course of his quarrel with the Duke of Newcastle, the Lord Chamberlain who deprived him of his license, made an apt reference to the Duke's threat to ruin him, "which," he said, "is in a man of his circumstances against one in mine, as great as the humour of Malagene in the comedy, who values himself upon his activity in tripping up cripples."

p. 34. *Punchinello, Scaramouchio, Harlequin, Prince Prettyman.* The Italian commedia del' arte made an appearance in England immediately at the Restoration and proved exceedingly popular. As early as 22 October, 1660, the King granted a patent to Giulio Gentileschi to build a theatre

for Italian musicians, and here, no doubt, an Italian company performed. With the live actors came the puppets. On Wednesday, 22 August, 1666, Pepys escorted his wife, Mrs. Knepp, and Mercer "by coach to Moorefields, and there saw *Polichinello*, which pleased me mightily." Exactly a week later he repeated his visit "and showed Batelier, with my wife, *Polichinello*, which I like the more I see it," and on the following Saturday "Sir W. Pen and my wife and Mercer and I to *Polichinello*, but were there horribly frighted to see Young Killigrew come in with a great many more young sparks; but we hid ourselves, so as we think they did not see us . . . and so, the play being done, we to Islington, and there eat and drank and mighty merry." *Punchinello* was also exhibited at Charing Cross, where it was seen by Pepys on Wednesday, 20 March, 1666–7, who writes: "To *Polichinelli* at Charing Cross, which is prettier and prettier, and so full of variety that it is extraordinary good entertainment." *Punchinello* was also one of the annual attractions of Bartholomew Fair. On 15 July, 1669, Sir Henry Herbert warmly wrote to the Earl of Manchester then Lord Chamberlain, on behalf of Anthony Devotte, who was "not in the notion of a player, but totally distinct from that quality, and makes shewe of puppettes only by virtue of his Majestie's commission, granted to the Master of Revells under the great scale, for the authorizing of all publique shewes." Antonio Di Voto was the master of a puppet-show which played *Punchinello*, and on 11 November, 1672, the King issued through the Lord Chamberlain a particular order to protect him, the royal pleasure being "That Antonio di Voto Doe sett forth Exercise & Play all Drolls and Interludes, He not receiving into his Company any person belonging to his Ma^tes^ or Royal Highnesse Theatres Nor Act any Play usually acted at any of ye said Theatres Nor takes peeces or Sceenes out of ye said Theatres." This order is entered in the books to "Antonio Divoto punchenello."

Prince Prettyman is a character in Buckingham's *The Rehearsal*, produced 8 December, 1672, at the Theatre Royal.

p. 36. *are you a Dancing-Maſter?* Thomas Jevon, who created Caper, had actually been a dancing-master before he appeared on the professional stage. There are many references to his agility and grace in treading a measure.

p. 36. *By yea, and by nay.* Cf. Wycherley's *Love in a Wood*, 4to, 1672, III, where Gripe exclaims: "By yea, and by nay, no such matter." A canting expression. "Yea and Nay" was a phrase often derisively applied to the Puritans of every kidney in allusion to the Scriptural injunction, *S. Matthew* V. 35–7, which these fanatics feigned exactly to follow. So in Fletcher's *Monsieur Thomas*, 4to, 1639, II, 3, Thomas jestingly says:

> Do not ye see me alter'd? Yea and Nay, gentlemen;
> A much-converted man.

Timothy Thin-beard, a rascally Puritan, in Heywood's *If You know Not Me, You Know Nobody*, Part II (4to, 1606), is continually asseverating "By yea and nay." Cf. also the Prologue (spoken by Smith) to Mrs.

Behn's *The False Count*, produced at Dorset Garden in the autumn of 1682:

> But shou'd the Torys now . . .
> Resolve to hiss, as late did Popish Crew,
> By Yea and Nay, she'll throw herself on you,
> The grand Inquest of Whigs to whom she's true.

p. 38. *thraſhing ſcraping Mongrels.* Cf. the song in Durfey's *Sir Barnaby Whigg* (a satire upon Shadwell), 4to, 1681, III, 1:

> *Thersites* my Humour, and *Fleckno* my Wit,
> But to make some amends for my snarling and lashing,
> I divest all the Town with my Thrumming and Thrashing.

As also *Mac Flecknoe:*

> Sometimes, as Prince of thy Harmonious band,
> Thou wield'st thy Papers in thy threshing hand.

p. 39. *Cronon.* In Shadwell's *The Scowrers*, 4to, 1691, II, Clara speaks of "a *Scotch* Song more hideous and barbarous than an *Irish* Cronan."

p. 40. *Coranto.* The "swift coranto" was a quick lively dance of French origin. Sir John Davies in his *Orchestra, or A Poeme on Dauncing*, 1596, writes:

> What shall I name those currant trauases,
> That on a triple *dactile* foot doe runne
> Close by the ground with sliding passages,
> Wherein that Dauncer greatest praise hath wonne
> Which with best order can all orders shunne;
> For every where he wantonly must range,
> And turne, and wind, with vnexpected change.

p. 43. *Mother of the Maids.* The Maids of Honour had a Mother at least as early as the reign of Elizabeth. The office is supposed to have been abolished about the period of the Revolution in 1688. The Mother of the Maids in the Court of Queen Katharine was Bridget, Lady Sanderson, daughter of Sir Edward Tyrrell, Knt., and wife of Sir William Sanderson, Gentleman of the Privy Chamber. On Saturday, 17 May, 1662, Pepys and Mr. Moore "to the Wardrobe to dinner where dined Mrs. Sanderson, the mother of the maids." 19 July, 1676, Evelyn notes: "Went to the funeral of Sir William Sanderson, husband to the Mother of the Maids. . . . He was buried at Westminster." But the Portuguese ladies attending on the Queen had their own Guarda-damas. Evelyn, 2 June, 1662: "Now saw I [the Queen's] Portuguese ladies, and the Guarda-damas, or Mother of the Maids."

p. 44. *a Mask with an Amber-Bead.* A mask decorated with a fringe of amber beads.

p. 45. *Fubb.* A small chubby person, generally used as a term of endearment or jocular contempt. Cf. Crowne's *Sir Courtly Nice; or, It Cannot be*, 1685, 4to, 1685; Act V: *Crack*, "A very honest Gentleman . . . 'tis he that

I told you is to marry my *Indian* Fubs of a Sister." Fubs was a nickname given by Charles II to the Duchess of Portsmouth.

p. 45. *a Hare in a Journey.* A notorious ill omen. In the West Country hares are still held to be the unluckiest of animals to cross one's path. Witches were commonly supposed to assume the shape of hares, e.g. Julian Cox, who was tried at the Taunton Assizes in 1663. See Glanvil's *Saducismus Triumphatus*, 1682, p. 191. James Device, one of the Lancashire coven of 1613, confessed that the Devil appeared to him as a hare. He had been bidden to go to Communion, but to keep the Bread, and after church "there met him a thing in the shape of a Hare, who spoke vnto this Examinate, and asked him whether hee had brought the Bread."

p. 47. *SCENE, Night-Garden.* Exterior night scenes are very common on the Restoration stage. Among Dryden's plays we have, *An Evening's Love*, produced at the Theatre Royal, June, 1668: "*The* SCENE *opens and discovers* Aurelia *and* Camilla: *Behind them a Table and Lights set on it. The Scene is a Garden with an Arbour in it.*" "The Garden Door opens!" Wildblood exclaims. Later Don Melchior enters and remarks that he thought himself "secure in the Night without Disguise." Scene 3, Act II of *The Assignation*, produced at Lincoln's Inn Fields in 1672, is "*A Night-Piece of a Garden.*" In Act IV of *The Duke of Guise*, Drury Lane, December, 1682, we have A NIGHT-SCENE. In Porter's tragedy *The Villain*, Lincoln's Inn Fields, October, 1662, Act IV, *Enter* Malignii, *as in the Garden.* It is night, because Bellmont presently asks: "*Malignii*, what makes you here so late?" He attempts her, there is a struggle and screams. *Enter two or three Servants with Lights and Swords*, and immediately *Enter* Brisac *half unready, Servant with a Light.* In Mrs. Behn's *The Amorous Prince*, Lincoln's Inn Fields, 1671, I, 2, the scene is *A Grove*, Curtius and Pietro are awaiting Prince Frederick who is with Cloris. Curtius is impatient and mutters:

> I wonder the Prince stays so long;
> I do not like these Night-works.

Later, after a long dialogue, the Prince says to him:

> Come let us haste, the Day comes on apace.

In *Sir Patient Fancy*, produced at Dorset Garden, January, 1678, III, 3: *A Garden. Enter* Maundy *by dark: Opens the Garden-Door. The Younger Brother; or, The Amorous Jilt*, Mrs. Behn's posthumous play, produced at Drury Lane in December, 1696, III, 3: *A Garden by Night still.*

p. 47. *Bumpers, as they call 'em.* This word was just coming into use. The earliest literary example seems to be D'Urfey's *Madam Fickle*, acted 1676, 4to, 1677, V, 1: "Full Bumpers crown our Blisses."

p. 55. *that great Towser.* Towser had become a generic name for a dog. Cf. Duffett's *The Mock-Tempest; or, The Enchanted Castle*, 4to, 1675, IV, 2, "our great dog Towzer."

p. 56. *Clincant.* Clinquant; glittering with gold and silver; tinselled; dressed in spangles. Cf. Fletcher's *The Maid in the Mill*, acted 1623, V, 2, where Vertigo the French tailor speaks of "A clinquant Petticoat of some rich Stuff." Also Brome, *The Sparagus Garden* (1635), III, 5, where Gilbert spies "Courtiers Clinquant, and no counterfeit stuffe upon 'hem." Also Shadwell, *The Virtuoso* (1676), III, where Clarinda criticizes "these fine sparks you talk of, who perhaps may be very clinquent, slight and bright, and make a very pretty show at first; but the Tinsel-Gentlemen do so tarnish in the wearing, there's no enduring them."

p. 58. *whisper it to the Orange-Women.* So in *The Country-Wife*, 4to, 1675, I, 1, Horner, who wishes to spread abroad a report of his eunuchism, bids the Quack tell "all the Midwives you know, the Orange Wenches at the Play-houses, the City Husbands, and old Fumbling Keepers of this end of the Town, for they'l be the readiest to report it."

p. 59. *duft.* An early and very frequent term for money. *Pilgrim's Perf* (1526), Wynkyn de Worde, 1531, 236: "Neuer wery to labour for this erthly dust & rychesse." Cf. G. Wilkins, *The Miseries of Enforced Marriage* (1607), IV: "Come, down with your dust."

p. 60. *return to my Vomit. Proverbs* xxvi, 11: "As a dog returneth to his vomit, so a fool returneth to his folly." 2 *S. Peter* ii, 22: "But it is happened unto them according to the true proverb, The dog is turned to his own vomit again: and the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire."

p. 61. *The Wolves have prey'd. Much Ado about Nothing*, V, iii, 25–28. The second line should read not "all about" but "round about."

p. 61. *As thoſe whom Will.* Probably an intentional misquotation from *Hudibras*, I, 1:

> An *ignis fatuus*, that bewitches
> And leads men into Pools and Ditches.

p. 65. *Scour, ſcour, ſcour.* To scour was to rampage the streets breaking windows, fighting with passers-by, beating the watch, and generally misbehaving in a blackguardly and violent manner. See Shadwell's excellent comedy *The Scowrers*, 4to, 1691. In Mrs. Behn's posthumous *The Younger Brother; or, The Amorous Jilt*, 4to, 1696, Act I, 2, is introduced a Song by Motteux, *The Town-Rake*, of whom it is said:

> *There, great, as a* Cæsar, *he revels, when drunk,*
> *And scours all he meets, as he reels to his Punk.*

p. 66. [*Goes to the Door.* One of the permanent proscenium doors.

p. 66. *Jernié.* Jarni=jarndieu=je renie Dieu. A blasphemous oath. In Etherege's *The Comical Revenge*, produced in 1664, the French valet, Dufoy, is continually swearing, *Jernie*, I, 1: "begar he did striké, braké my Headé, Jernie." La Roch in Shadwell's *Bury-Fair* exclaims: "Jerny bleu," and remarks, "Jerny, your King can do noting." Also Monsieur La Prate in D'Urfey's *Love for Money*, produced in the winter of 1689,

II, 2: "Ah Jernie, Vat a Filthy place is this." To Jernie actually became a verb, as Butler in his *Satire on our Ridiculous Imitation of the French:*

> T'adorn their English with French scraps,
> And give their very language claps,
> To jernie rightly.

p. 66. *Shock.* These long-haired dogs were the fashionable dogs for ladies. According to Sir Jasper Fidget, *The Country-Wife*, one of Horner's occupations was to be "visiting our Wives . . . picking Fleas out of their Shocks for 'em."

p. 66. *Chedreux.* The most fashionable periwig of the day, so named from the maker. Thus in Shadwell's *Bury-Fair*, produced at Drury Lane in 1689, I, La Roch, the French *perruquier*, says: "You talke o' de *Chedreux*, he is no bodee to mee; dere is no Man can Travaille vid mee; Monsieur *Wilaïsh* has gotte my Peruke on his Head: Let me see, here is de Haire, de Curle de bouckle, ver good, ver good. If dat Foole *Chedreux* make de Peruke like mee, I vil be Hanga." The exquisite hero of Etherege's *The Man of Mode, or Sr Fopling Flutter*, produced at Dorset Garden, March, 1675–6, III, 2, when asked by Dorimant, "The Perriwig?" lisps out in answer "*Chedreux.*"

p. 66. *Weſtminſter Drollery and Oxford Jeſts.* "*Westminster Drollery*, or A choice Collection of the Newest Songs and Poems, both at Court and Theatres. Collected by a Person of Quality. In Octavo. Price, bound 1s. Printed for *Henry Brome* at the *Gun* in *S. Paul's* Churchyard, at the West End," is entered in the *Term Catalogues*, Easter (30 May), 1671; reprints are recorded, Trinity (10 July), 1671. Trinity (24 June), 1672, we have "*Westminster* Drollery. The Second Part; being a compleat Collection of all the newest and choicest Songs and Poems at Court and both the Theatres. By the Author of the First Part. In Octavo. Price, bound 1s. Printed for *W. Gilbert*, and *Tho. Sawbridge*, at the Half Moon in *S. Paul's* Churchyard, and the Three Flower de Luces in *Little Britain.*" Hilary (7 February), 1673: "The last, and now only compleat, Collection of the newest and choicest Songs and Poems that are now extant both at Court and Theatres. With above forty new Songs never before in print; which are now added to this Second Part of "*Westminster* Drollery." In Octavo. Price, bound 1s. Printed for *W. Gilbert* in *S. Paul's* Churchyard, and *T. Sawbridge* in *Little Britain.*" Michaelmas (25 November), 1674: "*Westminster* Drollery. The Third Part. Being a compleat Collection of all the new Songs, Poems, and Catches, both from the Theatres and other Wits of the Town, that are yet extant. Faithfully collected from the acutest wit of this Age. By *W. G.* Printed for *W. Gilbert*, and sold by the Booksellers of *London.*"

The *Term Catalogues*, Michaelmas (22 November), 1669, give: "*Oxford Jests;* being a Collection of Witty Jests, merry Tales, and pleasant Joques. Collected by Captain *William Hickes*, Native of *Oxford.* In Twelves. Price, bound 1s. Printed for *S. Miller* at the Star at the west end of *S. Paul's.*"

Again, Hilary (13 February), 1671, is entered: "*Oxford* Drollery, being new Poems and Songs. The First Part composed by *W. H.* The Second and Third parts being, upon several occasions, made by the most eminent Wits of the said University; and Collected by the same Author. *Oxford.* Printed for *J.C.;* and sold by *Tho. Palmer* at the Crown in *Westminster*-Hall. In Octavo. Price, bound 1s." Trinity (10 July), 1671, is reprinted: "*Oxford* Jests refined and enlarged; being a Collection of witty Jests and merry Tales, etc. Composed by Capt. *W. Hickes.* Printed for *Simon Miller* at the Star at the west end of *St. Paul's.* Price, bound 1s." Hilary (15 February), 1675, we have as reprinted: "*Oxford* Jests, Refined and Enlarged. Being a Collection of witty Jests, merry Tales, and pleasant Joques. Composed and Collected by Capt. *William Hickes.* In Twelves. Price, bound 1s. Printed for *S. Miller* at the Star at the West end of St. *Paul's.*" Easter (May), 1690. "The Sixth Edition Corrected" is entered, "Collected and Composed by Capt. *W. Hickes*, Native of *Oxon.*" "Printed for *J. Eveningham* at the Star at the West end of St. *Paul's.*" Trinity (June), 1694, we have "The Seventh Edition corrected." "Composed by Capt. *W. Hickes* of *Oxford.*"

It will be seen that these little books were immensely popular, as also was a similar miscellany by Hickes' *Coffee House Jests. Term Catalogues*, Michaelmas (26 November), 1677. By 1696 this had reached a sixth edition: "*Coffee-house Jests;* being a merry Companion, containing witty Jests, wise sayings, smart Repartees and Joques, pleasant Tales, notable Bulls: with several delightfull Histories, Novels, and Curious Fancies."

It may be remarked that the bibliography of these Drolleries—*Windsor* Drollery, *Covent Garden* Drollery, *Holborn* Drollery, *Norfolk* Drollery, *London* Drollery, *Bristol* Drollery, and the rest—is extremely difficult, the books themselves being of the last rarity.

p. 66. *the Cittern.* Or Cithern, an instrument of the guitar kind, but strung with wire, and played with a plectrum or quill. It was commonly kept in barbers' shops for the use of customers, and often had a grotesquely carved head. The Tyrolese form of the instrument, which is known of recent years, in England is generally called the Zither. Cf. Wycherley's *Hero and Leander*, 1669,

> For he wore Nails as long as Bill of Bittern,
> For what? to scrape Teeth and play on Cittern.

p. 66. *if ever Troy Town were a Tune.* Queen Dido, or Troy Town, was one of the most popular old tunes, to which there are constant allusions. "A ballett intituled *The Wanderynge Prince*" was entered on the Registers of the Stationers' Company in 1564–5. This was, no doubt, the "Proper new ballad, intituled *The Wandering Prince of Troy:* to the tune of *Queen Dido.*" In the Pepys collection there are two copies, one *circa* 1620, the other after 1660. The ballad has been printed by Percy, *Reliques of Ancient Poetry* (1765), III, 192; and in Ritson's *Ancient Songs* (1829), II, 141. Chappell gives a tune composed by Dr. Wilson (*ob.* aged 79,

1673) and adopted in *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1707), III, 15; (1719), IV, 206. This is the *Troy Town* of the ballad operas such as Gay's *Polly* (1729).

p. 66. *Jessimine-Knaves.* A Jessamy later became the actual nick-name for an effeminate sentimental fop. Mrs. Eliza Haywood has a novel *The History of Jemmy and Jenny Jessamy*, 3 vols., 12mo, 1753. It is by no means uninteresting although nice to a degree. The sturdy Scott recorded his abhorrence of the "whole Jemmy and Jenny Jessamy tribe," whilst to Coleridge and Thackeray "Jemmy Jessamy stuff" was a favourite synonym for the emotional vapid and inane.

p. 66. *you Rogues in Buckram.* Falstaff's "two rogues in buckram suits . . . four rogues in buckram." I. *King Henry IV*, II, 4. There are many allusions to Falstaff's "rogues in buckram" in Restoration literature, e.g. *Doctor Cooper at Work upon Dauncey's Bones.* A folio Broadside, 1661:

> Beat me this Buckram Rogue, *Falstaffe*, to seven,
> Nay, if thou wilt, beat him into eleven.

The Transposer Rehears'd: Or The Fifth Act of Mr. Bayes's Play. Oxford . . . 1673: "Nay, what is more monstrous yet, the united Armies of the Nations, (like *Falstaff's* Buckram-men) have started out of three." *The Swearing-Master*, folio, two leaves, 1681: "Suppose now that *Lazarello* of *Tormes* and the Knight of the Oracle should take their Corpulent *Oaths* before Mr. *Brushum*, That seven Pilgrims in Buckram, with every one a brown Bill in his Pocket knock'd thee (or say me) i' th' head yeater-evening about six aclock." Tom Brown's *The Late Converts Exposed*, 4to, 1690: *Eugen* . . . The first missionaries of our Religion bequeath'd but twelve Articles to be believ'd by us, and she has lately improv'd them into the jolly number of *Falstaff's* Buckram-men, twenty-four."

p. 72. *twiring.* To twire is to give amorous looks or glances. Cf. Shakespeare's *Sonnets*, XXVIII:

> When sparkling stars twire not, thou gild'st the even.

There is a substantive twire=a sly, saucy look or a leer. So in *The Man of Mode*, 4to, 1676, Act III, 3, Harriet says: "I Abominate . . . the formal Bows, the affected Smiles, the silly By-words, and Amorous Tweers in passing." Petro, Mrs. Behn's *The Feign'd Curtezans; or, A Night's Intrigue* (4to, 1679), I, 2, speaks of "such an Eye, so sparkling, with an amorous Twire." And in *The False Count* (4to, 1682), I, 2, Francisco remarks: "There are Winks, and Nods, and Signs, and Twirs."

p. 72. *Fop of the Corner.* Fop's corner, one of the corners of the pit nearest the stage where the exquisites congregated and clustered, and the beau critics sat in judgment. Cf. the Epilogue, spoken by Charlotte Butler, to Mrs. Behn's *The City Heiress*, produced at Dorset Garden in 1682:

> You break into our Quarters for Provision;
> Invade Fop-corner with your glaring Beauties,
> And 'tice our Loyal subjects from their Duties.

Also *The Country-Wife*, II, where Olivia says: "An eternal Babler; and makes no more use of his ears, than a Man that sits at a Play by his Mistress, or in Fop-corner."

p. 72. *to make a Noiſe, hear no Play, and ſhow himſelf.* Cf. Sir Car Scroop's Prologue to Lee's *The Rival Queens; or, The Death of Alexander the Great*, produced at Drury Lane, March, 1676–7; 4to, 1677:

> *As for you, Sparks, that hither come each day*
> *To act your own and not to mind our Play;*
> *Rehearse your usual Follies to the Pit,*
> *And with loud Nonsense drown the Stages Wit.*

p. 72. *touſe and tumble.* Cf. Ramble's couplet in Ravenscroft's *The London Cuckolds*, 4to, 1682:

> How I'll Mouse her and Touse her and Tumble her till Morning,
> But little dreams the Bridegroom he is to be horning.

p. 73. *ſquab.* In modern parlance "squat," "short and dumpy." Cf. Tom Brown's "*Letter from Mr.* Joseph Haines . . . *to his friends at* Will's *Coffee-House;* He . . . was as thick about the waste, as the fat squab porter at the *Griffin* tavern in *Fuller's Rents.*" The Quack in *The Country-Wife*, 4to, 16—, IV, speaks of "a little squab French page." Dryden was roughly nicknamed by the Earl of Rochester "Poet Squab." The libellous *Medal of John Bayes*, 4to, 1682, a pasquil of ten, but quite groundlessly, attributed to Shadwell, alludes to this:

> Should all thy borrow'd plumes we from thee tear
> How truly *Poet Squab* would'st thou appear.

The same verses describe the laureate as *Cherry-cheek'd*, and *Rochester's Ghost* describes his "Slouching Booby Mien." Doubtlessly a coarsely expressed exaggeration.

p. 78. *Miſſes.* Evelyn, 9 January, 1661–2, writes: "I saw acted *The Third Part of the Siege of Rhodes.* In this acted the fair and famous comedian, called Roxalana from the part she performed; and I think it was the last, she being taken to be the Earl of Oxford's *Miss* (as at this time they began to call lewd women)."

Caius Marius

p. 79. *Qui color Albus erat.* Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, II, 541.

p. 83. *Lord Viſcount Falkland.* Antony, grandson of Lucius Cary, born at Farleigh Castle 15 February, 1656; died 24 May, 1694; fifth son and heir of Henry fourth Viscount Falkland. Antony Cary was himself a wit and a man of letters. There are extant Prologues and other pieces from his hand.

p. 83. *Mr. Waller. To My Lord of Falkland.* For which panegyric see *The Poems of Edmund Waller*, edited by G. Thorn-Drury, I, pp. 77–8.

p. 84. *Julia.* It is more than doubtful whether Ovid's Corinna was in fact Julia, "th' Imperial Beauty"; indeed, scholars have for the most part decided not. But Ben Jonson in *The Poetaster*, acted in 1601, for dramatic purposes makes Ovid the lover of Julia, and he says, when Corinna is mentioned by Tibullus, I, III:

> I would not, for all Rome, it should be thought
> I vaile bright Julia underneath that name:
> Julia the gemme, and jewell of my soule.

George Sandys in his *Life of Ovid*, prefixed to his translation of the *Metamorphoses*, 1640, gives the story of Ovid's intrigue with Julia, as then generally accepted.

Nathaniel Lee in his romantic *Gloriana, or the Court of Augustus Cæsar*, acted at Drury Lane in January, 1676, makes much of the amours of Ovid (played by Clarke) and Julia (Mrs James). There is indeed a luscious description of their union in Act II, when Tiberius informs Marcellus of what he has seen in the Princess' Bower:

> Love's guilty Joyes, a sinful pleasing sight;
> On Flow'rs and all the Sweets of Nature spred,
> In *Ovid's* Arms the smiling Princess laid.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> With tendrest words her busy Love she grac'd,
> And having kindly touch'd his yielding Waist,
> She said, "Ah wou'd *Marcellus* were in Heav'n,
> And wou'd *Corinna* were to *Ovid* giv'n."

p. 88. *Arpos.* Caius Marius was born 157 B.C., of an obscure family. "First of all he was of a mean house, born of poor parents by father and mother, that got their livings by sweat of their brows. His father, as himself, was called Caius; Fulcinia was his mother. And this was the cause why he began so late to haunt the city, and to learn the civility and manners of Rome, having been brought up always before in a little poor village called Cirrhæaton, within the territory of the city of Arpinum." *Plutarch's Lives*, Englished by Sir Thomas North, *Caius Marius*. First edition of North, 1579.

p. 89. *first Ædilis.* "After he [Caius Marius] had been Tribune, he sued for the chiefest office of Ædilis. Of the Ædiles there are two sorts: the first is called *Ædilitas Curulis*, so named because of certain chairs that have crooked feet, upon which they sit when they give audience. The other is of less dignity, and that is called *Ædilitas popularis*, and when they had chosen the first and greater Ædilis at Rome, they presently proceed the same day also in the market-place unto election of the latter. Marius seeing plainly that he was put by the chiefest of the Ædiles, turned again straight yet to demand the second; but this was misliked in him, and they took him for too bold, too shameless, and too presumptuous a man. So that in one self day he had two denials and repulses, which never man but himself before had.

And nevertheless, all this could not cut his comb, but shortly after he sued also for the Prætorship, and he lacked but little of the denial of that: yet in the end, being last of all chosen, he was accused to have bribed the people, and bought their vices for money." North's *Plutarch: Caius Marius.*

p. 89. *Jugurtha into Africk.* "Afterwards, Cæcilius Metellus the Consul, being appointed to go into Africa to make war with King Jugurth, took Marius with him for one of his lieutenants." North's *Plutarch: Caius Marius.*

p. 91. *Witches in ill Weather.* Witches love foul weather. So in Shadwell's *The Lancashire Witches*, I, produced at Dorset Garden in 1681, the witches about to confect their charms raise a storm. A Song follows, commencing thus:

Now the Winds roar,
And the Skies pour,
Down all their Store. [*It Thunders and Lightens.*

Presently a yokel, Clod, enters muttering: "Whaw, what a Storm is this! I think Mother *Demdike* and all her De'els are abroad to Neeght; 'tis so dark too, I canna see my Hond."

p. 95. *Gown-man.* A member of a municipal corporation.

p. 96. *Plantane-Leaf.* The meaning is: Thy remedy is as excellent for my complaint as a plantain leaf is for a broken shin. Plaintain was used to staunch blood, but not for a fracture of a bone, to which such a remedy obviously cannot apply. The leaves of the plantain were used to heal green wounds, and village herbalists still continue the old leech-craft. Bartholomæus speaks of the common plantain, the marsh plant to which, of course, reference is made as "healing sore wounds and biting of war houndes, and abateth the swelling thereof."

p. 99. *Wormſeed.* Now the common name for satonica, whence santonin is extracted. But here wormseed is used for wormwood, which is quite another thing, being *Artemisia absinthium*, a well-known plant, native of Britain, which flowers in August and September, and has a nauseous bitter taste. Cf. Cawdray's *Treasurie or Storehouse of Similies*, 1600. "Like as when a mother, willing to weane her child, shall say unto him, night and day: 'My child, it is time to weane thee, thou art growne great inough, and I am with child, my milke is corrupt, it will make thee sicke': yet he is so fond of the breast that he cannot forsake it; but if the mother put worme-wood or mustard upon the breast, the child sucking it, and feeling the bitternesse, he quite forsaketh it without sucking any more: Even so, though God's Preachers preach unto us, and exhort us to forsake the corrupt milke of the world and of the flesh, yet we seeme deaf still, and are alwayes backward, untill God put upon those cursed teates the mustard and wormwood of affliction to weane us."

p 99. *bear a Brain.* Remember. A common phrase. Marston, *Dutch Courtezan*, 1604: "My silly husband, alas! knows nothing of it; 'tis I that heare, 'tis I must beare a braine for all." Halliwell quotes *Legend of Captain Jones*, 1659:

Jones was no schoolman, yet he bare a brain
Which ne'er forgot what ere it could contain.

p. 100. *a man of Wax.* A handsome, well-made man. So *Wily Beguil'd:* "Why, he's a man as one should picture him in wax." *Euphues and his England:* "You make either your lover . . . so exquisite that for shape he must be framed in wax" (1597, Sig. X 3). Horace, *Odes*, I, xiii:

Cum tu, Lydia, Telephi
ceruicem roseam, cerea Telephi
Laudas bracchia, . . .

Upon which Dacier comments: "Des bras faits au tour, comme nous disons d'un bras rond, qu'il est comme de cire."

p. 102. *fleer.* To fleer is to ogle, to look amorously. Cf. Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy* (1621), I, ii, iii, xi: "How popular and curteous, how they grinne and fleire vpon euery man they meet." Also Duffett's *The Mock-Tempest*, 4to, 1675, IV, 2, where Hypolito says to Dorinda, a forward minx: "What art thou, thou fleering thing?"

p. 104. *O Marius, Marius!* Fielding in *The Tragedy of Tragedies; or, The Life and Death of Tom Thumb the Great*, 8vo, 1731, II, 3, very absurdly parodies this with Huncamunca's

O, *Tom Thumb! Tom Thumb!* wherefore art thou *Tom Thumb?*

Upon which line a burlesque note refers to "Otway's Marius."

p. 107. *Taſſel-gentle.* The tassel or tiercel is the male of the *gosshawk;* so called because it is said to be a *tierce* or *third* less than the female. This species of hawk had the epithet *gentle* annexed to it from the ease with which it was tamed, and its attachment to man. Taylor, the Water-poet, has: "—by casting out the lure, makes the tassell gentle come to her fist." George Tuberville's *Booke of Falconrye*, 1575, gives a whole chapter on the *falcon-gentle.* There are very frequent allusions to this bird and his "familiar, courteous disposition."

p. 108. *Kettle-fac'd.* Having a face as black as a smutted kettle. *N.E.D.* cites this passage.

p. 112. *Celimontane Gate.* Porta Cælismontana, on the heights of Mons Cælius, behind the hospital of S. Giovanni in Laterano, at the point of junction of the two modern streets, Via San Stefano Rotondo and Via Santi Quattro Coronati.

p. 115. *Tackling-Ladder.* A rope-ladder. *N.E.D.* quotes this passage.

p. 119. *Ptiſick.* Strictly, pulmonary consumption. Then any severe cough; asthma. Cf. Chalkley, *Works* (*circa* 1741; edition 1766), "A sore Fit of the Asthma or Phthysick."

p. 120. *old doings.* Old is a very common intensitive.' Cf. *Much Ado About Nothing* (1599), V: "Yonder's old coile at home." The "use" still survives in certain phrases: e.g. "A high old time"; "a good old time"; "a rare old time."

p. 124. *seven young Eagles.* "For when he [Caius Marius] was but very young, and dwelling in the country, he gathered up in the lap of his gown, the ayrie of an eagle, in the which was seven young eagles: whereat his father and mother much wondering, asked the soothsayers what that meant. They answered, that their son one day should be one of the greatest men in the world, and that out of doubt he should obtain seven times in his life the chiefest dignity in his country." North's *Plutarch: Caius Marius.*

p. 128. *'Odds my Boddikins!* God's dear Body! For this exclamation, which is very common, see *The Merry Wives of Windsor* (1598), II: "Body-kins M. Page." The phrase persisted, Fielding's *Don Quixote in England* (1733), II: "Odsbodlikins . . . you have a strange sort of taste."

p. 129. *reach Salonium.* Plutarch writes: "Marius himself got to a house of his in the country, called Solonium, and sent his son to one of his father-in-law Mucius' farms not far from thence, to make some provision for victuals." North's translation.

p. 129. *Quick-set.* A hedge. *N.E.D.* quotes this passage. In Heywood and Brome's *The late Lancashire Witches*, acted at the Globe, 1634; 4to, 1634; Actus IV, Scæna i, Robin says: "To my thinking, there's a deepe ditch, and a hye quick set about me."

p. 129. *Raggooners.* A malapropism for Dragooners.

p. 134. *Go to Sextilius.* This incident took place on the coast of Carthage. "Now at that time, Sextilius a Roman Prætor was governor of Africa, unto whom Marius had never done good nor hurt, and therefore he hoped, that for pity only he might perhaps have help at his hand. Howbeit he was no sooner landed with a few of his men, but a sergeant came straight and said unto him: Sextilius, Prætor and governor of Libya, doth forbid thee to land in all this province: otherwise he telleth thee, that he will obey the Senate's commandment, and pursue thee as an enemy of the Romans. Marius hearing this commandment, was so angry and sorry both, that he could not readily tell what answer to make him, and paused a good while, and said never a word, still eyeing the sergeant with a grim look: until he asked him what answer he would make to the Prætor's commandment. Marius then fetching a deep sigh from his heart, gave him this answer. Thou shalt tell Sextilius, that thou hast seen Caius Marius banished out of his country, sitting amongst the ruins of the city of Carthage. By this answer, he wisely laid the example of the ruin and destruction of that great city of Carthage, before Sextilius' eyes, and the change of his fortune; to warn Sextilius that the like might fall upon him." North's *Plutarch.*

p. 134. *Enter Martha.* "He ever carried a Syrian woman in a litter about with him called Martha, with great reverence, whom they said had the spirit of prophecy in her: and that he did even sacrifice unto the gods by her order, and at such time as she willed him to do it. . . . She was always at Marius' sacrifices, apparelled in a gown of purple in grain, clasped to her with clasps, and held a spear in her hand wound all about with nose-gays, and garlands of flowers tied on with laces. This manner of gest made many doubt whether Marius shewed this woman openly, believing indeed that she had the spirit of prophecy: or else that knowing the contrary,

he made as though he did believe it, to help her feigning." North's *Plutarch.*

p. 135. *Ten Attick Talents.* According to the Attic standard the Talent of gold was worth £3375; of electrum, £2531 5s. The silver Attic Talent was in value £210 18s. 9d.

p. 136. *Dar'ſt thou kill Caius Marius.* This incident actually took place at Minturnæ (Trajetta), a town in Latium, on the frontiers of Campania, situated on the Appia Via, on both banks of the Liris, and near the mouth of this river. Marius had been captured when hiding amongst the extensive marshes, *Paludes Minturnenses*, and the magistrates of the city resolved to "dispatch him out of the way presently. Now when they were agreed upon it, they could not find a man in the city that durst take upon him to kill him: but a man of arms of the Gauls, or one of the Cimbrians (for we find both the one and the other in writing) that went thither with his sword drawn in his hand. Now, that place of the chamber wherein Marius lay was very dark, and as it is reported, the man at arms thought he saw two burning flames come out of Marius' eyes, and heard a voice out of the dark corner, saying unto him: O fellow, thou, darest thou come to kill Caius Marius? The barbarous Gaul, hearing these words, ran out of the chamber presently, casting his sword in the middest of the floor, and crying out these words only: I cannot kill Caius Marius" (North's *Plutarch*). This caused a revulsion of feeling among the citizens, who forthwith sped Marius on his way, and taking ship he sailed to Africa. Cf. Lucan, *Pharsalia*, II, 75–83:

> mors ipsa refugit
> sæpe uirum, frustraque hosti est concessa potestas
> sanguinis inuisi. primo qui cædis in ictu
> diriguit, ferrumque manu torpente remisit;
> uiderat immensam tenebroso in carcere lucem,
> terribilesque Deos scelerum: Mariumque futurum:
> audieratque pauens: non haec contingere fas est
> colla tibi: debet multas hic legibus æui,
> ante suam, mortes: uanum depone furorem.

p. 136. *Enter Cinna attended.* Cinna and Marius joined forces, "so Marius sent first unto Cinna, to let him understand that he would obey him as Consul, and be ready to do all that he should command him. Cinna received him, and gave him the title and authority of Vice-consul, and sent him sergeants to carry axes and rods before him, with all other signs of public authority. But Marius refused them, and said, that pomp became not his miserable fortune." They then marched on Rome, and "the Senate consulting together, sent ambassadors unto Cinna and Marius, to pray them to come peaceably into Rome, and not to imbue their hands with the blood of their citizens. Cinna sitting in his chair as Consul, gave them audience, and made them a very reasonable and curteous answer. Marius standing by him spoke never a word; but shewed by his grave look that he would straight fill Rome with murder and blood." North's *Plutarch.*

p. 142. *rub its nye's.* A baby-word for "eyes." Cf. Davenport's *The City Nightcap* (licensed 1624; 4to, 1661), I, 2: "Sweet chick, I come to take leave of thee: finger in nye already!"

p. 143. *As dead as . . . Door-nail. A Christmas Carol.* Stave One. "Old Marley was as dead as a door-nail. Mind! I don't mean to say that I know, of my own knowledge, what there is particularly dead about a door-nail. I might have been inclined, myself, to regard a coffin-nail as the deadest piece of ironmongery in the trade. But the wisdom of our ancestors is in the simile; and my unhallowed hands shall not disturb it, or the country's done for. You will, therefore, permit me to repeat, emphatically, that Marley was as dead as a door-nail."

p. 144. *Enter Ancharius the Senatour.* Marius was attended by a band of ruffians, "veriest rascals and most shameless slaves called the Bardiœians," and these at his merest beck or nod murdered men right and left, "and at the length slew Ancharius a senator (that had been Prætor) at Marius' feet with their swords, because only that Marius did not salute him when he came one day to speak with him" (North's *Plutarch*). Lucan, *Pharsalia*, II, 113–14:

spes una salutis
oscula pollutæ fixisse trementia dextræ.

p. 151. *Nay, now thou haſt outdone me.* Cf. Ravenscroft's *Titus Andronicus*, 4to, 1687, V, when Tamora stabs her child:

Dye thou off-spring of that Blab-tongu'd Moor.

Aron. Accursed Empress!
Tam. Accursed Moor.
May that breath be thy last as this is mine. [*dies.*
Aron. She has out-done me in my own Art—
Out-done me in Murder—kill'd her own Child.
Give it me—I'le eat it.

p. 152. [*He is led off.* Marius died of pleurisy after a week's illness, on the seventeenth day of his seventh consulship, 86 B.C.

p. 153. *t'other Day I was a Captain too.* Mrs. Barry had created the rôle of Mrs. Gripe in Shadwell's comedy *The Woman-Captain*, which was produced at Dorset Garden in the autumn (probably September) of 1679, but a week or two before *Caius Marius* came on the stage. Mrs. Gripe, in order to save herself from the tyranny of her husband Gripe, "a miserable Wretch, that denies himself all Necessaries; very Jealous of his Wife" (acted by Anthony Leigh), manages to disguise herself in her brother's regimentals as a young officer. She raises recruits, enlists her husband, and a good deal of farcical fun ensues. The Epilogue to the play was "Spoken by Mrs. *Barrey*, who Acted the *Woman-Captain*."

p. 153. *Underhill and Nurse Noakes.* See the Introduction.

p. 153. *his third day's Pawn for fifty Pound?* So in *A Satyr upon the Poets, being a Translation out of the 7th Satyr of Juvenal;* speaking of Otway:

> Yet this best Poet, tho' with so much ease,
> He never drew his pen but sure to please;
> Tho' lightning was less lively than his wit,
> And thunder-claps less loud than those o'th'pit;
> He had of's many wants much earlier dy'd,
> Had not kind Banker *Betterton* supply'd,
> And took for pawn the embryo of a play,
> Till he could pay himself the next third day.

The Orphan

p. 155. *Qui Pelago credit magno. Petronii Satirae*, tertium edidit Franciscus Buecheler. Berlin, 1895. c. 83.

p. 161. *The DUTCHESS.* Mary Beatrice Anne Margaret Isabel of Modena (1658–1718), only daughter of Alfonso IV of Modena of the house of Este. She was married by proxy (Peterborough) to James, Duke of York, in the ducal chapel, 30 September, 1673. 21 November she landed at Dover and met her husband. She was a great favourite with Charles II. She was in Scotland with the Duke and returned there 6 June, 1682. She was truly a most excellent princess and Queen of England. She died 7 May, 1718, "as the Saint," says St.-Simon, "which she had always been in life." She was buried at her beloved convent of Chaillot.

p. 161. *Taſſo and Arioſto.* Torquato Tasso, 1544–95, joined the household of Cardinal Luigi d'Este towards the end of 1565, and thereby the way to Ferrara and Court-service was immediately opened. The poet's attachment to the Princess Leonora d'Este and his relations with her sister Lucrezia are still enveloped in mystery. Many of his lyrics sing the praises of the noble house of d'Este, *Ahi! ben è reo destin, che invidia e toglie; Al nobil colle, ove in antichi marmi; O magnanimo figlio*, an appeal to Duke Alfonso II; *O figlie di Renata; Me novello Ission rapida aggira; Col giro omai delle stagioni eterno;* and above all his noble epic *Gerusalemme Liberata* is dedicated in glowing stanzas to Duke Alfonso.

Lodovico Ariosto, 1474–1535, entered in 1503 the service of Cardinal Ippolito d'Este, with whom he remained until 1517. In 1518 he became a *cameriere* or *famigliare* of Duke Alfonso I. Throughout his works the great poet continually eulogizes his princely patron, especially in the *Orlando Furioso*, where in addition to particular passages such as exordia of cantos addressed to various members of the d'Este family by name we may count at least fifteen prominent panegyrics of the Este house, e.g. Canto III, 16 to end the pedigree; VIII, 62 and 63, praises of Ippolito; XVIII, 1 and 2, Alfonso's justice; XLI, 1 to 3, general adulation; etc.

p. 163. *Since back with Joy and Triumph he is come.* The reference is to the return of the Duke of York from Scotland, 24 February, 1680. Owing to the treason and factiousness of the malcontents the Duke had retired to Brussels on 4 March, 1679, whence he was summoned, on account of the King's illness, on 23 August, and reached Windsor 2 September. On 27 September he withdrew again to Brussels, and presently proceeded to Scotland.

p. 164. *By the little Girl.* It has been pointed out in the Introduction that this was not Mrs. Bracegirdle, as is so often asserted

p. 167. *Like Perſeus mounted on his winged Steed.* This is incorrect. Perseus used the winged sandals of Hermes *alipes*. The winged horse, Pegasus, who according to one tradition sprang from the drops of blood which fell when the head of Medusa was severed, was surrendered to Bellerophon to assist in the conquest of the Chimæra, as is depicted on the Hamilton vases. There is in the British Museum a terra-cotta of Perseus mounted, but his steed has no wings. Apparently Perseus was occasionally provided with a horse for theatrical effect. For of Rich's Pantomime, *Perseus and Andromeda*, Wilkinson writes: "The scene of the Dragon and Perseus on his flying horse, with Andromeda chain'd to the rock, the rising Dome, and the Lion, were the principal parts of the entertainment."

p. 167. *half the Youth of Europe are in Armes. The Orphan* was produced in 1680. In 1672 war had broken out between France and the United Provinces, and the whole European situation became extremely complicated. From 1672–8 there was war between Poland and Turkey. In December, 1674, Sweden and Brandenburg were at war. In 1675–9 there was the War of Scania between Denmark and Sweden. In 1677 war had broken out between Russia and Turkey, and peace was not made until 1681. August, 1678–February, 1679, the Treaty of Nymegen.

p. 174. *a Salvage.* This obsolete form of savage is found in Gower, and persisted for several centuries. Thus in Davenant and Dryden's *The Tempest*, 4to, 1670, Act II, Mustacho says: "We must e'en turn Salvages, and the next that catches his Fellow may eat him." In Tate and Brady's version (1696) of the *Psalms*, vii, 2, we have:

> Lest, like a salvage Lion he
> My helpless Soul devour.

p. 181. *the unhappy Theban.* Œdipus, who was fated to slay his father Laius. Dryden and Lee's tragedy *Œdipus* had been produced at Dorset Garden early in 1679; 4to, 1679.

p. 183. *Enter Polydore, and Page at the Door.* One of the permanent proscenium doors.

p. 187. *No fawning!* The abrupt discourtesy of Acasto to his Chaplain, and more particularly the scene between Chamont and that worthy divine which follows, are striking examples of Otway's feeling towards ecclesiastics. And indeed the same contempt is expressed by many other writers of his day. It had, of course, its foundation in real fact. Ever since the anarchical upheaval of the so-called Reformation the new-made Anglican Church had been stocked by illiterates and ignoramuses from every quarter. The

clergy were regarded as, on the whole, a plebeian class. Indeed, the position of many was merely that of a menial servant. Laud in vain attempted to stem the tide. Upon the stage the parson is almost always a butt and a clown. In Beaumont and Fletcher's *The Scornful Lady*, 4to, 1616, we have the liquorish Sir Roger; Lopez in *The Spanish Curate*, licensed 24 October, 1622 ("The first is made a Fool, and the other a Knave," says Collier); Languebeau Snuffe in Tourneur's *The Atheist's Tragedie*, 4to, 1611; Sir Boniface in Heywood's *The Wise-woman of Hogsdon*, 4to, 1638; Quaylpipe in Brome's *The Antipodes*, 4to, 1640; Scruple in Wilson's *The Cheats*, acted in 1662, 4to, 1664; the Parson in Killigrew's *The Parson's Wedding*, folio, 1663 (general title 1664); Mr. Tickletext in Mrs. Behn's *The Feign'd Curtizans*, 4to, 1679; Smirk in Shadwell's *The Lancashire Witches*, 4to, 1682; Tarleton in *Edward III*, 4to, 1691; the Abbot and Betrard in *Henry the Second*, 4to, 1693; Bernardo, "Chaplain to the Duke—A positive, testy, morose Fellow," in D'Urfey's *Don Quixote*, Part II, 4to, 1694; Bull in Vanbrugh's *The Relapse*, 4to, 1697: and very many more examples might be cited. Jeremy Collier in his *Short View of The Immorality, and Profaneness of The English Stage*, 1698, devoted Chapter III to "The Clergy abused by the Stage. This Usage being both Unpresidented And Unreasonable." "The Satyr of the *Stage* upon the *Clergy* is extreamly Particular," he commences. Moreover, Collier reproves the scene between Chamont and the Chaplain. "In the *Orphan*, The Young Soldier *Chamont* calls the Chaplain Sr. *Gravity*, and treats him with the Language of *Thee* and *Thou*. The Chaplain instead of returning the Contempt; Flatters *Chamont* in his Folly, and pays a Respect to his Pride. The Cavalier encouraged I suppose by this Sneaking, proceeds to all the Excesses of Rudeness." The lines

> Curse on that formal steady Villains Face!
> Just so do all Bawds look . . .

are quoted with the comment, "The Bottom of the Page is down-right Porters Rhetorick," which, I am afraid, it is. But Collier's later argument is impertinent, since he goes on to defend the dignity of the priesthood, and this is *nihil ad rem*.

Was there not some justification for the dramatist's satire? I very much fear so, and one may read Eachard's *Causes of the Contempt of the Clergy* with enlightenment.

It is gratifying and significant to meet such figures as Massinger's noble Jesuit, Francisco, an obvious portraiture from life, in *The Renegado*, licensed in 1624, and Friar Bonaventura in *'Tis Pitty Shee's a Whore*, 4to, 1633.

p. 196. [*Maid at the Window.*] One of the permanent balconies above the proscenium doors, the use of which persisted so late in the theatre. Innumerable contemporary examples might be cited, e.g. Etherege, *Love in a Tub*, produced in 1664, 4to, 1664, II, 2: "*Covent-Garden. . . . The Chamber-maid comes to the Window unlac'd, holding her Petticoats in her Hand*," and

after a brief dialogue, "*The* Widow *comes to the Window in her Night-Gown.*" *The Indian Emperour*, produced in 1665, 4to, 1667, V, Cydaria is said to be in a Tower, whence she will "answer from the Wall," Montezuma "*knocks at the Door, at last* Cydaria *looks over the* Balcony," presently she "*descends and opens the Door*," and immediately Cortez appears "at the other end" of the stage. Almeria overpowers Cydaria, "*thrusts her in, and shuts*," and a moment or two after "Montezuma, Cydaria, *and* Almeria *appear above.*" In the famous lute scene in *Sr Martin Mar-all*, produced August, 1667, 4to, 1668, V, "*Enter Mrs.* Millisent, *and* Rose, *with a Candle by 'em above*" and "*Sir* Martin *appears at the adverse Window.*" John Caryl's *Sir Salomon; or, The Cautious Coxcomb*, 4to, 1671, II: "*Sir* Salomon *knocks at Mrs.* Betty's *Lodging . . . Ralph looking out from the Balcony.*" And in Act III: "Peregreen *knocks at Mrs.* Bettys *Lodgings.* Ralph *looks out*," and later "*Mrs.* Betty *from the Balcony throws down a Brickbat, and with it a Letter.*" Shadwell's *The Miser*, acted in 1672, 4to, 1672, IV, the drunken bullies with shouts of "Bounce at the Door, break the Windows, hey, *bounce at the Doors.* Squeeze *at the Window, in his Cap, and undressed.*" Crying, "I must venture to escape at this Window. *He leaps down*," only to fall into the hands of the watch. Ravenscroft's *The Citizen turn'd Gentleman*, acted 1672, 4to, 1672 (as *Mamamonchi*, 4to, 1675), IV: "*Enter Mr.* Jorden, *musick*," obviously in a balcony from the ensuing dialogue. "Cleverwit, *in* Turk's *habit, with* Betty Trickmore *and* Lucia *appear in the Balcony*," number two. A song is sung and "Young Jorden *and* Marina, *in the Balcony against them.*" Here we have three balconies simultaneously occupied. Mrs. Behn's *The Rover; Or, The Banish't Cavaliers*, I, acted in 1677, 4to, 1677, "Act II, Scene 1. *The Long Street. . . . Enter two Bravoes, and hang up a great Picture of* Angelica's, *against the Balcony, and two little ones at each side of the Door. . . . Enter* Angelica *and* Moretta *in the Balcony, and draw a Silk Curtain. . . . A noise of a Lute above.*" Dryden, *The Kind Keeper; or, Mr. Limberham*, produced March, 1678, 4to, 1680, "Act I, Scene 1. Scene, *An open Garden-House; a Table in it and Chairs.*" Later, "*Musick at the Balcony over head: Mrs.* Tricksy *and* Judith *appear.*" Dryden and Lee's *Œdipus*, acted 1679, 4to, 1679, V: "*Enter* Œdipus *above.*

> *Œd.* I've found a Window, and I thank the Gods,
> 'Tis quite unbarr'd. Sure by the distant Noise,
> The Height will fit my fatal Purpose well."

Presently, "*Thunder; he flings himself from the Window, the* Thebans *gather about* his Body." Ravenscroft's *The London Cuckolds*, produced in the winter of 1681, 4to, 1682, V, a street scene, "*Enter* Ramble *above in the Balcony. . . .*" "Which way," he cries, "shall I get down? I must venture to hang by my hands and then drop from the Balcony." A moment after, "*As* Ramble *is getting down* Doodle *enters to look for his Glove*, Ramble *drops upon him and beats him down. . . . Exit* Ramble."

p. 198. *The feeling Ayr.* To seel is a term in falconry, to close the eyes of a bird by threads, which was generally used as part of the taming process. And to seel is figuratively to prevent from seeing, as *Macbeth* (1605):

> Come seeling Night,
> Skarfe up the tender Eye of pittiful Day.

All modern editions, Thornton, 1813; the Mermaid, Roden Noel, 1888; and McClumpha's inaccurate recension, Belles-Lettres Series, absurdly read "The feeling Air," having mistaken the long s, ſ, for f. Thornton, at any rate, has the grace to say in a footnote: "The sense of this line (unless, as I suspect, it is incorrect) is very remote and obscure."

p. 201. *betray'd the Capitol.* Tarpeia, for whose story see Livy, I, xi. The legend is probably connected with some local deity, whose identity has been obscured and confused. Dionysius of Halicarnassus in his *History*, II, xl, speaks of a custom of offering annual libations to her. The story is still told at Rome which says that the fair Tarpeia ever sits in the heart of the Capitoline hill, decked with gold and jewels, and bound by an eternal spell. In an anonymous tragedy, *Romulus and Hersilia; or, The Sabine War*, produced at Dorset Garden, 10 August, 1682, 4to, 1683, Tarpeia is an important character. The part was sustained by Lady Slingsby (Mrs. Mary Lee), who also spoke a clever Epilogue written by Mrs. Behn, which contained some very pungent reflections upon the disloyal Monmouth. Considerable trouble ensued, a warrant was issued on 12 August, and both actress and writer were ordered into custody; Curtis' *Protestant Mercury*, 12–16 August, 1682. Their detention, however, was of the briefest.

p. 204. *Hercules, thus to a Diſtaff chain'd.* Hercules became the slave of Omphale, Queen of Lydia, and widow of King Tmolus. Such was his passion for her, that she compelled him to indulge every whim. Often she would wear his lion-skin, whilst he was dressed in the flowing garments of a woman and sat among the maids spinning wool. The tale is referred to by Diodorus Siculus, IV, xxi; and Apollodorus Grammaticus, II, vi, 3. Ovid in the *Fasti*, II, 266–358, gives in detail a very interesting old legend which connects this with the Arcadian Lupercalia and the performance of the rites of Faunus by naked priests.

> Nunc quoque detecti referunt monumenta uctusti,
> moris, et antiquas testificantur opes.

But even more particularly see the *Heroides*, IX, Deianira Herculi, 73–82:

> Inter Ioniacas calathum tenuisse puellas
> diceris; et dominæ pertimuisse minas.
> Non fugis, Alcide, uictricem mille laborum
> rasilibus calathis imposuisse manum?
> Crassaque robusto deducis pollice fila,
> æquaque famosæ pensa rependis heræ?

Ah quoties, digitis dum torques stamina duris,
præualidæ fusos comminuere manus.
Crederis, infelix, scuticæ tremefactus habenis,
ante pedes dominæ procubuisse tuæ.

p. 214. *Come, all ye Youths.* This beautiful song was set by Francis Forcer in *Choice Ayres and Songs*, Book III, 1681. There is also an anonymous setting in *The Merry Musician*, Vol. II [1728]. A third setting by William Boyce is given in *Calliope; or, English Harmony*, Vol. I [*c.* 1738].

p. 223. *Ah poor Castalio!* "Mrs. Barry was mistress of all the passions of the mind: love, joy, grief, rage, tenderness, and jealousy, were all represented by her with equal skill and equal effect. In the play of the Orphan, when, on leaving Castalio, in the last act, she burst out into that affecting exclamation 'O poor Castalio!' she never failed to shed tears herself, nor was it possible for the audience to restrain from corresponding lamentations" (Davies, *Dramatic Miscellanies*, 1784, Vol. III, p. 203). One may compare the story of similar effects produced by Marie Françoise Dumesnil, "Melpomène elle-même, Son geste est un éclair; ses yeux lancent la foudre," who when playing Cléopatre in Corneille's *Rodogune* was wont to utter the line:

Je maudirais les dieux s'ils me rendaient le jour—

with such terrific force that, it is said, the spectators in the front row of the parterre always wilted and shrank back involuntarily before her imprecations. In Voltaire's *Mérope*, again, produced in 1743, her cry, as the agonized mother, when the unknown Egysthe is hurried off to death, "Arrête, il est mon fils!" electrified the audience, many of whom burst in uncontrolled weeping. In a similar manner the passionate "Je crois" of Rachel as Pauline in *Polyeucte* thrilled a crowded theatre with inexpressible emotions.

p. 227. *My Fatal Love, alas! has ruin'd thee.* Chetwood in his *General History of the Stage* has: "Of all the various Passions of Grief, a manly Sorrow is the most difficult to express. And of all the Actors I have ever yet seen, I must be pardon'd if I give the Preference to Mr. *Wilks*. No Heart, that was capable of being touch'd, but must have sympathiz'd at his Manner of speaking one Line in the *Orphan* to *Monimia* in the Fifth Act.

My fatal Love, alas! has ruin'd thee!

And yet I have heard it spoke when it has given me no more Concern, than if a Voice had pierced my Ear with

Kettles or Pots to mend! Old Brass to mend!"

p. 230. *EPILOGUE.* This is obviously spoken by Serina, who was acted by Charlotte Butler, whom Cibber in his *Apology* praises very highly. "She proved not only a good actress, but was allowed in those days, to sing and dance to great perfection. . . . In speaking, too, she had a sweet-toned

voice, which, with her naturally genteel air and sensible pronunciation, rendered her wholly mistress of the amiable, in many serious characters." Mrs. Butler was famous for her delivery of Prologues and Epilogues. Thus she spoke the Epilogue to Mrs. Behn's *The City Heiress*, produced in 1682, 4to, 1682; the Prologue to *Romulus and Hersilia*, a tragedy produced in 1682, 4to, 1683; the Epilogue, with Mountford, to D'Urfey's *Love for Money*, produced in 1689, 4to, 1691; the Prologue to Shadwell's *The Amorous Bigot*, produced in 1690, 4to, 1690; and very many occasional Prologues and Epilogues to the numerous revivals after the Union of the two Companies.

p. 230. *And go a Conventicling twice a Week?* Conventicle was accentuated upon the third syllable, and this, of course, led to jests and innuendo. Cf. *Hudibras*, I (1663), Canto II, 437:

> He used to lay about and stickle
> Like Ram or Bull at conventicle.

Also in *Loyal Songs*, 1639–661, a stanza runs:

> But all this Parish see it plain,
> Since thou art in this pickle,
> Thou art an Independent quean,
> And lov'st a conventicle.

The Prologue, spoken by Smith, to Mrs. Behn's *The False Count; or, A New Way to play an Old Game*, produced at Dorset Garden in 1682, 4to, 1682, has:

> *Rais'd horrid Scandals on you, hellish Stories,*
> *In Conventicles how you eat young Tories;*

and a little later:

> *Your Conventicling Miracles out-do*
> *All that the Whore of* Babylon *e'er knew.*

The Souldiers Fortune

p. 237. *Mr. Bentley.* Originally James Magnes was a publisher at the Post House in Russell Street, Covent Garden. At the end of 1674 he was joined by Richard Bentley, and later the firm was represented by Bentley alone, who is said to have acquired a very comfortable fortune.

p. 237. *Falstaff. 1. King Henry IV*, II, 4. This was a favourite play with Otway, who has several references to Falstaff in this scene.

p. 237. *a Lady.* Traditionally said to be Mrs. Behn.

p. 239. *the Lord Falkland.* See the Introduction.

p. 239. *Pope Joan.* Settle's *The Female Prelate: Being The History of the Life and Death of Pope Joan*, produced at Drury Lane in the autumn of 1679; 4to, 1680. In the Introduction a full account of this is given.

p. 241. *Iron Sword.* Cf. *Twelfth Night*, III, 4: "Therefore, on, or strip your sword stark naked; for meddle you must, that's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you."

p. 241. *Knight of the moſt Noble Order of the Poſt.* A Knight of the Post was a false bail; one who got his livelihood by giving false evidence. (Perhaps, a Knight of the Whipping Post.) Cf. Nashe, *Pierce Penilesse*, 1592: "A Knight of the Post . . . a fellow that will sweare you anything for twelve pence." Also Brome, *A Joviall Crew; or, The Merry Beggars*, produced at the Cockpit, Drury Lane, in 1641, I: "He should have wit and knavery too, Sir: For he was an Attorney, till he was pitch'd over the Bar. And from that fall, he was taken up a Knight o' the Post; and so he continued, till he was degraded at the whipping-post." In *The Plain-Dealer*, 1676, V, the litigious Widow Blackacre entertains two Knights of the Post at the Cock in Bow Street to assist her chicanery. For false bails see *Pickwick Papers*, XL.

p. 242. *ſmell you Dog.* Gold always smells sweet. Suetonius tells the following anecdote of Vespasian: "Reprehendenti filio Tito, quod etiam urinæ uectigal commentum esset, pecuniam ex prima pensione admouit ad nares, sciscitans num odore offenderetur, et illo negante, Atqui, inquit, e lotio est. . . ." *Uespasianus*, XXIII.

p. 243. *my Lords little Dog.* In Shadwell's *The Humourists*, 4to, 1671, II, Drybob presents Theodosia with a dog: "*Drybob.* And, as Hierogylphick of that Affection, I present you with this little *French* Dog, to be a Servant to your little Bitch. *Crazy.* What an Employment has he found out, to be Pimp to a Bitch. *Theodosia.* Really, Sir, it is a Dog of a very elegant Composure. [Theo. *gives the Dog to* Bridget, *who carries him away.*"

p. 243. *Piazza.* An open arcade on the north and east sides of Covent Garden Market Place. It was built by Inigo Jones, *circa* 1633–4, and for well-nigh a century remained a fashionable promenade. Scene 2, Act IV, of this comedy is the Piazza at midnight. There are innumerable references. In *The Country-Wife*, 1675, IV, Sparkish says: "I keep my wedding at my Aunts in the *Piazza*." Cf. Brome, *The Covent Garden Weeded* (8vo, 1658), I, 1, where Cockbrayne says: "Yond magnificent Peece, the *Piazzo*, will excell that at Venice, by hearsay (I ne're travell'd)."

p. 244. *a Hummer.* A person characterized by extreme energy, activity, or any similar quality. Cf. Colley Cibber's *Love Makes a Man; or, The Fop's Fortune*, 1701, IV, 2, where Don Lewis says of Louisa: "Odd! she's a hummer!"

p. 244. *Locket's.* Locket's was one of the most famous ordinaries of the day. It stood on the site of Drummond's Banking House, and was called from Adam Locket, the landlord. There are innumerable contemporary references. In *The Man of Mode; or, Sir Fopling Flutter* (1676), I, Bellair asks Dorimant: "Where do you Dine?" "At *Long's*, or *Locket's*," is

the reply. In *Love for Love* Tattle the beau boasts that he is well known as a man of gallantry and many amours to which he can call as witnesses "the Drawers at *Locket's, Pontack's,* the *Rummer.*" *The Hind and the Panther Transvers'd*, by Prior and Charles Montagu, 1687, a foolish squib on *The Hind and the Panther*, has the following couplet:

> With Evening Wheels we'll drive about the Park,
> Finish at *Locket's*, and reel home i' th' Dark.

p. 245. *ſcot and lot.* A tax levied by a municipal corporation in proportionate shares upon its members for the defraying of municipal expenses; also as "Shot and lot." *Act* 32, *Henry VIII*, *c.* 42, 6 (1540): "The said barbour . . . shal beare and pay lot and scot . . . within the said citie." So in Foote's *The Minor* (1760) old Mother Cole in evidence of her respectability avouches: "Ay, eighteen years I have paid scot and lot in the Parish of S. Paul's."

p. 245. *blew Poſts.* No. 59, Haymarket, a house that for two centuries continued in favour for dinners. Bishop Cartwright's *Diary:* "4 October, 1686,—I entertained the Bishops of Oxon and S. David's, Mr. Ashton, Mr. Brookes, my son, Mr. Callis, etc., at the Blue Posts in the Haymarket." *The Post Boy*, ending 23 July, 1695, records: "The close of the last week one Mr. Moon and one Mr. Hurst quarrelled at the Blue Posts in the Haymarket; and as they came out at the door they drew their swords, and the latter was run through and immediately died."

p. 246. *blub.* Full; swelling. Cf. Shadwell's *A True Widow*, Dorset Garden, 1679, II, where Selfish says to Gartrude: "You have a pretty pouting about the Mouth like me, and fine little Blub-Lips."

p. 246. *orts.* Fragments of food left over from a meal; broken meats; scraps; refuse. Cf. *Troilus and Cressida*, V, 2:

> The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,
> The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greasy reliques
> Of her o'er eaten faith.

The word is still in use in some rural districts.

p. 246. *Towze and Rowze and Frouze and Mowze.* All these words have the same signification, to pull about and rumple a body good-naturedly enough but somewhat roughly, and perhaps lewdly. Cf. *The Country-Wife*, 1675, II, 1: "He told me none but naughty Women sate there, whom they tous'd and mous'd"; also Ramble's couplet, *The London Cuckolds*, 4to, 1682, V:

> How I'll Mouse her and Touse her and Tumble her till Morning,
> But little dreams the Bridegroom he is to be horning.

Also Mrs. Centlivre's *The Platonick Lady*, 1722, IV: "Well, I protest you are a Waggish Man; Lord, how you have rouzl'd and touzl'd one." To frouze is doubtless connected with frouzy=rumpled. The N.E.D. which quotes this passage suggests that "rouze" may be a nonce word.

But this can hardly be the case in view of Mrs. Centlivre's use of "rouzle." However, one may remember Mrs. MacStinger's attack on Captain Cuttle: "'There ain't a 'ousekeeper, no nor a lodger in our street, don't know that I lost money by that man, and by his guzzlings and his muzzlings'— Mrs. MacStinger used the last word for the joint sake of alliteration and aggravation, rather than for the expression of any idea."

p. 246. *I am a poor old fellow, decay'd and undone.* So Aldo in *The Kind Keeper; or, Mr. Limberham*, produced at Dorset Garden, March, 1678; 4to, 1680, I, when Woodall says: "I find the Ladies of Pleasure are beholden to you. *Aldo.* Before *George*, I love the poor little Devils. I am indeed a Father to 'em, and so they call me. I give 'em my Counsel, and assist 'em with my Purse. . . . *Woodall.* Sure you expect some kindness in return. *Aldo.* Faith, not much: Nature in me is at low Water-mark; my Body's a Jade, and tires under me; yet I love to snuggle still in a Corner; pat 'em down, and pur over 'em; but, after that, I can do 'em little harm."

p. 246. *I'll pimp for thee dear heart.* So Aldo again to Woodall: "Be you the *Lion*, to devour the Prey, I am your *Jack-Call* to provide it for you."

p. 246. *Shan't I peep?* A well-known sexual depravity which is treated of in detail by many writers on psychiatry. In brothels arrangements are made (peep-holes) by which individuals can satisfy this particular perversion. Technically the term *Voyeur* or *Voyeuse* is applied to the man or woman who finds his or her highest sexual satisfaction in watching the act of coitus performed by others.

p. 246. *The Maw.* Pall Mall.

p. 247. *he has a notable Nose.* Ideoque est fortiter mentulatus. Unde prouerbium:

Noscitur ex labris quantum sit uirginis antrum;
Noscitur ex naso quanta sit hasta uiro.

An old reading of Ælius Lampridius, *Uita Antonini Heliogabili*, V, even has: "Romæ denique nihil egit aliud, nisi ut emissarios haberet qui ei bene nasatos perquirerent, eosque ad aulam perducerent, et eorum conditionibus frui posset." But "*uasatos*," i.e. magna præditos mentula, not "*nasatos*," is the correct text.

p. 247. *Carle.* Often a fellow of low birth; a churl; but also, as here, denoting sturdy strength. Cf. J. Wilson, *Christopher North*, 1857: "A rosy-cheeked carle upwards of six feet high."

p. 247. *Copper trim.* Either sham gold lace on their tawdry mantuas; or else copper gilt chains worn as necklaces and carcanets. Perhaps both. Cf. the famous scene (Act IV) in *Rule a Wife and Have a Wife*, 4to, 1640, when Estifania, who has filched a casket of jewels (which she discovers to be false) from Perez reproaches him:

Sir, there's your treasure, sell it to a Tinker
To mend old Kettles.

And when he demands his suits, she answers:

I'll tell ye,
Your Cloaths are parallels to these, all counterfeit.
Put these and them on, you are a Man of Copper,
A kind of Candlestick.

And later she mutters to herself:

I'll colt you once more,
And teach you to bring Copper.

In Act V Cacafogo, to whom she pledges the casket, bawls out:

A real Devil,
Plague of her Jewels and her copper chains,
How rank they smell.

p. 247. *huzza.* To hail; to give a loud shout to attract attention. Cf. Tryon, *Way to Health*, 1683: "They are Carouzing and Huzzaing like mad Devils with their roaring Companions." Also Dryden's Epilogue, spoken by Sarah Cooke, to *The Duke of Guise*, acted at Drury Lane, December, 1682:

They took no single Aim:——
But, like bold Boys, true to their Prince and hearty,
Huzza'd, and fired broad-sides at the whole Party.

p. 247. *Bulkers.* Whores. Cf. Shadwell, *The Amorous Bigotte*, acted 1690; 4to, 1690, III: "Her mother sells fish and she is little better than a bulker." A bulker was the lowest class of prostitute. So in Shadwell's *The Scowrers*, 4to, 1691; Act I, 1: "Every one in a petticoat is thy mistress, from humble bulker to haughty countess." Bailey (1790) gives: "Bulker, one that would lie down on a bulk to any one. A common Jilt. A whore." Swift, *A Tale of a Tub*, Section II, innumerates among the many other fashionable exploits of Peter, Martin, and Jack: "They went to new plays on the first night, haunted the *chocolate* houses; beat the watch, lay on bulks and got claps: they bilked hackney-coachmen, ran in debt with shopkeepers, and lay with their wives." So in the Epilogue "Written by a Person of Quality," spoken by Betterton, to Mrs. Behn's *The Luckey Chance*, acted in the late winter of 1686; 4to, 1687; the "Scribling Beaus" are told:

Unjustly of the Innocent you complain,
'Tis Bulkers give, and Tubs must cure your Pain.

p. 247. *hoot.* A loud inarticulate exclamation.

p. 247. *Crapish.* The word Crap is only known to me in two connexions. Crap is an old slang term for money. *Dictionary of the Canting Crew* (*c.* 1700). At a later date Crap is slang for the gallows J. H. Vaux, *Flash Dictionary* (1812,. "Crapish" cannot, I conceive, here be referred to either meaning. The dictionaries are silent, and I have consulted many authorities without success. With sorrow I am bound to acknowledge that the lady's remark baffles me. It is possible that "Crapish" is an old slang term which has not survived.

p. 247. *Crimine.* A childish ejaculation, being a petty oath or rather a mild exclamation in use principally among the vulgar. Cf. *The Double-Dealer*, IV, 1: *Lady Plyant.* . . . O Crimine! I hope Sir *Paul* has not seen both Letters. Also Southerne's *The Maid's Last Prayer; or, Any, Rather than Fail*, III, 1: *Lady Susan Malepert.* O crimine! This was strangely obliging. And in the last scene, Act IV of the same comedy, Lady Susan when asked if she is married answers: "O crimine! No; who do you take me for?" With Crimine compare the cognate, Gemini; Leminy.

p. 248. *dey mun, Papa*——. Mun (man), a vulgarism which came to be a mere meaningless interjection addressed indifferently to females as well as to males. So in *Love for Love*, 4to, 1695, II, Miss Prue says to Mrs. Frail: "It's better than Lavender, mun."

p. 248. *leading Apes in Hell.* To lead Apes in Hell is a very old, and very common, expression which signifies to die an old maid. E.g. Mrs. Behn's *The False Count; or, A New Way to Play an Old Game*, 1682, II, 1, when Jacinta says: "'Tis pity but we all lead Apes in Hell, and die without the *Jewish* Blessing of Consolation."

p. 249. *Doddle?* An aged infirm person, shaking like quitch-grass with Anno Domini. Apparently only found here. From doddle (verb)=to walk with short, infirm, and unsteady steps; to shake the head. Urquhart, *Rabelais* (1653), I, xxii, ed. 1694, I, 85: "Mumbling with his mouth, nodding and dodling his Head." Gray's Letter, 24 September, 1761, *Works* (1884), III, 114: "The old Bishop of Lincoln, with his stick, went doddling by the side of the Queen." So later in this play: "good Sir Domine Doddle-pate."

p. 249. *Fits of the Mother.* Hysteria. As in *King Lear*, 1605, II, 4:

> O how this Mother swels vp toward my heart!
> *Historica passio*, downe thou climing sorrow.

p. 250. *always ſweat when a Cat's in the Room.* Cf. *The Merchant of Venice*, IV:

> Some men there are love not a gaping pig;
> Some, that are mad if they behold a cat.

p. 250. *Gate-Houſe.* A prison near the West Corner of Westminster Abbey by the way leading into Dean's Yard, Tothill Street, and the Almonry. It was built in the reign of Edward III, and ordered to be demolished in July, 1776, although as late as 1836 a wall was still standing. It is described by Stowe, and there are innumerable references. It was here that Richard Lovelace wrote *To Althea, from prison.*

p. 251. *the Pidgeon.* *The English Huswife* (1615) advises "if you be infected with the plague" apply hot bricks to the feet, "then to the same apply a live Pidgeon cut in two parts." This remedy and its effects are detailed in *The Secrets of the reverend Maister Alexis of Piemont* (tr. Wm. Ward, 1595), p. 37. Cf. *The Duchess of Malfi*, II, 1: "I would sooner eate a dead pidgeon, taken from the soles of the feete of one sick of the plague, then kisse one of you fasting."

p. 253. *combing and cocking at her.* Combing their wigs and cocking their hats. Cf.

Vincent's *Young Gallant's Academy*, 1674, Chap. V. *Instructions for a young Gallant to behave himself in the* Play-house. "Let our Gallant (having paid his *half-Crown* and given the Door-keeper his ticket) presently advance into the middle of the *Pit*, when having made his Honor to the rest of the Company, but especially to the Vizard-Masks, let him pull out his Comb, and manage his flaxen Wig with all the Grace he can." Cf. also Dryden's Prologue to *The Conquest of Granada*, II, 1671:

> But, as when Vizard Masque appears in Pit,
> Straight every Man who thinks himself a Wit
> Perks up; and managing his Comb with grace,
> With his white Wigg sets off his Nut-brown Face;
> That done bears up to th' prize, and views each Limb,
> To know her by her Rigging and her Trimm;
> Then, the whole noise of Fops to wagers go,
> *Pox on her* 't must be she; and *Damm'ee* no.

p. 253. *dumb-found.* Dumb-founding was a rude and silly kind of hoaxing, specially practised in the pit of the theatre, which consisted of slapping a man a sharp blow over the shoulders without being detected in the assault. In Shadwell's *A True Widow*, acted in 1679, Act IV, the scene is in the Playhouse, and Prig cries: "You shall see what Tricks I'll play; Faith, I love to be merry." *Raps People on the Backs, and twirls their Hats, and then looks demurely as if he did not do it.* Presently, however, "Prig *strikes a Bully over the back, he takes it to be another, and strikes him.* 1 *Man.* Zounds, you Rogue! do you play Tricks with me? 2 *Man.* Have at you, Dog." Swords are drawn, and a sharp scuffle ensues. Cf. also Dryden's Prologue to *The Prophetess; or, The History of Diocletian*, an opera, altered from Beaumont and Fletcher, acted at Dorset Garden in November, 1690, where the ladies bewailing the absence of their gallants who are away campaigning in Ireland,

> with a Sigh their Empty Seats survey;
> Then think, on that bare Bench my servant sate,
> I see him Ogle still, and hear him Chat;
> Selling facetious Bargains, and propounding
> That witty Recreation, called Dum-founding.

The Prologue, spoken in *Lent* to Ravenscroft's *Titus Andronicus, or the Rape of Lavinia*, 4to, 1687, has:

> *First, learn to shew your Valour in the Pit,*
> *Leave Railing at Great Men to shew your Wit.*
> *With Vizard-Masques, leave your Lewd Raillery*
> *Leave your disturbance in the Middle-Gallery.*
> *Leave all your Jests of Bant'ring and Dum-founding,*
> *Leave always Dueling and never Wounding,*
> *Leave coming here when you do not intend*
> *To see the Play, but pick up a she-friend.*
> *Leave sharping for your selves, and pay your Guinny*
> *For Procuration there to honest* Jenny,

At the music-meeting in Southerne's *The Maid's Last Prayer; or, Any, Rather than Fail*, 1693, IV, we have: 1 *Bully.* Pox o' this scraping, and tooting: shall we eclipse, *Tom*, and make it a rantrum? 2 *Bully.* No, no, we'll dumfound the baronet. [*They dumfound him, on each side, as he turns.*] *Sir Symphony.* Who's that? What do you mean! [*Turning quick, one hits him in the eye.*]—This is not to be borne: is't you, take that, sir.

p. 254. *the King's Court.* They were in S. James' Park, which was part of the royal precincts, and to draw a weapon therein involved heavy penalties. The Park was not infrequently closed by the King's orders. Cf. Pepys, 26 August, 1664, and 5 July, 1665. So Bluffe in *The Old Batchelour*, acted at Drury Lane in 1693, mutters to Sir Joseph when Sharper appears: "My Blood rises at that Fellow so I can't stay where he is; and I must not draw in the Park."

p. 254. *Hounslow Heath.* Evelyn, 29 June, 1678, has: "Returned with my Lord by Hounslow Heath, where we saw the new-raised army encamped, designed against France, in pretence, at least; but which gave umbrage to the Parliament. His Majesty and a world of company were in the field, and the whole army in battalia; a very glorious sight."

p. 256. *Poor Pug.* Pug is a term of endearment, here used sarcastically, applied to a person, or even a bauble or doll; a familiar address. So in Marston's *Antonio and Mellida*, 1602, II, 1 (to a lad): "Hah, Catzo, your master . . . cals for your diminutive attendance. . . . Good pugge, give me some capon." Catzo (cazzo) is an obscene ejaculation. Pug was Limberham's favourite name for Mrs. Tricksy. But Pug sometimes meant a whore, for Cotgrave (1611) has: "Saffrette . . . a flirt, queane, gixie, pug, punke," and Limberham in the Epilogue plays on this double meaning.

p. 257. *how glotingly.* To glote here, is to frown, or to look upon with fierce disdain. N.E.D. quotes this passage, but apparently in the mistaken sense to look amorously. For to gloat (or gloat) =to frown. Cf. Gayton, *Pleas. Notes*, II, vi, 61 (1654): "The Frowne, the Gloat, the Hung-lip, the Go by." *Isle of Wight Gloss.* (1881) has: "*Gloat*, to look sulky."

p. 259. *neck Verse.* A Latin verse printed in black letter, usually the beginning of the Psalm *Miserere mei Deus, secundum magnam misericordiam tuam*, formerly set before one who claimed benefit of clergy, by reading which he might save his neck. Cf. Heiron, *Works* (1607), I, 223: "It is not good to put it vpon the psalme of *Miserere* and the neck verse for some time he proues no clark."

p. 260. *Sequestrator.* Cf. Cleveland, *Clievelandi Vindiciæ* (1658, reprint 1677): "The Committee-man hath a Side-man, or rather a Setter, hight a Sequestrator. . . . He is the States cormorant."

p. 262. *a Months mind.* Originally a religious celebration held a month from the day of a funeral, and hence (owing to a thing being kept well in memory) a strong desire. Cf. Pepys, 20 May, 1660: "There was a pretty Dutch woman in bed alone, but though I had a month's-mind I had not the boldness to go to her." Also Ravenscroft's *The London Cuckolds* (4to, 1682), I, where Arabella says: "I have a months mind to greater dainties."

Foible, *The Way of the World*, III, says: "She has a Month's Mind; but I know Mr. *Mirabell* can't abide her." This phrase has also been explained as alluding to "a woman's longing."

p. 267. *that Swan at Knights-Bridge . . . Barn-Elms by Rosamond's Ponds.* These were notorious resorts. At Knights-Bridge, two taverns, the Swan and the World's End, had the reputation of bagnios. Barn Elms was a knoll crowned with lofty elms on the margin of Rosamond's Pond, St. James' Park. So in *Love for Love*, II, Mrs. Frail expostulates with her sister: "Pooh, here's a Clutter. . . . If I had gone to *Knights-bridge*, or to *Chelsey*, or to *Spring-Garden*, or *Barn-Elms* with a Man alone—something might have been said." The last scene in Act IV of Southerne's *The Maid's Last Prayer; or, Any, Rather than Fail*, produced at Drury Lane early in 1693 (4to, 1693), is laid at Rosamond's Pond, where Granger meets Lady Susan masked, and when rallying her very plainly declares the appropriateness of the place: "These shades are honourable: you are not the first woman has trusted her honour with 'em: keep your own counsel, and they'll tell no tales to your relations, to put you out of countenance as you walk barefac'd this way with 'em . . . besides the place and hour take all distinction off: come, come, you have made as decent a resistance as is necessary to excuse you to your quality."

p. 268. *beſtride the Dragon.* The dragon on the steeple of the Church of S. Mary Le Bow was very celebrated. Cf. *State Poems*, IV, p. 379:

> When Jacob Hall on his high rope shews tricks,
> The Dragon flutters, the Lord Mayor's horse kicks;
> The Cheapside crowds and pageants scarcely know
> Which most t'admire, Mall, hobby-horse, or Bow.

In *The Guardian*, No. 112, we have: "Upon the next publick Thanksgiving Day it is my design to sit astride the Dragon on Bow steeple, from whence, after the first discharge of the Tower guns, I intend to mount into the air, fly over Fleet Street, and pitch upon the Maypole in the Strand."

p. 268. *a good rideing Face.* Riding is here used of one vigorous in venery. Cf. D'Urfey's *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1719), IV, p. 141: "I will . . . find out a Russet-coat Wench and a Hay-cock, And there I will ride Tan-tivee."

So we have—*Equitare*, ad uenerea translatum, super agere in concubitu.
Inque uices equitant, ac luna teste mouentur.
Iuuenalis, Satira VI, 310.

p. 269. *bloody Cuckold-making Scoundrel.* This is a very early example of "bloody" used as an expletive with some other word than "drunk." Bloody is certainly connected with "blood," a lord, a fine fellow, and the original phrase was "bloody drunk," "as drunk as a lord." Cf. Etherege's *The Man of Mode*, 1676, I: *Dorimant.* Give him half a Crown. *Medley.* Not without he will promise to be bloody Drunk. Also Dryden's Prologue

to Southerne's *The Disappointment; or, The Mother in Fashion*, spoken by Betterton, 1684:

> The Doughty BULLIES enter Bloody Drunk,
> Invade and grabble one another's PUNK.

For the extended use we have Southerne's *The Maid's Last Prayer; or, Any, Rather than Fail*, 1693, III, 1, where Lord Malepert says: "I assure you, she took it bloody ill of him."

p. 269. *a wet finger.* The merest trifle; nothing at all. Thus to do a thing "with a wet Finger" is to do it with the utmost ease. Cf. Foote, *The Knights*, 1754, I: "If Dame Winifred were here she'd make them all out with a wet finger."

p. 270. *Chitsface.* Baby face, because of her seeming innocence. The word is used as an adjective in Massinger and Dekker's *The Virgin Martyr*, 1622, II, 1: "The peaking chitface page [the Angel Angelo] hit me i' th' teeth with it," says Spungius. Minsheu, *Ductor*, 1617, has: Chittiface proprie est facies parua et exigua.

p. 271. *Birdſnies.* Nye for eye. Cf. pigs-nie. An obsolete term of fondling endearment. R. Davenport, *The City Night Cap*, 1661, II: "O my sweet birds-nie! What a wench have I of thee"; and again, "Prithee, sweet birds-nye, be content." In Shadwell's *The Virtuoso*, produced in May, 1676; 4to, 1676; IV, Mrs. Figgup cajoles old Snarl with "Birds-neys" whilst he calls her "Pigs-nie." Cf. also Shadwell's *The Woman-Captain*, produced at Dorset Garden in the autumn of 1679, III:

> *Blunderbuss.* Sir *Humphrey* will swinge your Buttock [whore]; away—
> *Heildebrand.* Yes, He or some of 'em will manage your Natural gallantly.
> *Sir Nicholas.* Who! my Birds n'eyes? I am sure, she would not do such a Thing, as I may say, for the World.

p. 272. *Argus.* *Panoptes*, of the hundred eyes, guardian of Io, metamorphosed into a cow. See Ovid's *Metamorphoseon*, I, 583–750.

p. 278. *the Dolphin.* A room in the tavern.

p. 280. *vail.* To take off one's hat.

p. 280. *Fellmonger.* A dealer in the skins and hides of animals.

p. 280. *Cuckolds go to Heav'n.* Cf. *Love for Love*, II, where Angelica tauntingly says: "There are a great many horned beasts among the Twelve Signs, Uncle. But cuckolds go to Heav'n."

p. 281. *Gunpowder Spots.* Cf. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's letter to Abbé Conti, 31 July, 1718: "The women have their arms and their necks and faces adorned with . . . various sorts of figures impressed by gunpowder." Wycherley has a poem *Upon the* Gun-powder spot *on a* Lady's Hand; *given by Her for the Subject of a* Song. *Miscellany Poems*, folio, 1704. Cf. also *Petronius*, translated by Wilson, etc., 1708: "Fine Gentlemen in the Boxes with their Patches, Gun-powder Spots, and Tooth-pickers."

p. 282. *Bloody-Bones.* Generally found in conjunction with Rawhead. A bugbear to alarm the youngsters. Cf. Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Prophetess*, 1622, IV, 5, when Geta says:

My face was bad enough: But now I look
Like Bloody-Bone and Raw-head to frighten children.

Also Duffett's *The Mock-Tempest*, 4to, 1675, II, 2: *Gonzalo.* O help help, here's Raw-head and Bloody bones, the Master Cook of Hell. [*A noise of horrid Musick; a Devil arises with a Crown of Fire.*

p. 284. *Siege of Philipsburgh.* On 11 August, 1675, the Duc de Créquy was defeated on the Moselle, and Trier and Philippsburgh were lost by the French. By the treaty signed 26 February, 1679, Louis XIV definitely restored Philippsburgh to the Emperor, retaining, however, Breisach and Freiburg.

p. 284. *Half-moon.* A formation of men (or ships) drawn up crescent-wise. Cf. Styward, *Martial Discipline* (1581), I, 24: "The which . . . is the battaile called the halfe moone." "By your Favour," cries Bloody-Bones, "'twas a Whole-moon." "'Twas a Full-moon," Fourbin rejoins. The cream of the jest lies in the fact that obviously there could be no such military formation.

p. 287. *Buttock.* Shadwell in "An Explanation of the Cant" prefixed to *The Squire of Alsatia*, 4to, 1688, has: "*Blowing, Natural, Convenient, Tackle, Buttock, Pure, Purest Pure.* Several names for a Mistress or rather a Whore." *The Man of Mode*, Act III, Scene 3, is laid in the Mall where Mrs. Loveit and Bellinda are walking. The passers-by are heard to say: "1 *Man. Dorimant's* convenient, Madam *Loveit.* 2 *Man.* I like the Oylie—Buttock with her." In *The Squire of Alsatia*, I, Cheatly says to Belfond Senior: "What *Ogling* there will be between thee and the Blowings! old staring at thy *Equipage:* And every *Buttock* shall fall down before thee."

p. 287. *Moon-Calf.* An abortion; for which, the first sense of the word, see Cooper, *Thesaurus* (1565): "*Mola* . . . a moone calfe (in the woman's wombe)." Hence, a monstrosity. So in *The Tempest* (Shakespeare), II, 2, Stephano and Trinculo speak of Caliban as a "moon-calf."

p. 289. *Erasmus Paradice.* Roger L'Estrange in the Introduction to his translation of the *Colloquies* of Erasmus writes: "Some will have the Translator to be a Papist in Masquerade for going so far. Others again will have him to be too much of a Protestant, because he will go no farther: so that he is crushed betwixt the two Extremes, as they hang up *Erasmus* himself, betwixt Heaven and Hell." So in *The Double-Dealer*, IV, the bedchamber scene, Mellefont says to Lady Touchwood: "Hell has served you even as Heaven has done, left you to your self—You're in a kind of *Erasmus* Paradice." Cf. *Satire on the* Scots. *Poems on State Affairs*, III, 1716.

The *Indian* that Heaven did forswear,
Because he heard some *Spaniards* were there,
Had he but known what *Scots* in Hell had been
He would, *Erasmus*-like, have hung between.

p. 290. *queſt.* Generally of a hunting dog, to break out into a peculiar bark at the sight of game, to give tongue, to yelp. So also of the noise made by dogs

when fawning in pleasurable excitement. Now only in provincial use. Malory, *Morte d'Arthur* (1470–85), IX, xxi: "This lytel bracket . . . lepte upon him and . . . whyned and quested."

p. 291. *blind as Buzzard.* A very common old expression. *Political Poems*, 1401 (ed. 1859): "Thou blundyest As a blinde buserde." Ascham in the *Scholemaster* speaks of "Those blind bussardes who . . . would neythe learne themselues nor could teach others." Goldsmith, *Natural History*, 1774, says: "It is common to a proverb to call one who cannot be taught or continues obstinately ignorant a buzzard."

p. 291. *green wound.* A raw, fresh, unhealed wound. Woodall, *Surgeon's Manual*, 1612 (*Works*, 1653), writes: "Resine . . . is excellent for the cure of green and fresh wounds."

p. 292. *Sir David appears at a Window above.* The appearance of Sir David at a window looking into a room in the middle of his house is certainly curious, but few Restoration dramatists troubled themselves about minute details, the more particularly as two little practicable windows, which could open and shut, were actually permanent features of the internal architecture of the theatre.

In the Prologue to *The Virtuous Wife; or, Good Luck at Last*, a comedy by D'Urfey, produced at Dorset Garden, 1679; 4to, 1680: Mrs. Barry says:

> *For* Vnderhil, Jevan, Currier, Tony Lee,
> Nokes, *all have better Characters than me.*
> [Lee *peeps out of a little window over the Stage.*
> *Lee.* What Mrs. *Barrer!* hah— What's that you say?
> Have I a better Character in th' Play?— . . .
> This is a Plot, a trick—'twixt you and *Nokes*——
> [Nokes *peeps out of a little window the other side of the Stage.*
> *Nokes.* How me? and what of me, peart brother Tony?

They banter, and Mrs. Barry cries:

> Come, come—be friends, I'll Act—for once I'll trye.
> *Lee.* Why then all's well again. [*Shuts one Window.*
> *Nokes.* And so say I—— [*Shuts t'other Window.*

p. 292. *Twinkle.* Cf. *The Tempest* (Shakespeare), IV:

> *Ariel.* Presently?
> *Prospero.* Ay, with a twink.

p. 292. *a Geneva Bible or a Practice of Piety.* The Geneva Bible was published in 1560, and was the work of a number of extremists who found it convenient to be absent from England during the reign of Queen Mary I. Among these were Knox, Miles Coverdale, and Calvin's brother-in-law, William Whittingham. They settled in Geneva, and there with the aid of Calvin and Beza, after two years' work, completed a translation of the New Testament in 1557. Three years later the whole Bible was published. It was dedicated to Queen Elizabeth, whilst the handy form and

other attractive features of the work rendered it so popular that between 1560 and 1644 at least 140 issues were published. It was the first English Bible divided into verses, and the first to print in italics all the words not actually expressed in the original. It largely follows Tyndale and the Great Bible, but is unreliable, various passages being coloured by the views of the fanatics who ushered it into the world. In Dryden's *The Kind Keeper*, produced at Dorset Garden, March, 1678, IV, Woodall banters Mrs. Saintly, the Puritan hypocrite, as "thou old *Geneva* Testament."

The Practice of Piety was a popular little religious manual which with some slight alterations ran through many editions. We have: *Of the Daily Practice of Piety, also Devotions and Praiers in time of Captivity.* London. Printed by J. F., for *R*[ichard] *Royston*, at the Angel in *Ivy-Lane*, 1660. Also: *The Practise of Piety;* directing a *Christian* how to walk . . ." printed in Twelves; and in a small Volume for the Pocket in Twenty-Fours, 1684. There are cheap editions of these as late as 1709. Cf. *The Old Batchelour*, IV, where Bellmour's book, Scarron's *Novels*, is examined, and he cries: "If I had gone a-whoring with the *Practice of Piety* in my Pocket, I had never been discover'd." In Tom Brown's *Letters from the Dead to the Living*, Mother Cresswell, writing to Moll Quarles, and describing her old bagnio, says: I "had every room in my house furnish'd with the *Practice of Piety*, and other good books, for the edification of my family."

p. 293. *feretting Moor-fields.* i.e. whoring. Moorfields were first drained in 1527, and walks were laid out in 1606. The following year Richard Johnson wrote *The Pleasant Walks of Moore fields.* On 7 April, 1667, Pepys notes that houses are being built in this district. These were, however, largely frequented for purposes of intrigue and soon came to bear no very good reputation. At one time the notorious Mother Cresswell lived in Moorfields, and Damaris Page, another of the same infamous sisterhood, also kept house there. In March, 1668, there was a considerable riot "about Moore-fields, among the 'prentices, taking the liberty of these holydays to pull down bawdy-houses." Cf. The Epilogue to *The London Cuckolds*, produced at the Duke of York's house in the winter of 1681, when Ramble (Smith) says:

> *No, no, the cloven Foreheads are the Whigs, who send*
> *Their Wives a Bulling to their* Morefields *Friend.*

p. 297. *rugged Bankside Bear.* Macbeth, III, iv, ll. 100–106.

p. 298. *under his left Pap.* So in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, V, Pyramus:

> Come tears, confound;
> Out, sword, and wound
> The pap of Pyramus:
> Ay, that left pap,
> Where heart doth hop:
> Thus die I, thus, thus, thus! [*Stabs himself.*

p 300. *ſtumm'd Wine.* To stum wine is to renew dead and insipid wine by mixing new wine with it, and so raising a fresh fermentation. Cf. the Epilogue, spoken by Mrs. Barry, to Mrs. Behn's *The False Count; or, A New Way to Play an Old Game*, produced at Dorset Garden in the autumn of 1682:

> *You everlasting Grievance of the Boxes,*
> *You wither'd Ruins of stum'd Wine and Poxes.*

Also Shadwell's *The Miser*, produced at the Theatre Royal, January, 1672, II, when Goldingham says to Old Squeeze: "I would send for a Pint of White-wine, or half a Pint of Sack for you, but the Vintners do play the Rogues so, and put Horse-flesh, dead Dogs, Mens Bones, Molosses, Lime, Brimstone, Stum, Allom, Sloes, and Arsnick into their Wine."

p. 300 *thou canſt not ſay I did it.* The second quotation from *Macbeth* should be noted.

p. 301. *premunire. Præmunire facias.* An act in contempt of the royal prerogative, especially the prosecuting in a foreign court a suit cognizable by the law of England. The writ granted for such an offence, and the penalty incurred by it. Hence a predicament, "a fix." Cf. Ravenscroft's *The London Cuckolds*, produced at Dorset Garden in November, 1681, III, 1, where Engine says: "So, now I have drawn my self into a premunire." Also *The Double-Dealer*, produced at Drury Lane, November, 1693, IV, and Lady Plyant's cry: "I'm in such a fright; the strangest Quandary and Premunire!"

p. 304. *draggle-tail'd.* Sluttish and unkempt; the skirt trailing in the mud.

p. 304. *Ariſtotle.* The allusion is to that book commonly known as Aristotle's *Problems*, a work which is, of course, wrongly attributed to the great Greek philosopher. The earliest edition was printed in 1575 at Rome. *Aristotelis Problematū particula prima (—uicesima, etc.). Per Johañem Reynhard de Enningen.* There are translations in nearly all modern languages. In 1597 there was published in London *The Problems of Aristotle with other Philosophers and Phisitions.* A similar version had appeared at Edinburgh, 1595. There are editions of 1680 and 1685, and in 1710 we have "The Twenty Fifth Edition," London. The book is very frequently and cheaply reprinted even to-day. The treatise, which has an immense reputation, is obstetric rather than pornographic. So in *The Plain-Dealer*, III, at Westminster Hall the bookseller's boy asks the Widow Blackacre: "Will you see *Culpepper*, Mistress? *Aristotle's Problems?* The *Compleat Midwife?*" However, in Leanerd's *The Rambling Justice*, produced at the Theatre Royal early in 1678, Act IV, 6, Sir Geoffrey Jolt says: "What's here, a Study? Aristotles Problems, excellent; and here's *Leschole de Filles*, a pretty French book; and here *Annotations upon Aretines Postures*, three Excellent Books for a Ladies Chamber." Alderman Wiseacres in Ravenscroft's *The London Cuckolds* (I) remarks: "Girls now at sixteen are as knowing as Matrons were formerly at sixty, I tell you in these days they understand *Aristotle's* Problems at twelve years of age." "'Tis true indeed," rejoins old Doodle, "nothing in the nature of man or woman is a secret to them."

p. 305. *Ringoes.* Eringoes: the candied root of the Sea Holly (*Eryngium Maritimum*), formerly used as a sweetmeat, and regarded as an aphrodisiac. Cf. *The Double-Dealer*, III: "*Brisk.* Who, my Lady *Toothless*; . . . she's always chewing the Cud like an old *Yew*. *Cynthia.* Fie, Mr. *Brisk*, 'tis *Eringo's* for her Cough. *Lord Froth.* I have seen her take 'em half chew'd out of her Mouth, to Laugh, and then put 'em in again.——Foh!" Burton in *The Anatomy of Melancholy*, Part III, Sec. 2, Mem. 5, Subs. 1, treating of the cure of Love-Melancholy, lays down that all aphrodisiacs and heating food must be sedulously avoided. So choice is to be made of other diet.

> Nec minus erucas aptum est uitare salaces,
> Et quicquid ueneri corpora nostra parat.
> Eringos are not good for to be taken,
> And all lascivious meats must be forsaken.

p. 305. *Satyrion.* A name given to various kinds of Orchis. The Latin "satyrion" (= σατύριον), a plant exciting sexual appetite, is sometimes translated as "ragwort" (*Senecio Jacobæa*). Pliny, *Historia Naturalis*, LXII, 10, has: "Sed inter pauca mirabilis est orchis herba: siue serapias, foliis porri, caule palmeo, flore purpureo, gemina radice, testiculis simili: ita ut maior, siue (ut aliqui dicunt) durior, ex aqua pota excitet libidinem: minor siue mollior, e lacte caprino inhibeat. . . . Concitatricem uim habet satyrion. Duo eius genera: una longioribus foliis, quam oleae, caule quatuor digitorum, flore purpureo, radice gemina ad formam hominis testium, alternis annis intumescente ea ac residente. Altera satyrios orchis cognominatur, et femina esse creditur. Distinguitur internodiis et ramosiore frutice, radice fascinis utili. Nascitur fere iuxta mare." Cælius Aurelianus, III, notes: "*Satyriasis* est uehemens ueneris appetentia. Uocatur autem ab herbæ uirtute quam *Satyrion* uocant. Hanc enim accipientes in uenerem prouocantur cum tentigine genitalium partium. Sed antecedentis istius passionis sunt epota medicamina ob usum uenereum excitandum, quæ *satyrica* uocant, quæ sunt acria atque incentiua, et neruis improba." A drink was prepared from this aphrodinar, as Petronius says, VIII, "omnes mihi uidebantur satureum bibisse," which Kelly (1854) translates: "They all appeared to me to have drunk satyrion." Also XX: "ancilla risu meo prodita complosit manus et 'apposui quidem adulescens, solus tantum medicamentum ebibisti?' 'itane est?' inquit Quartilla 'quicquid saturei fuit, Encolpius ebibit?'" "Psyche betrayed by my laughter clapped her hands and cried, 'I have given it you, my lad; you have drunk up the whole potion to your own share.' 'Is it so,' said Quartilla. 'Has Enclopius drunk up all the satyrion we had?'" In Italy there was, and for aught I know there still is, a famous aphrodisiac named *Satirione*. In Machiavelli's caustic comedy, *La Clizia*, IV, 2, old Nicomaco details to Pirro the various rejuvenating foods and drugs he is going to swallow in view of a certain occasion: "Io ho pensato a tutto; e so conto, a dirt' il vero, di cenare con Damone, e ho ordinato una cena a mio modo. Io

pigliero prima una presa d'un lattovaro, che si chiama satirione." "Che nome bizzarro e cotesto?" asks Pirro. "Egli ha piu bizzarri i fatti," chuckles the dotard, "perche gli è uno lattovaro, che sarebbe, quanto a quella facenda ringiovenire un uomo di ottanta anni, non che di settanta, come io ho."

p. 306. *dying Swan.* Cicero, *Tusculanæ Disputationes*, I, xxx, writes: "Cygni, qui non sine causa Apollini dicati sunt, sed quod ab eo diuinationem habere uideantur, qui prouidentes quid in morte boni sit, cum cantu et uoluptate moriuntur." See also Ælian, *Varia Historia*, I, and Hyginus. Ovid, *Heroides*, VII, Dido Æneæ:

> Sic, ubi fata uocant, udis abiectus in herbis
> ad uada Mæandri concinit albus olor.

p. 306. *Go from the Window.* Sir Jolly parodies a very popular old ballad of which catches or variants may be found in many plays. Cf. *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, III, where old Merrythought sings:

> Go from my window, love, go;
> Go from my window, my dear!
> The wind and the rain
> Will drive you back again;
> You cannot be lodged here.

In *The Woman's Prize; or, The Tamer Tam'd*, I, Jaques quotes: "A moral, Sir; the ballad will express it:

> The wind and the rain
> Has turn'd you back again,
> And you cannot be lodged there."

See also *Monsieur Thomas*, III, a scene which Otway has utilized in this comedy; Heywood's *The Rape of Lucrece;* and Middleton's *Blurt, Master Constable.*

p. 306. *feague.* To beat or to drive. So in *The Rehearsal* (4to, 1675), II, 4, the Physician says: "when a knotty point comes I lay my head close to it, with a snuff-box in my hand, and then I fegue it away, i'faith." Sir Walter Scott uses the phrase "to feague" in his journal, adding "as Mr. Bayes says."

p. 309. *Like Trinculo's and Stephano's.* In Davenant and Dryden's *The Tempest; or, The Enchanted Island*, 4to, 1670, which has been reprinted by the present editor in his *Shakespeare Adaptations*, 1922.

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